TABLE OF CONTENTS, *February, 1929*

THE LIVING AGE

The Magazine of World Topics

Articles:

The Amazing City. *Angora, Capital of the New Turkey* . . . . . *Webb Waldron* 414
Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

Grand Central of the Air. *Le Bourget, the World's Most Famous Flying Field* . . . . *Thurston Macauley* 424
Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

Holy Week in Seville. *Andalusia's Ancient Capital Celebrates a Religious Festival* . . . . *Paul Gaultier* 429

Léon Daudet. *The King-Maker of Modern France* . . . . . *John Bakeless* 432
Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

MARSHAL FOCH'S STORY OF THE ARMISTICE . . . . . *Stéphane Lauzanne* 439

Across Manchuria on the Trans-Siberian. *A Lone Frenchwoman's Adventures* *Madame Claude Eylan* 442

The Car of Juggernaut. *An Englishman Describes an Impressive Indian Ceremonial* . . *F. Yeats-Brown* 451

Departments:

World Records. *Recognizing the Unique and the Extreme* 402

World Travel Calendar. *A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad* 402

The World Over. *News and Interpretations with a Map* 403

A Paragraphic World Tour. *Around the World in Thirty Days* 412

Persons and Personages. *Henry P. Fletcher — Joseph Stalin — Lu Cheng-hsiang — Fridtjof Nansen* 419

Metropolitana. *A Magician of Madrid — Piccadilly Station, London — A Post-War Paris Night — Vienna's Vanished Royalty — Firecrackers in Singapore — The Restless Horseman of Rome — The Moscow Lottery* 435

Letters and the Arts. *Clemenceau Writes of Claude Monet — England Suppresses an English Novel — The Student's Friend — Music Comes into Its Own — The Genius of Kiazim Bey — The Lament of Wu Pei-fu — A Missionary to Christendom — Homage to Don Jacinto* 447

As Others See Us. *American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism* 453

World Travel Notes. *From the Nile to the Euphrates — Bound for Rio and the Equator* 455

World Business. *Feeling the Pulse of International Trade* 464

War and Peace. *Conflicting Views on the One Great Question that Vexes All the World* 479

Book Reviews:

'The Peace Pact of Paris' — 'Information on the Renunciation of War' — 'The Soul of China' — 'The Intimate Papers of Colonel House' — 'Abraham Lincoln' — A Complete Bibliography of the Month's Travel Publications 466

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 280 Broadway, New York City. 35c a copy. $4.00 a year. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright 1929, by The Living Age Company, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE in 1844, Mr. Littell said: —

'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Guide Post

WITH this number, THE LIVING AGE closes the first volume in its new form. When the physical make-up of the magazine was changed last September from one that had been familiar in every cultivated American home for the last eighty-five years to one more in accord with the requirements of modern publishing, some of the magazine's old friends were at first disturbed. Among the letters of approval and congratulation that reached the editors after the change were also many letters lamenting the step that had been taken.

Gradually, however, as number has succeeded number, this attitude has altered. For the successive issues of THE LIVING AGE in its new form have demonstrated better than anything else could the essential identity of the present LIVING AGE with its older form. A glance through the contents of the last six numbers provides the best evidence of this. Here are the names of authors long familiar to readers of this magazine, among them the Russian novelist, A. I. Kuprin; the Spanish dramatist, Luis Araquistain; the English journalist, Sisley Huddleston; the French expert on armaments, Colonel E. Réquin; the Swiss editor, William Martin; Marshal Foch; the Irish author, Stephen Gwynn; the American newspaperman, Philip Kerby; Prince William of Sweden; the French journalist, Ludovic Naudeau; and the British sailor-statesman, Lieutenant-Commander Kenworthy. And here, also, are articles reprinted or translated from the same foreign periodicals upon which THE LIVING AGE has always drawn — the *Contemporary Review*, the *Fortnightly Review*, *Russkaia Gazeta*, *Le Matin*, *Le Correspondant*, *Nosotros*, *L'Illustration*, *El Sol*, *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Japan Advertiser*, *Osaka Mainichi*, *Tokyo Asahi*, the *London Daily Telegraph*, the *Neue Freie Presse*, and many other old familiar friends.

Some of our older readers who were at first our severest critics have now written to make generous acknowledgment of their original error. To one lady, who has been long on the subscription list, the logic of the changes in THE LIVING AGE was 'irresistible' — an opinion which she supported with a check covering two years' subscription; while another old subscriber, who had at first insisted on canceling, wrote in to ask for a new subscription blank. Still another old subscriber writes frankly: 'The editing of your periodical is superb. I find nothing to take its place.'

Among our most friendly commentators

(*Continued on page 474*)

World Records

— As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

— Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ WORLD PEACE. The month's award for the most unique idea for the promotion of world peace is made to the French gourmet, M. Escoffier. He urges 'a dinner dedicated to the world entente,' at which 'the most exquisite food and wines would give rise to a desire to live in peace.' While there is much dining in the promotion of the cause of world amity, too frequently, as many Americans know from sad experience, the food is poor and the wines — non-existent. No wonder so little real progress is made via the palate. By a clever correspondent of the *Observer* (London), we are reminded of the eloquent lines: —

If every banquet were a rope
And every lunch a chain,
And every philanthropic trope
Were made of cordage twain;
And every bright dyspeptic fire
That festive dinners bring,
Were but a cable, or a wire;
Or even a bit of string —
How very closely we should be
Bound each to each across the sea!

¶ CENSORS. Boston, the former home of THE LIVING AGE, claims to be the best or most censored city in the world. Allowed. More books which are in general circulation outside of Boston are 'bootleg' there than anywhere else on the globe. The Boston theatrical censor is active and vigilant too, as witness: the Harvard Dramatic Club's new play, *Fiesta*, has just been declared immoral and unfit, without certain deletions, by two police sergeants and a policewoman. The censors could stomach the conduct of the performers, they said, but not all the dialogue — which shows that acting does not always speak louder than words.

¶ LIMERICKS. In spite of the heated protest of the Leeds (England) Professor of Applied Mathematics, our award for the month's best limerick is made to the author of

There was a young lady called Bright
Who traveled much faster than light.
She set out one day
In a relative way,
And arrived on the previous night.

By the professorial mind, the lines are considered 'a sign of mental disease' in that they indicate a disbelief in the 'intelligibility of relativity.' In spite of all this, we like the limerick.

(*Continued on page 480*)

World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

ARGENTINA

BUENOS AIRES. *April* 1st through 30th, Agricultural Show.

AUSTRIA

LINZ. *March* 25th through 31st, music festival and art exhibit; *April* 7th, popular fête.

VIENNA. *February* 3rd, Ball of the Union Yacht Club; 9th, Ball of the Philharmonic Orchestra; 11th, Art Festival, Künstlerhaus; 12th, *Redoute* of Austrian Touring Club; *March* 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, performances at Spanish Riding School (only one in the world); 10th through 17th, Spring Fair; 29th, 'Holy Sepulchre' in all churches; *April* 1st, celebration in the Prater Gardens; 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, performances at Spanish Riding School.

BELGIUM

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *April* 8th, King's birthday.

ANTWERP, COURTRAI, etc. *February* 10th through 12th, Mardi gras carnival.

BRUGES, GRAMMONT, etc. *February* 17th, carnival; *April* 18th through *May* 11th, annual fair.

BRUSSELS. *April* 8th through 22nd, Official International Commercial Fair; 10th through 24th, Annual Commercial Fair.

GHENT. *March* 11th, Horse Fair; 18th, Easter Cattle Fair.

LIÈGE. *February* 10th, musical festival commemorating birth of Grétry; *March* 23rd through *April* 7th, International Radio Show.

LOUVAIN. *February* 9th, Festival of Saint Apollonia.

ROCHEFORT. *March* 31st, Grottoes of Han are open.

CUBA

HAVANA. *February* 1st through 28th, International Sample Fair.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *March* 7th, Masaryk Day; 28th, Komensky Day; *April* 30th, Carnival of the Burning of the Witches.

BOHEMIA. *February* 10th through 12th, Mardi gras carnivals.

PRAGUE. *March* 17th through 24th, Spring Sample Fair.

DENMARK

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. *March* 28th, Maundy Thursday; 29th, Good Friday.

COPENHAGEN. *February* 3rd, Students' Carnival; 4th, popular concerts open at Royal Theatre and Concert Palace; 20th, Symphony Concerts open; 22nd through *March* 3rd, motor car fair; 1st through 31st, General Fair; 10th, Motorboat, Cycle, and Automobile Fair; *April* 2nd, international horse races, Ermitagen (Charlottenlund).

DRAGÖR. *February* 12th, annual game of 'Killing the Cat in the Barrel,' attended by Royal Family.

ENGLAND

BIRMINGHAM. *February* 18th through *March* 1st, British Industries Fair.

BRADFORD. *February* 1st through 2nd, Better Housing and Housekeeping Exhibition.

BOURNEMOUTH. *April* 22nd through *May* 2nd, Rotary Clubs of Great Britain and Ireland Convention; *April* 29th through *May* 4th, hard court tennis championships.

(*Continued on page 461*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

VOLUME 335 FEBRUARY · 1929 NUMBER 4338

The World Over

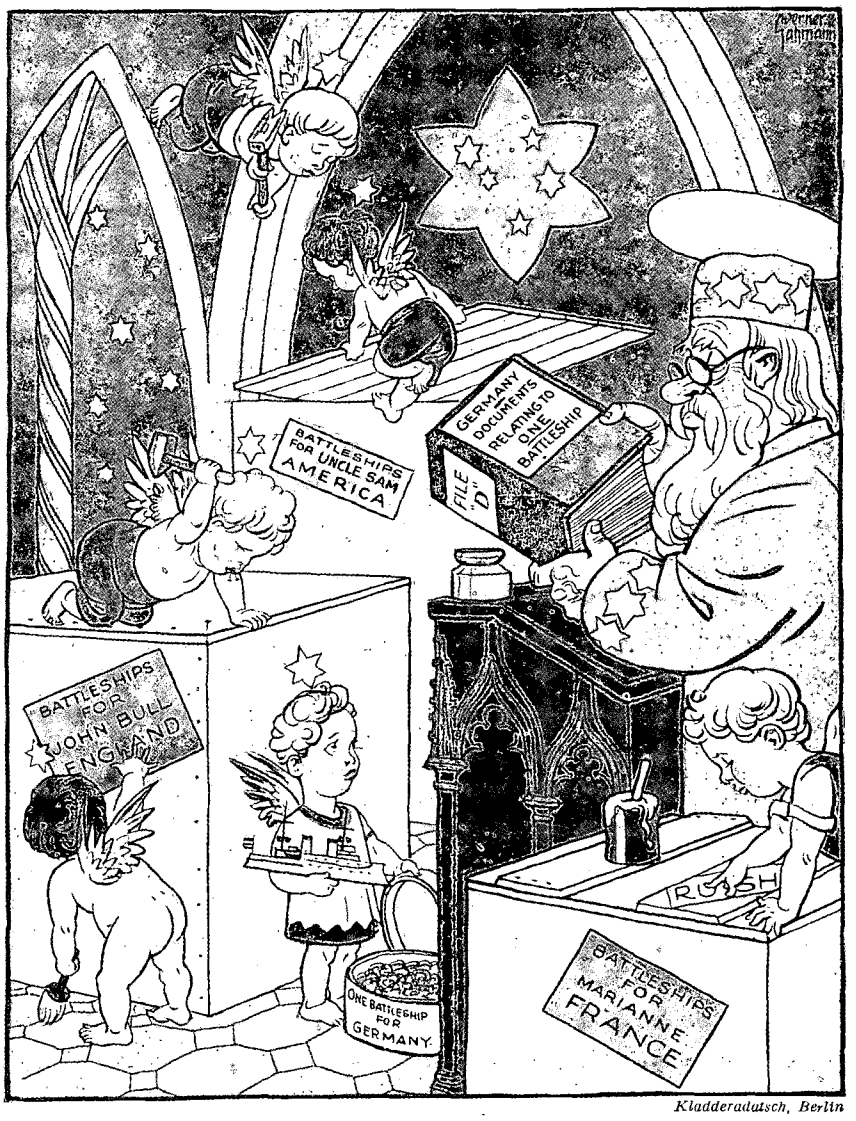
CRUISER CONSTRUCTION

NO NAVAL vessels, since the keel of H.M.S. *Dreadnought* was laid down in 1909, have been more discussed than the fifteen cruisers whose construction is authorized in a bill now before the United States Senate. The *Dreadnought*, the first all-big-gun battleship ever built, revolutionized naval architecture, rendered every battleship in the world out-of-date, and aggravated Anglo-German naval rivalry. The fifteen cruisers of 10,000 tons each which the United States now proposes to build, though thoroughly up-to-date, will effect no technical revolution; but there is grave danger that the controversy to which their building has given rise may transform the friendship of the English-speaking peoples, which is one of the firmest bases of world peace, into a spirit of distrust which will lead to a new race in naval armaments. The abortive Anglo-French naval agreement has not helped the situation.

The cruiser controversy really dates back to the Washington Conference of 1922, at which a ratio of 5:5:3 in the capital ships of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, respectively, was accepted by all three powers. Since the diplomats were unable then to agree how many light cruisers each power should be allowed, the Washington Treaty was made applicable only to vessels of more than 10,000 tons. Each power was left free to build so-called 'treaty cruisers' in any number it desired. The naval rivalry which then existed was of course not ended. It was merely transferred from capital ships to light cruisers, and every naval staff at once set to work devising the most effective warships possible within the limits imposed by the treaty. Realizing the danger of this specialized competition, President Coolidge last year called the Geneva Naval Conference, at which Japan played the part of unsuccessful conciliator between Great Britain and the United States, who were unable to agree on a limitation of small cruisers similar to that which had been laid down for larger warships by the Washington Treaty of 1922.

At length, weary of diplomatic haggling, the Navy Department proposed a programme of cruiser construction that will bring the United States Navy's strength in these indispensable light commerce defenders and scouting ships closer to that of the British Navy.

At present, the British have sixty-eight cruisers, fifty-six of which are up-to-date

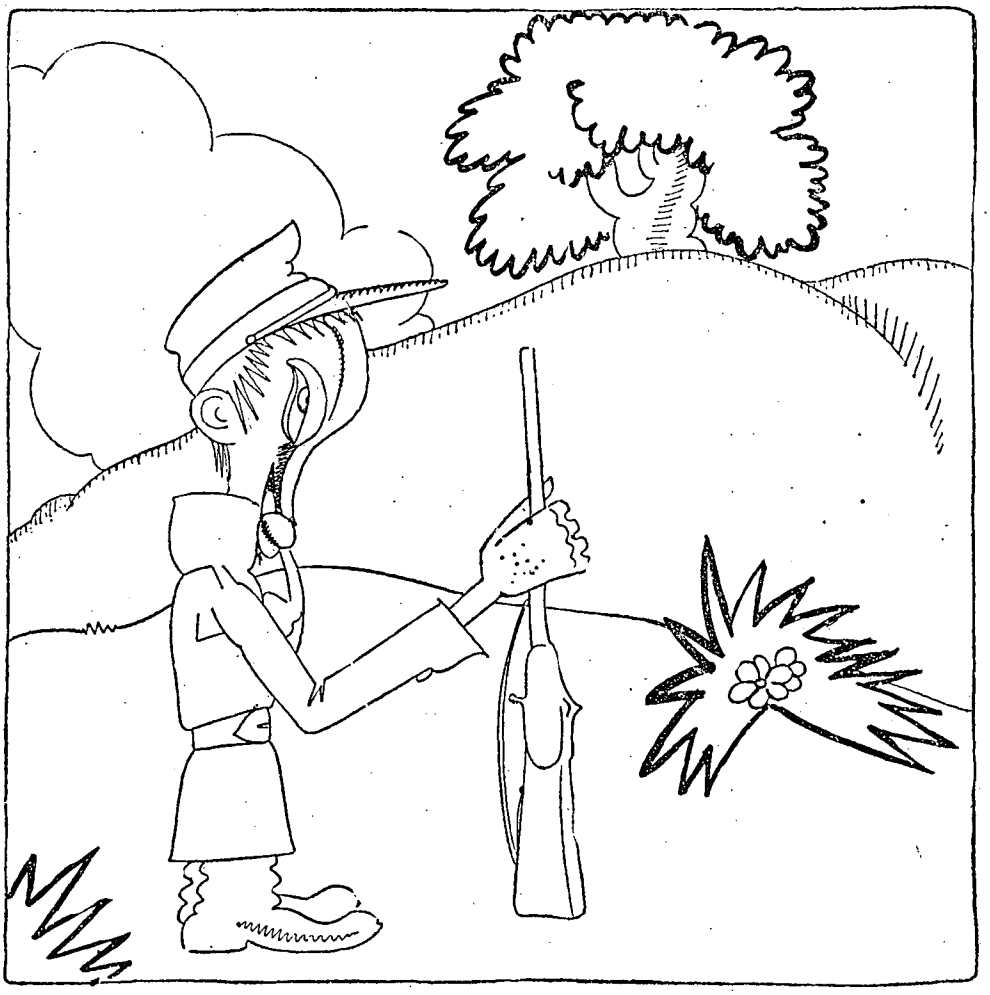


Kladderadatsch, Berlin

GERMANY LOOKS AT CRUISER CONSTRUCTION

SAINT NICHOLAS prepares Christmas shipments; crates full of warships go to Uncle Sam, John Bull, Marianne, and one single ship to Germany. German methods also are satirized in the huge set of documents required to purchase one ship for the German Navy, while the other powers order in quantity by postcard.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bagaria in El Sol, Madrid

THE LEAGUE WARNS PARAGUAY AND BOLIVIA AGAINST WAR

GRATEFUL LATIN AMERICAN SOLDIER: 'How good to us the nations who fought in the World War are! Now they tell us that war is not worthy of civilized peoples!'

modern vessels, carrying six- and eight-inch guns. The United States has but forty, only eighteen of which can be regarded as modern. Each country has already authorized eight more. The building of the fifteen new American cruisers, therefore, will not be sufficient to bring the United States Navy up to complete parity, especially as Great Britain has an overwhelmingly large number of merchant vessels which can in time of war be quickly transformed into auxiliary cruisers.

The British assert that their immense sea-borne trade entitles them to more cruisers, for use as commerce defenders, than other powers. The American contention is that coastwise domestic trade brings the United States' total sea-borne commerce up to figures almost equal to Great Britain's. It is further pointed out that cruisers which defend commerce can also attack it; and that Great Britain has naval bases along the North American coast, whereas the United States has none within two thousand miles of the British Isles.

The chief danger of the American cruiser programme is, of course, that it may create international ill-feeling and stimulate naval rivalry between Great Britain and the United States. But this need not happen. At the Washington Conference, the United States was in a position to demand concessions from the other powers because Congress had authorized a number of powerful battleships which were then actually being built. By offering to scrap these, the American diplomats were able to secure corresponding, if not equivalent, concessions. At the Geneva Conference, they had no such cards to play. Authorization of the fifteen new cruisers will place American diplomats at any future conference in the same strategic position in which they found themselves at Washington in 1922. And the holding of such a conference is not impossible, since both London and Washington still profess entire willingness to listen to further suggestions in that direction.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN BALKANS

ONLY a very robust international optimism could fail to find discouragement in the circumstance that, while ratification of the Kellogg Peace Treaty was being debated in the Senate, the world experienced the alarms of war in both hemispheres — one in South America and one in Afghanistan. There was something akin to irony in the further fact that Bolivia and Paraguay, after both had indicated their intention of adhering to the Kellogg Treaty, came to grips at the very moment when the Pan-American Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration was opening its sessions at Washington. In neither case, however, does there seem danger of any considerable spread of hostilities, since none of the hostile states is involved in alliances of the character that magnified the dispute between Austria and Serbia in 1914 into a life-and-death crisis for the whole world.

The Afghan civil war will not attain international importance unless the mutual suspicions of imperial Britain and Soviet Russia, between whose territories Afghanistan is a buffer state, lead either power to practise the familiar diplomatic pastime of 'fishing in troubled waters.' The dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay concerns more nearly the citizens of the United States because it involves an issue of vital importance in Pan-American relations: the precise rôle of the League of Nations in settling disputes in the territory affected by the Monroe Doctrine.

As is usually the case at the outbreak of any war, the facts involved are difficult to ascertain. It is not always easy to determine even the prime fact of aggression. The scene of the fighting between Bolivia and Paraguay has been the almost uninhabited plain of the Grand Chaco, a fertile grass country, which will some day be capable of extensive agricultural development, and which is believed to contain rich mineral deposits. Bolivia and Paraguay have long disputed over the boundary line running through this territory, but, since the population consists mainly of a few soldiers in scattered forts and wandering Indians, neither country has felt that the issue was pressing. But the gradual growth of foreign trade in both Paraguay and Bolivia has of late years tended to make the territory more important, and this has emphasized and embittered the controversy. Bolivia, having lost her Pacific seaports in the War of 1879–83, is now eager to provide an outlet for her world trade by securing territory bordering on the Paraguay River, which would give her direct access to the Atlantic. Otherwise, she must remain a landlocked state, and her foreign trade will be dependent on the whims of her neighbors, since there seems no hope for the recovery of her Pacific seaboard. Paraguay is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just as eager to push her frontier as far to the north as possible. As each country maintains forts in territories which the other claims, a collision between their troops was sooner or later inevitable.

Exactly what happened is in dispute. It is known that a Paraguayan detachment of troops attacked and drove off Bolivian soldiers at Fort Vanguardia. According to Paraguayans, this is Paraguayan territory. According to Bolivians, it is Bolivian territory. This skirmish was followed by a Bolivian counter-attack, the severance of diplomatic relations, and preparation for war on both sides.

At Washington a committee of conciliation was promptly appointed by the Pan-American Conference, then in session; and in Paris Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary General of the League of Nations, and M. Briand consulted concerning what the League might do for the preservation of peace without infringing the Monroe Doctrine. The long anticipated clash between the obligations of the League Covenant and the principle of the Monroe Doctrine seemed to be at hand; when suddenly, after a few hundred soldiers had been killed or wounded, both the hostile states agreed to accept conciliatory methods of settlement, though continuing military preparations. The League officials, thereupon, after an expenditure of $26,000 in cabled correspondence with the prospective belligerents, withdrew from negotiations in favor of the Pan-American Conference. War seems now much less probable; and a special committee of the Conference is proceeding with arrangements for the settlement, not only of this dispute, but of similar controversies that may arise in future. This is a step toward the preservation of peace which may influence future eventualities, for there are boundary disputes of long standing between Chile and Peru; Bolivia and Peru; Colombia and Venezuela; Argentina and Uruguay; Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru; Guatemala and Honduras; Panama and Costa Rica. Hitherto, no machinery for the arbitration of boundary disputes has existed, territorial differences being considered as going to the essence of national sovereignty. For this reason, in the Pan-American Treaty of 1923, usually called the Gondra Treaty, the American nations agreed to the 'investigation' of disputed boundaries and not to settlements. The Conciliation Conference now proposes to work out a plan for a definite settlement of future controversies between the nations of Central and South America and to establish an arbitral commission which will be ready for immediate action at any time.

The Council Consulted

THE ever-accommodating Council of the League of Nations played at least three rôles during its crowded fifty-third session in Switzerland. Though regular Council business promised busy days enough, the statesmen who gathered in the sunshine of Lugano were also able to serve the Council's larger purpose of crushing incipient wars. The 'personal touch,' now so prized by Old World diplomacy, was given a renewed lease of life, and by it the strains of the Rhineland and reparation problems were eased. The South American explosion between Bolivia and Paraguay, reverberating on Alpine heights, dramatically turned the attention of the League leaders to the troubles of nationalism in the New World.

The shift from the customary League headquarters in Geneva to the little Swiss-Italian resort was ascribed both to political strategy and to considerations of health. There were those who expressed the pious hope that the accessibility of Lugano would tempt Mussolini to join the reunited Big Three — Briand, Chamberlain, and Stresemann — in another grand gesture at this critical moment in European reconstruction. But neither the presence of several thousand Italian émigrés in Lugano, nor the soft, Italian sound of its name, appeared to tempt the Italian dictator to come, though he officially commanded a rousing demonstration for the diplomatic understudy whom he sent in his stead.

It is likely, however, that the impelling reason for the selection of Lugano was the solicitude of a wife for her husband's weakened health, abetted by the traditionally gallant French response to a lady's request. Frau Stresemann, so the report runs, by no means reconciled to sending her convalescent husband to the foggy end of Lake Geneva, whispered her fears to a certain French journalist. He in turn, as she had hoped, passed the whisper on to Briand; and the French Foreign Minister promptly did further whispering, broaching the delicate question of a change in setting to his British colleague. Sir Austen Chamberlain, himself recently a very sick man, had more than enough to contend with in Downing Street's dour climate, and he no doubt breathed a sigh of relief as he agreed to turn toward the sunshine promised at Lugano, around a corner of the Alps.

Just as it was desirable to assure the proper physical atmosphere for the Council session, so it was desirable that the psychological atmosphere be filled with sunshine. The express train that drew Herr Stresemann into the bedecked Swiss resort carried a man who shared Germany's resentment at the hot speeches recently delivered by his two distinguished associates in the task of European stabilization. Neither Chamberlain's doubts of the justice of Germany's demands for the evacuation of the Rhineland, expressed in the House of Commons, nor Briand's brilliant if diplomatically dangerous statement of the extravagant lengths to which he felt France had gone in seeking to conciliate Germany since Locarno could be said to furnish an especially auspicious background for the settlement of long-standing disputes.

The Bolivian-Paraguayan threat to the peace of Latin America, feared in League circles because it would almost inevitably entangle the League with the United States, doubtless will go down in history as one of the most poorly timed moves of Mars. The conflagration occurred with firemen standing on two corners of the Main Street of the nations. The Pan-American Arbitration Conference, on one side of the street, had just been opened by President Coolidge. The Council, across the way, was engaged in stamping out the embers of European fires. The Council's emphatic admonitions to the belligerents to remember their Covenant obligations were not taken, as so many feared, as a challenge to the Monroe Doctrine. The easily understood caution of League leaders — among whom in this crisis were the representatives of Cuba, Chile, and Venezuela — has confined Geneva's efforts wisely to what might be called a salutary constitutional gesture.

Dull only by comparison, the League calendar proper was full enough to engross a Council which had neither European reparations nor New World *Real politik* to disturb its work. Directly concerning the United States, in view of President Coolidge's renewed interest in the World Court, the crucial question of advisory opinions sought from the Permanent Court of International Justice came before the Council at the request of the Ninth Assembly. The all-important fifth American reservation to membership, it will be remembered, hinges upon whether or not the Council or Assembly must have a unanimous vote or only a majority to bring a question before the World Court for an opinion. Chamberlain voiced the general sentiment for delay when he expressed the need of avoiding a premature hard-and-fast decision which might greatly hamper Geneva's future work. Accordingly, a committee of nine jurists, one of whom is to be an American, has been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

given the task of clarification of the statute of the World Court.

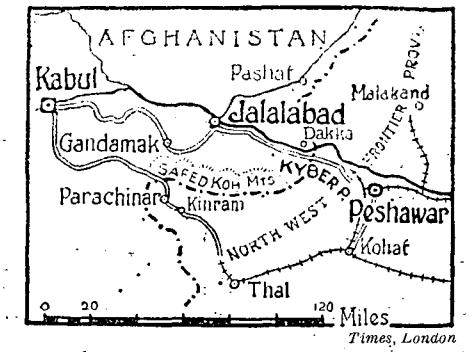
Again affecting America was the Council's decision on the Disarmament Conference. The sentiment was against any action before spring — a postponement which is possibly convenient to powers at odds on many phases of disarmament, but is directly inspired by a desire to take no action prior to the coming into office of the Hoover Administration. In considering the opium problem, the Council, though regretting the refusal of the United States to become an official part of the League's machinery designed to replace the older Hague opium agreement, nevertheless expressed gratification over Washington's willingness to coöperate in the work itself. Finally came a consideration of the perennial Polish-Lithuanian dispute over Vilna. Lithuania's belligerent attitude has been worn down, and the Baltic state has been induced to accept an investigation of the Vilna question by experts from the League Transit Committee.

Verbal fireworks over Eastern Europe, however, were heard at the end of the Lugano meeting. The German Foreign Minister took dramatic exception to the charges of his Polish colleague concerning alleged agitation in Polish Upper Silesia by the unreconciled German minority. Briand, as President of the Council, took the lead in administering diplomatic sedatives.

The Big Three then signed a common accord, by which they hoped to lend strength to the impression that a spirit of coöperation had been restored. Though it may be taken for granted that this declaration covers up the usual multitude of sins of omission and commission decried by carping idealists, it nevertheless becomes an important part of the record: 'The Council has enabled us to resume personal meetings which have been interrupted for some time. . . . These conversations have had the effect of confirming our view that the policy of conciliation and *rapprochement* followed by our respective countries is best suited to assure peace.' To this Locarno-ized harmony, Briand, Chamberlain, and Stresemann 'remain faithfully attached.'

Gunfire in Asiatic Hills

FOR seven weeks, scattered shots from the hillmen's rifles have been echoing along the mountain walls of Afghanistan from Jalalabad to Kabul. Very little real news of the fighting or its causes has filtered from the hills. This, however, has not disturbed American 'war correspondents' in London, four thousand miles from the firing lines. These gentlemen were quick to recall public interest in King Amanullah's tour of Europe with his unveiled Mohammedan wife, Suraya, last summer; and they forthwith proclaimed a 'War of the Queen's Veil' in which reactionary Afghans, maddened by Amanullah's attempts to introduce among them the ways of life he had learned in the West, were supposed to be engaged in pitching the Afghan ruler from his throne. But whether the outbreak constituted a specific protest against Amanullah's programme of Westernization, as these correspondents suggest, or merely another instance of the age-old protest of Eastern tribesmen against authority, is a question still open to doubt. Afghanistan is composed of a cluster of tribes living in the high, wild



Times, London

A Map of Disturbed Afghanistan

This map shows the small section of Afghanistan which contains the disaffected regions and attacked cities in the recent uprising of the hill tribesmen.

hills of Central Asia, with only a small nucleus of relatively cultured people grouped in the capital, Kabul. The country is not to be thought of as a unified nation in which each citizen's name is writ in a register, and each man is loyal to the State. Any show of authority whatever on the part of Amanullah — whether its aim be Westernization, or merely the carrying out of the ordinary governmental business of the East — is likely to be resented by those of the hillmen who recognize no authority, and never have.

The present outbreak began in the middle of November, when the Rangu-Khel clan of the Shinwari tribesmen, in the eastern section of the country, became angered at Amanullah's new requirement that they, who owed only slender nominal allegiance to the King, should take out 'certificates of nationality.' These 'hawk-nosed hillmen with the long guns' attacked a fort on the Peshawar-Jalalabad road over the Khyber Pass from India to Afghanistan. They besieged Jalalabad and Dakka. They destroyed a royal palace, which happened to be filled with furniture that Amanullah had brought back with him from Europe, and a few airplane sheds and airplanes, which stood outside the walls of the former city. They felled trees across the road and burnt twenty-six motor lorries; and motor drivers coming up from India over the Khyber Pass began to refuse to go beyond the Afghan border.

Amanullah sent troops out to open the road and to drive back the revolting tribesmen, who were led, it was believed, by a well-known Shinwari robber named Bacha Sakau. By the middle of December, peace was apparently restored. The rebels had been driven away. Horse and camel caravans were again moving over the Khyber Pass to Kabul, though with escorts; and apparently the only remaining evidence of the revolt was the fact that Peshawar was full of irritated Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans with appointments in the Afghan capital, who could not yet persuade their drivers to risk the road with a motor car.

Suddenly, however, Bacha Sakau and his tribesmen, driven away from Jalalabad, appeared over the hills behind Kabul and laid siege to the capital city itself. It seems probable that they were joined in the siege by a few of the riflemen whom Amanullah had brought from the southern and western provinces to defend his capital, but who deserted him because their pay was in arrears. There was a certain amount of fighting. Bacha Sakau diverted from its course the stream outside the city which supplied

Oroc

Khyber Pass — 'Verboten!'

The most accessible entrance to disturbed Afghanistan is barred off by the British Government in India with a huge sign, which is reinforced by barbed wire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water power to the dynamos that operated Kabul's electric-lighting system, and thus reduced the inhabitants to the lamps and candles of the days preceding the advent of electricity to the East. The closing of the Peshawar road to motor traffic made the transport of gasoline difficult, so that for a time there was no fuel for the motors which ran the wireless dynamos, and there was a momentary interruption in the messages sent out from the British Legation reporting the safety of British citizens in Kabul. But the fact that there was no break in the telegraphic service over the wire from Kabul to Kandahar, in the peaceable south of the country, was taken to mean that the capital was never seriously threatened.

Two nations have had a vital interest in Afghan troubles since the middle of the nineteenth century — Russia and Great Britain. For Afghanistan lies across the road from Russian Turkestan, with its rich cities of Bokhara and Samarkand, south to the wealthy cities of the British-Indian plains.

Since the revolution, domestic difficulties have overshadowed the Russians' former dreams of Asiatic Empire and of penetration into India through Afghanistan; they are contenting themselves with stirring up trouble where they may. In the present difficulty, they sat quietly in the north, at Thermess on the Russo-Afghan frontier, sending out news bulletins to the effect that the revolt was British-instigated, and attempting to prove this by broadcasting an unconfirmed rumor that Colonel Lawrence — the 'uncrowned king of Arabia' — had appeared in the disaffected region in company with the Ahkond of neighboring Swat.

The British, on the other hand, now that the pre-War threat of armed Russian invasion is no longer imminent, are satisfied to maintain the *status quo*. Consequently they did everything in their power to cool the fires of revolt in Afghanistan from without; for present-day British diplomacy believes that a unified and independent Afghanistan is the best northern bulwark that India can have. From Peshawar on the Indian side of the Khyber Pass, the Chief Commissioner of the North West Frontier Province of India warned the Indian tribes near the Afghan border to take no part in the revolt. Then, presumably in order to prevent an 'incident' that might make necessary intervention and all the international complications that go with it, the British sent military airplanes from the British Indian forces over the bleak Afghan mountains to Kabul. These planes, by arrangement with the Afghan Government, removed forty-eight European and Indian women and children, together with one of the two Americans in the Afghan capital — a lady who was on a round-the-world honeymoon tour, and who was forced to leave her husband behind her when she flew away.

Izvestia, Moscow

RUSSIA SEES A BRITISH PLOT IN AFGHANISTAN

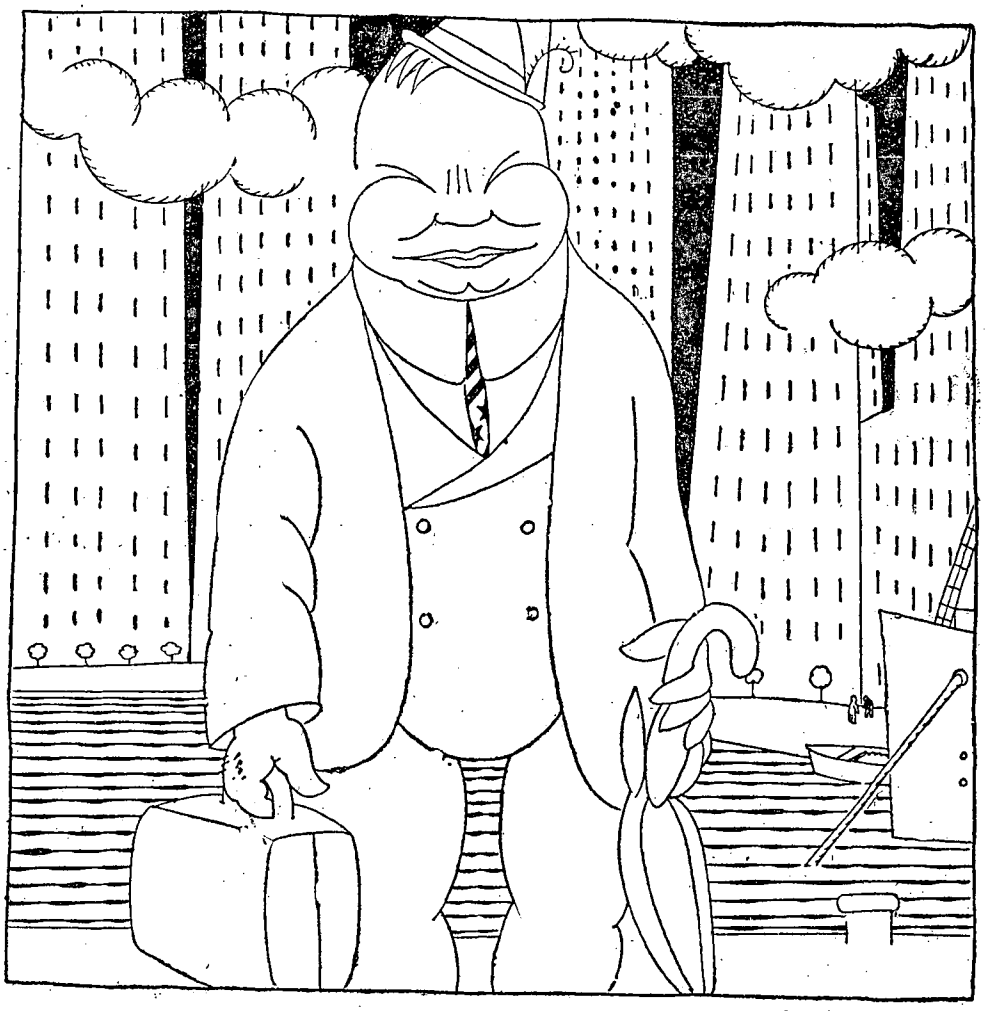
IN ENGLAND, Amanullah, monarch of Afghanistan, is royally welcomed, while the British incite revolution against him in his own kingdom.

The latest reports indicate that, however great or small the revolt which Amanullah has upon his hands may be, he will eventually be able to quell it as he has quelled revolts in the past; for nature is already on his side. Winter is rapidly settling upon the Afghan roads and passes; and the same snow that has now made further airplane 'rescues' impossible is making fighting impractical for some weeks to come. Amanullah is thus given time, as he was given time when the eastern provinces revolted against him once before, in 1924, for negotiation and to gather loyal troops about him for a crushing spring campaign.

MR. HOOVER COMES HOME

PRESIDENT-ELECT Hoover is back in the United States after an eighteen-thousand-mile journey that has kept him away from the American political scene for fifty days, and has taken him to four nations in Central America and six in South America. Not all the considerations which moved Mr. Hoover to undertake his tour have yet become clear. But, now that he has returned, it is possible to consider afresh his major purposes in going away, and to judge, to some extent at least, how successful he has been in carrying them out.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bagaria in El Sol, Madrid

THE NEW COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

SPAIN finds Mr. Hoover's trip largely an effort to persuade South America to buy North American goods.

The most natural explanation of the trip, and the one universally adopted, was that Mr. Hoover wished to slip away from the swarm of too urgent advisers and office-seekers that normally clouds the atmosphere about a newly elected Chief Executive. But if he had merely planned to get well out of reach of importunate friends for a few weeks, he would have accomplished little beyond a postponement of his trials. As a matter of fact, however, it is probable that he went away with the character and qualifications of the men who had surrounded him during the campaign clearly fixed in his memory; that he consulted with himself in the silence of the open sea; and that he returned with his mind so clearly made up concerning the men he would have to choose to help him, and those whose choice he would have to approve, that he could face blandishments and all-too-willing advice with an equanimity which other incoming presidents have not been privileged to enjoy.

There is no doubt, also, that the President-Elect, who had notably avoided exaggerated promises during the sound and fury which preceded the election, wished to make a gesture which would indicate that he believed in deeds rather than words. The unexpected announcement of his trip to Latin America, coming just four days after the election itself, was nicely timed; it succeeded in impressing the public with the fact that Mr. Hoover, now that the busy days of promises had passed, was losing not a moment in making a constructive move to further the interests of American foreign trade and, with it, American prosperity.

Much concerning the good will which the Hoover trip has fostered in the minds and hearts of Latin Americans has been written — most of it by American correspondents who accompanied the Hoover party. It is true that a generally cordial welcome was extended the President-Elect throughout his course — a trifle cooler than the average in Argentina, a trifle warmer in Brazil. The American press was filled with reports of friendly demonstrations and quotations from speeches of welcome, perfunctory in the main, as such speeches must be. This was to be expected. The larger Latin-American journals also were unanimously favorable toward the trip; though it must be admitted that the larger Latin-American journals are seldom impolite. Good will is an exceedingly difficult sentiment to evaluate, particularly in the case of nations. The most that can be said at present concerning the effect of the Hoover trip on the traditionally suspicious attitude of Latin America toward the United States is that those who know the countries to the south and the character of their people are unanimous in saying that such a formal visit by a President-Elect of the United States is certain to appeal to Latin America's natural pride, and to do much to overcome the feeling of the Latin-American peoples that, for geographical or other reasons, they have been neglected among the nations.

Mr. Hoover in American public office has been largely identified with the promotion of the foreign commerce of the United States, and it was therefore natural that a desire to promote the expansion of American commercial relations with the Latin-American nations should have been assigned as the most practical motive of his voyage. How much of a practical nature he could accomplish when his stay in each South American capital was limited to a few hours is more than questionable; and it was notable that no member of the Department of Commerce was chosen to accompany him. That his trip has constituted an effective gesture of interest, whose result will be felt in future trade relations between the two continents of the Western Hemisphere, however, is not to be doubted. But only as the foreign trade policies of Mr. Hoover's administration develop, and as the import and export figures come in at the ends of the coming business years, can we know how successful the President-Elect has been in solidifying the position of the United States in South America, and thus forging an increasingly necessary weapon for commercial wars to come.

EXPERTS AGAIN

THE Big Three at Lugano took the first steps toward linking up the twin issues of the evacuation of the largely French-occupied Rhineland and the revision of the reparations settlement of 1924. This means much more than a widely heralded renewal of that mysterious distillation of friendly sentiment attributable to Locarno — born, to paraphrase a famous slogan, in 1925 and still going strong. The upshot is that another conclave of experts is upon us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The dangerous disagreement over exactly how this new 'reparations inquisition' is to be conducted has been ended. The new commission to examine the burden and liquidation of reparations, promised Germany under the six-power agreement reached during the September Assembly of the League, has taken form at last. Germany's insistence upon a thoroughly independent body of experts, as fully competent to test out the economics of the Dawes Plan as the earlier commission was to formulate it, no longer is denied. France's demand that the more or less moribund Reparations Commission be empowered formally to 'designate' the new international committee of experts (after the Allied Governments concerned have previously selected their delegates) has not been disputed; and Germany, on her side, retains the right directly to appoint her own experts. who are to enjoy exactly the same status as the Allied investigators.

The United States has been approached on behalf of the Allied and German Governments through the ranking diplomatic representative in Washington, Sir Esme Howard of Great Britain. President Coolidge has expressed himself as unwilling to consider any official American participation in the new commission of experts, but has given his consent to the participation of two American citizens as private individuals — a move which was headlined across the Atlantic as 'America's Christmas Present to Europe.' At this writing, the two men who will lend American impartiality and good humor to what promises to be the largest undertaking in international politics in 1929 have not definitely been selected. Parker Gilbert, the American who is now acting as Agent General of Reparations in Berlin, is on his way back to Washington to lend his counsel to the choice, which promises to centre about two former members of the Dawes Commission — Owen D. Young and Vice-President Dawes himself — and a third who has not yet been called upon to turn his judicial talents upon this particular problem — Charles Evans Hughes.

We have now reached the point where the main outlines of the major diplomatic issue since the Treaty of Versailles stand out with fair sharpness. The direct issue is the alteration of reparations arrangements to permit a final settlement, possibly through the 'commercialization' so far as possible of the financial burden which rests upon the shoulders of a rejuvenated Germany. The question of War debts and Washington's attitude toward them has been drawn into the reparations negotiations; the two are Siamese twins who may be taught diplomatically to ignore one another but who cannot physically be severed.

Certain things are clear. By reviving the importance of the Reparations Commission, eclipsed in the past by the Dawes Plan machinery, Poincaré enables France to preserve the legalities of the Versailles Treaty; yet the Reparations Commission, whose memory is so distasteful to the Germans, is not made unduly prominent. Then again, ever-thoughtful French diplomacy, mindful that governments may reject the findings of the experts transmitted through the medium of the Reparations Commission, has provided in this way for a buffer upon which can fall the shock of any breakdown in the new efforts to put the reparations provisions of the Treaty of Versailles into terms of workable economics.

Twenty-One Guns at Nanking

TWENTY-ONE guns were fired by Britain at Nanking late last month. It was two years since the boom of British cannon had last reverberated over China's 'South Metropolis,' sprawled along the lazily flowing Yangtze River. Then the guns spat defiantly at uncontrolled Nationalist troops who threatened to annihilate terrorized foreign refugees at Socony Hill; and Americans likewise were laying down a barrage from quick-firers to save their countrymen. This present British salvo, however, was a salute to the triumphant Nationalists, who now constitute in the world's judgment the Government of the Republic of China, and marked the climax of a campaign of pacific diplomacy. There were no echoing American salutes to match this swift manœuvre of British statesmanship that was designed to recapture Chinese good will, and with it primacy among the powers in the Orient.

To those at a distance, however, it was the deadlock between Japan and China, rather than the prospect of an Anglo-Chinese settlement, that seemed to loom largest on the Eastern horizon during the closing days of 1928. Japan's foreign policy toward her East Asiatic neighbor was apparently all-important in Pacific diplomacy. The Mikado's Land, like Britain, had been at loggerheads with the Nationalists since 1927. Japan's part in the Nanking tragedy was but one factor. From the moment the Nationalists clashed with Japanese troops who had intervened in Shantung when the Northern militarists weakened during the spring onslaught of 1928, until early winter, the prospects for the resumption of friendly relations seemed slight. Though negotiations opened in Nanking itself at the end of November seemed at first on the way to success, they finally broke down. Japan steadfastly refused to withdraw her forces from China's 'Sacred Province' until the dispute over the 'Tsinan Incident' was settled; China remained adamant in her demands for evacuation. The Chinese determination to press the issue of tariff autonomy, feared by Nippon's industrial leaders, loomed as an even greater difficulty.

Until the very moment in December when the British envoy suddenly left the fastness of His Majesty's Peking Legation and hastened to Nanking, Great Britain seemed to figure in the situation only in connection with the rumored revival of an Anglo-Japanese alliance. Even here, official circles in London would go no further than the admission that an understanding — known to Washington and other powers — existed, by which the British and the Japanese agreed to collaborate in their respective Chinese policies; but attention was focused on the prospects of more extended coöperation. The possibility of the reappearance of an alliance between London and Tokio alarmed not only Soviet Russia, but China as well; the Chinese Foreign Minister went out of his way to tell British interests in Shanghai how keenly apprehensive the Nanking Government was at the prospect of an entente that would once more bind the Japanese and British Empires in the Far East.

Downing Street, too, carefully covered up British plans for the sudden recognition of the Nanking Government in full and formal diplomatic terms. The day before Sir Miles Lampson signed the now doubly significant customs agreement, an act which seemingly only followed the earlier American lead toward recognition in July, the United States had reopened the looted Nanking American Consulate. Only the dispute over the ceremonial order of salutes between China and America delayed Washington's final move. But England moved too fast. The day following the British diplomat's midnight signature of the customs agreement came the twenty-one gun salute which constituted formal recognition of the Nationalist Government — a move which must now be regarded as a *coup de main* deliberately planned to offset the hitherto unquestioned leadership of the United States in the reconstitution of relations between China and the Powers.

The net effect of this inauguration of a new era in Anglo-Chinese relations, unless one expects further surprises of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Machiavellian nature from the British Foreign Office, will be to embarrass Japan at the worst psychological moment. The Tanaka Government, which is responsible to Japan's first 'manhood suffrage' parliament, has commanded but a slender majority; and Tokio's seeming failure to maintain Japanese prestige in the Chinese negotiations has aroused bitter denunciation. Across the Yellow Sea, Japan's diplomatic adversary, Dr. C. T. Wang, is secure in the knowledge that he has obtained British recognition at the end of the long Nationalist struggle to curtail foreign treaty rights. With the abolition of tariff and extraterritorial privileges in sight for every Great Power save Japan, the Mikado's Land stands isolated, and once again is threatened with the consequences of short-sighted statesmanship in dealing with New China.

The King of England

NOW that King George V is well on the road to recovery from his recent critical illness, it is perhaps interesting to know the constitutional procedure whereby English Kings are made and persons are delegated to act for the King when he is incapacitated. Surely many Americans wondered, as they read their daily papers, what a Regency Commission was and who appointed it. In the United States if the President is seriously ill there is no machinery sanctified by precedent which relieves him of the duties or burdens of his office; of course, if he dies, the Vice President becomes President; if he becomes insane, the Constitution provides for similar action. But the possibility of serious illness is not allowed for in the American governmental system.

In England, the King has a somewhat peculiar position. Historically, he is sovereign of the English people and calls Parliament together to consult with him and to lend him financial support. In fact, the King has very little direct power, though his influence over events may be tremendous; King Edward VII had as much to do with the formation of the Anglo-French entente before the War as any statesman, but King Edward's influence in this, as in most matters, was exercised behind the scenes. Indeed, the English King to-day is merely the symbol of the people, hedged round, not with divinity, but with restrictions on his liberty of action.

The famous Bill of Rights of 1688 finally confirmed the actual supremacy of Parliament over King. Before that, the kingship was a mysterious power which was considered independent of the individual who was King. There had always to be a King. When one died, his nearest heir immediately assumed this mysterious sanctity, whether the people desired it or not. The Bill of Rights destroyed this conception of the monarchy by boldly declaring that the throne 'was vacant.' It then proceeded to determine the succession according to the tastes of the Parliament, then sitting, and it finally set certain conditions to which the sovereign would have to conform or cease to be sovereign. The main condition was that the King of England must be a Protestant.

This at once established the supremacy of Parliament; it determined that the King is King only by sufferance of Parliament. It robbed of all real meaning the old exclamation with which the death of a king was traditionally announced: 'The King is dead! Long live the King!'

The King has, nevertheless, certain formal functions which are essential to the machinery of government. Probably the most important of these is the approval of bills of Parliament, which is constitutionally necessary to make these bills acts.

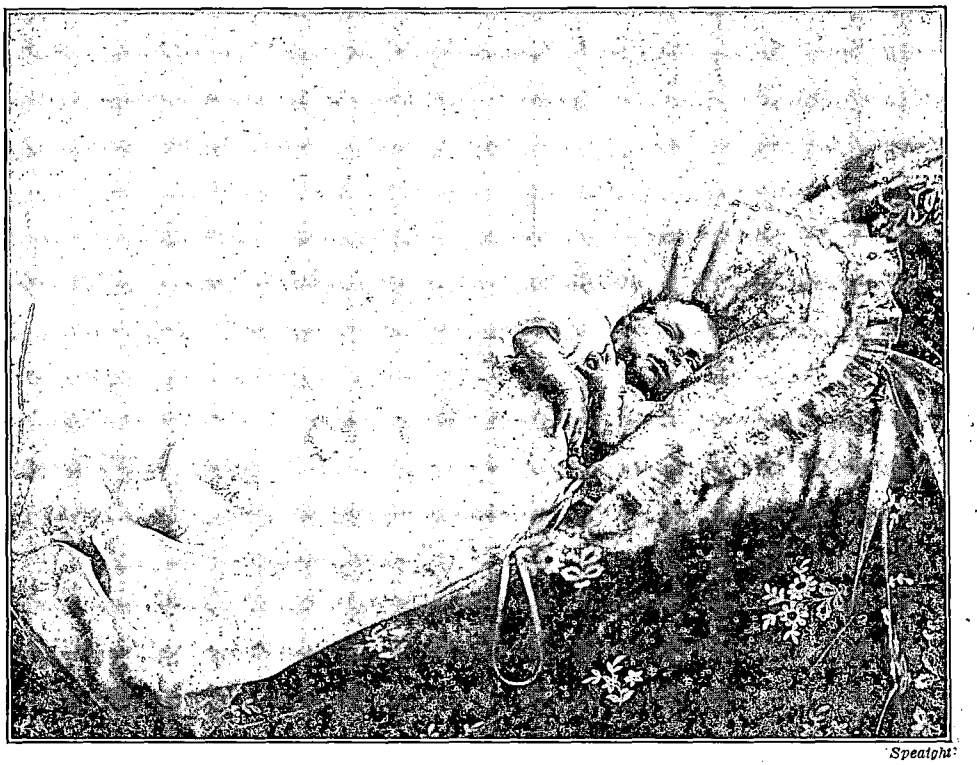
It was in connection with this function of the King that, in the thirty-third year of the reign of Henry VIII, there was inserted into the famous Act for the Attainder of Queen Catherine Howard a clause which forms the precedent for the appointment of Royal Commissions. This clause read: —

> That the King's royal assent by his letters patent under his great seal and signed with his hand and declared and notified in his absence to the Lords Spiritual and temporal and to the Commons assembled together in the high house, is and ever was of as good strength and force as though the King's person had been there personally present and had assented openly and publicly to the same.

This provision has been more and more extended in force through the centuries until, in 1811, when King George III was definitely declared insane, Parliament passed a Regency Bill which named a regent, and then authorized the Lord Chancellor to place the Great Seal on the Royal Commission which would give the King's assent to the bill, without consulting George III at all in the matter. When George V was recently taken ill, he simply appointed a Commission of men whom he empowered to act for him in his illness.

When the King dies, Parliament immediately assembles, and the next in succession according to the terms of the Act of Succession of 1711 automatically becomes King. No one knows what would happen if Parliament should be dissolved before a King's death and no Writs should have been issued calling for an election. It is probable that the new King would be advised to sign the new Writs and the new Parliament would confirm his action as soon as it met.

All of this is typical of that peculiar body of written law, precedent, and common sense which make up the British Constitution. In many ways it is an admirably workable system, and yet it must be a sore trial to the men

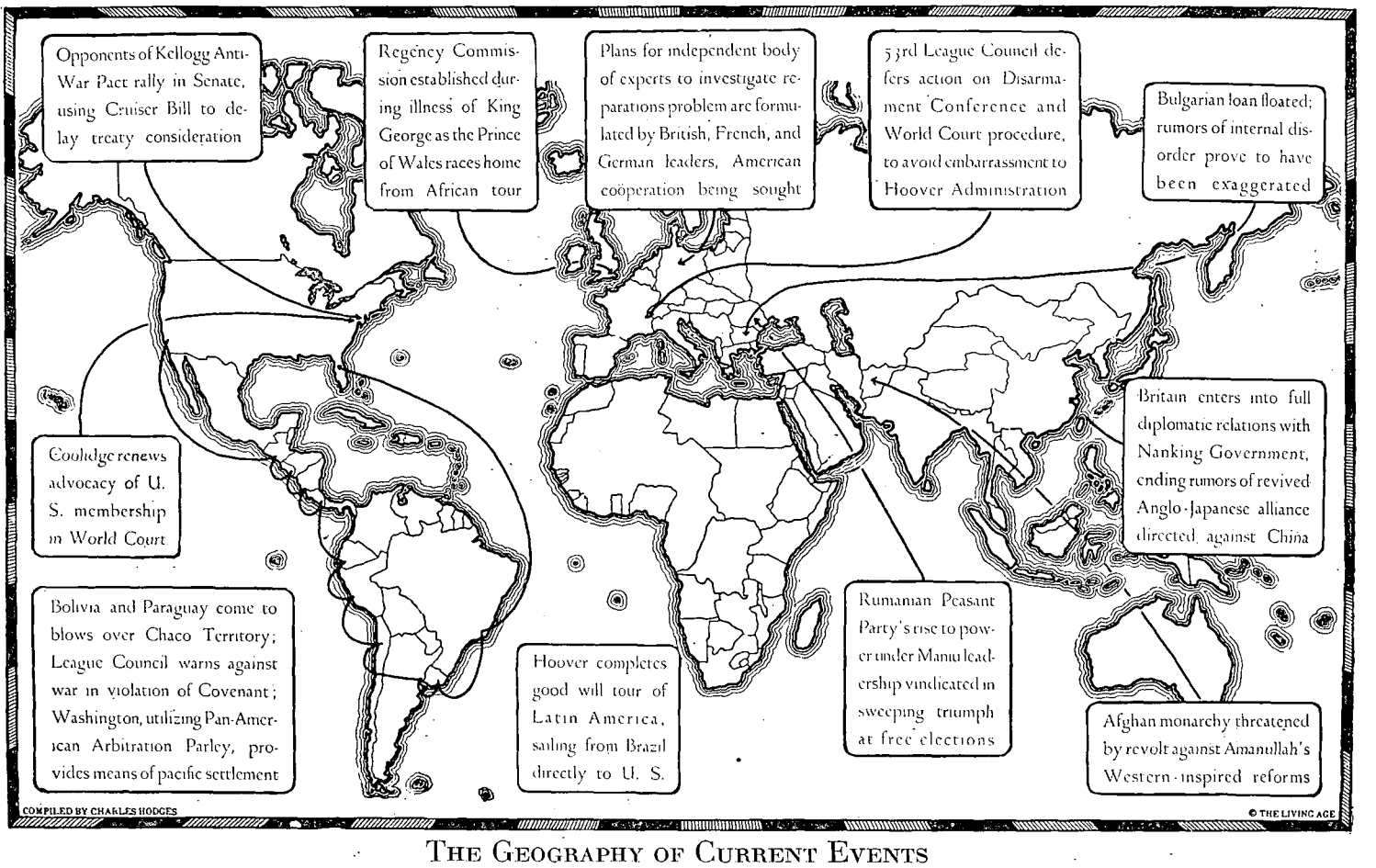


Speaight

H. R. H. Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary of York

Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York. She is the last now living in succession to the crown of England. If King George had succumbed to his recent illness, the crown would of course have gone to the Prince of Wales; in case of his death without issue, to the Duke of York; finally, to Princess Elizabeth, the smiling baby who enjoys her toys, all unconscious of the high destiny which may await her.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Geography of Current Events

The Subjects indicated by the legends on the map are dealt with at greater length in 'The World Over.'

responsible when an unusual situation arises and they have nothing to guide them except their own native sense of what is fitting.

Improvement in the Balkans ALTHOUGH it is too soon to express the view that affairs have permanently altered for the better in the Balkan Peninsula, the events of the last two months give reason for believing that there has been an encouraging increase in stability.

Bulgaria, in spite of the efforts of Communist propagandists to interfere by spreading alarmist stories of internal disorder, has had the gratification of seeing her $25,000,000 loan oversubscribed. As this money will be applied to domestic reconstruction, internal concord seems for the present assured — especially as the League of Nations is now interesting itself in the grievances of the Macedonian autonomists. In Yugoslavia, although the old tension between Croat and Serb still continues, and political disputes have recently become bitter, there appears a prospect of peaceful adjustment under a royal dictatorship.

In Rumania, there seems every reason to believe that the cabinet of Iuliu Maniu, whose career was described in last month's Living Age, will be able to continue with its reforms. When M. Maniu came to power in November, it was freely predicted that Vintila Brătianu and his Liberal Party — whom M. Maniu and the National Peasant Party displaced — would soon be strong enough to overthrow him. But the sweeping victory which the National Peasant Party won at the polls in December soon showed how greatly the present power of M. Brătianu had been exaggerated. It now seems certain that M. Maniu and his cabinet will remain in office for some months at least; that, if hard pressed by M. Brătianu and his followers, they will probably be able to maintain themselves by coalition with other parties; and that they will be able to carry out a large part of their proposed programme.

The Kellogg Treaty PASSAGE of the Senate's resolution ratifying the Kellogg Treaty will probably be regarded as rendering practically certain ratification by the other signatory powers. Made wary by the failure of the Versailles Treaty to secure ratification nine years ago, the European powers have almost ostentatiously refrained from ratification until they could see what action the United States would take. But when the United States has ratified, the other powers are not likely to be far behind, since there is no powerful body of opinion against the Treaty anywhere in the world. True, there is much skepticism. But the Treaty's foreign advocates are quite as ardent as those in the United States, and those who are not enthusiastic for the Treaty regard it as being, at worst, futile. It will have no such gauntlet to run in foreign parliaments as it has had in the United States. Unanimous ratification is therefore to be anticipated; and the Kellogg Treaty, renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, may be regarded thereafter as a part of that vague and unenforcible body of treaties and customs and international understandings known as international law.

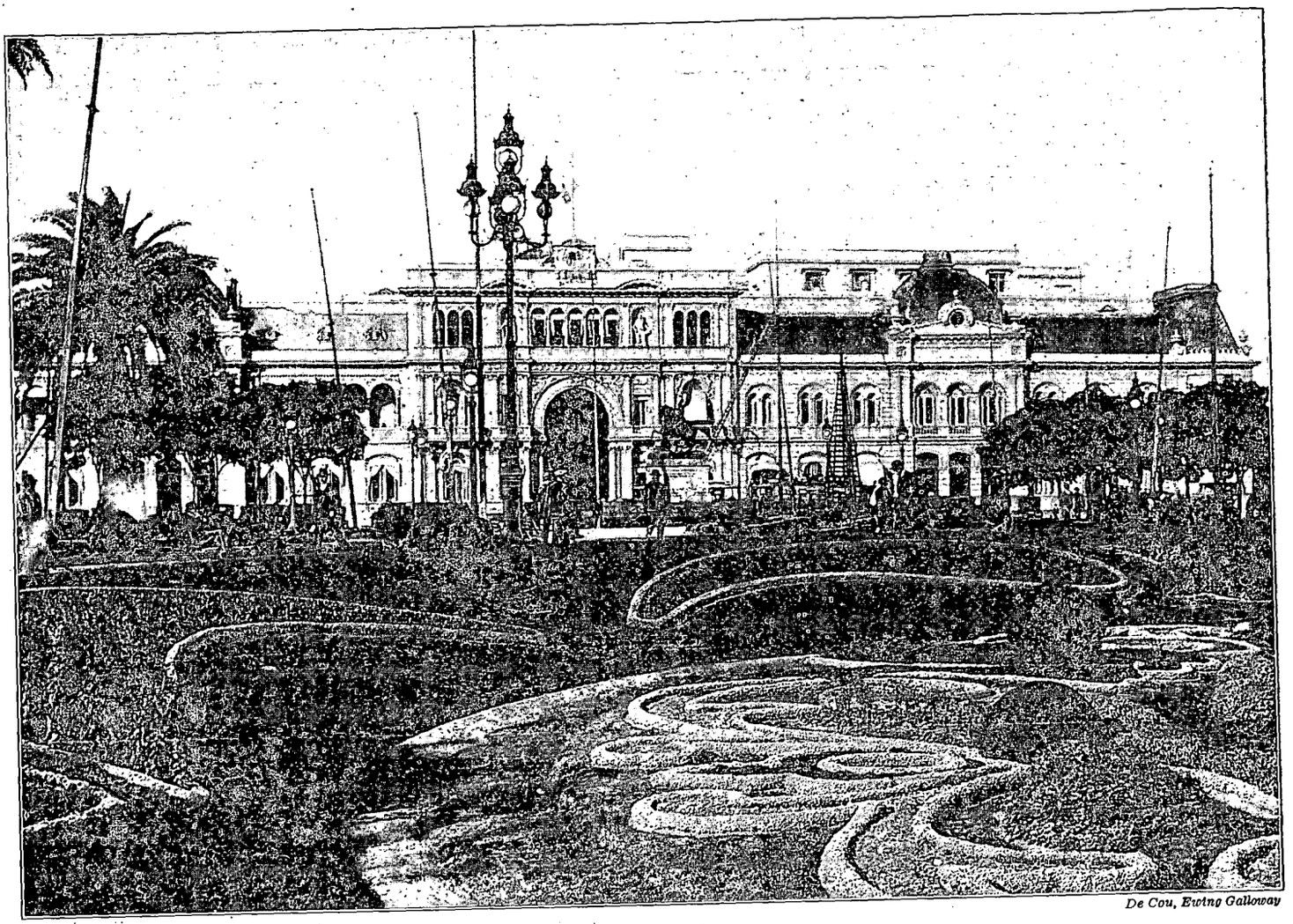
Secretary Kellogg's explanations before the Foreign Relations Committee have clarified a number of matters about which doubt had been expressed. It is now clearly understood that the Russian signature to the Kellogg Treaty does not imply recognition by the United States of the Soviet Government; that the reservations of the various nations are not considered by the United States State Department to impair the obligations or limit the effect of the Pact, the instrument standing on its text alone; and that even should one of the signatory nations in future violate the treaty, the United States, though released from its renunciation, will be under no obligation to go to war.

That so much explanation was necessary, further emphasizes the fact that the Kellogg Treaty is not a very specific document. In brevity it is unusual. Stripped of preamble and signatures, it consists of only three articles, totaling two hundred words. In volume it is in striking contrast with the extremely detailed Versailles Treaty, the text of which required a large book. Yet many profess the hope that these three modest paragraphs will put an end once for all to the chief scourge of humanity, war. Actually there is good reason to doubt this.

But, however much skepticism of the treaty's immediate or ultimate value diplomatic considerations may compel, there is no doubt of the enthusiasm with which the war-weary citizens of almost every nation regard it. Especially is this true in the United States, where letters from individuals and resolutions from organizations acclaiming it have poured by hundreds into the White House and the State Department. The campaign of the Scripps-Howard newspapers for ratification by Christmas Day — though unsuccessful in its immediate object — was nevertheless an aid to the Treaty's friends in the Senate and afforded a fair index of the favor with which it is regarded by the American people.

The Kellogg Treaty may not be a final solution of the war problem — may not, indeed, be even a temporary solution; but it is at least a formal statement of a great and high hope, which may point the way to a lessening of the frequency of war or possibly even to its ultimate elimination.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



De Cou, Ewing Galloway

ARGENTINA: BUENOS AIRES

GOVERNMENT HOUSE seen across an elaborately landscaped park, from the Plaza de Mayo. The capital of the Argentine is noted for the beauty of its public buildings.

A Paragraphic World Tour

Around the World in Thirty Days

ARGENTINA

RESIDENTS of colder countries who have been in the habit of doing their 'hibernation' in the summer sun of Argentina, which shines when it is winter in the north, have wondered why it was that the residents of Buenos Aires, however high the mercury, scorned to adopt tropical clothes. It has sometimes been suspected that these patriotic citizens have never been willing to admit that their capital ever suffered from the heat. As a result, American and European visitors have been the only people in the city whose clothing was suited to the temperature. But, during the present 'summer' season, when intense heat set in earlier than usual, even patriotic Argentinians have doffed their woolens and donned Palm Beach suits. As responsibility for most new things is amiably laid at the door of visitors from a distance, this change is said to have been due to the efforts of a courageous American haberdasher, who last summer dared display a complete line of light fabric clothing, in spite of the failure of many previous attempts to break down the native custom of wearing oppressive summer apparel.

FRANCE

WHICH is the noisiest city — London, Paris, or New York? Offhand, we should say New York, which we think affords noise in greater variety and volume than any other city in the world. Other cities have their noises, but they are more restrained and subdued. London goes to sleep earlier than does New York, and sleeps more soundly. The same is true of Paris, except the Montmartre section, in which the cabarets rival, but do not exceed, the festive noises of New York's 'Great White Way.' Recently, the Paris Prefect of Police has reduced the number of noises which interfere with sleep by forbidding motor-horns after one o'clock in the morning. Other noises, more difficult to moderate, remain — the tramways, which begin at five in the morning to sound their gongs as they reach the corners and screech as they grind the rails in turning them; the early activities of the road sweepers and cleaners; the market carts, which are now motor-lorries, on their way from suburban gardens to the Halles; the sirens on the river, if you are near the quays; the church bells striking the hours and quarters — a custom to which some nervous and irreligious tourists especially object.

GERMANY

WE CALLED attention in a previous 'Tour' to the joviality of the Berlin of the present as compared to the Berlin of the period immediately succeeding the War. The last war restriction in Berlin was recently removed when it was officially proclaimed that the front doors of tenement houses might remain open until ten o'clock in the evening.

Until this change, they had been rigorously locked at eight o'clock, and unhappy members of a household who had no latchkey were generally obliged to wait in the street until somebody else living in the house appeared and let them in. Only in the case of exceedingly luxurious houses did the concierge after the 'closing hour' appear at the sound of a bell officially intended to arouse him. It had therefore become the custom for a guest invited to dinner whose arrival might be delayed after the eight o'clock curfew hour to telephone when he left home, so that his host, watching from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

window, might admit him without vexatious delay.

Most of those who were recently guests at German Christmas dinners were served with goose and not with turkey, German Christmas geese being raised in great numbers in Schleswig, Pomerania, and Thuringia, not to mention importations from Rumania, Hungary, Poland, and Yugoslavia. The German Christmas goose is not just the ordinary barnyard variety. Weeks in advance forcible feeding is employed. Macaroni or noodles dipped in buttermilk are daily crammed down its throat until the day comes when the fatted fowl adorns the Christmas table, surrounded by red or green cabbage, potatoes, and brussels sprouts.

England

Travelers who wish to impress their fellows with a display of uncommon learning may say with an air of wisdom, when Johnson's Court and Boswell Court in Fleet Street, London, are mentioned: 'Of course you know that these localities were not named after Johnson and his biographer, dear me, no. The former was so named long before Johnson went to live there, and the name of the latter goes back to Tudor times. It is only a coincidence that the two courts, so closely connected with the great doctor and his friend, should bear their names.' Then, condescendingly: 'It is, however, a very pardonable error to suppose that the courts derived their names from our two eighteenth-century friends!'

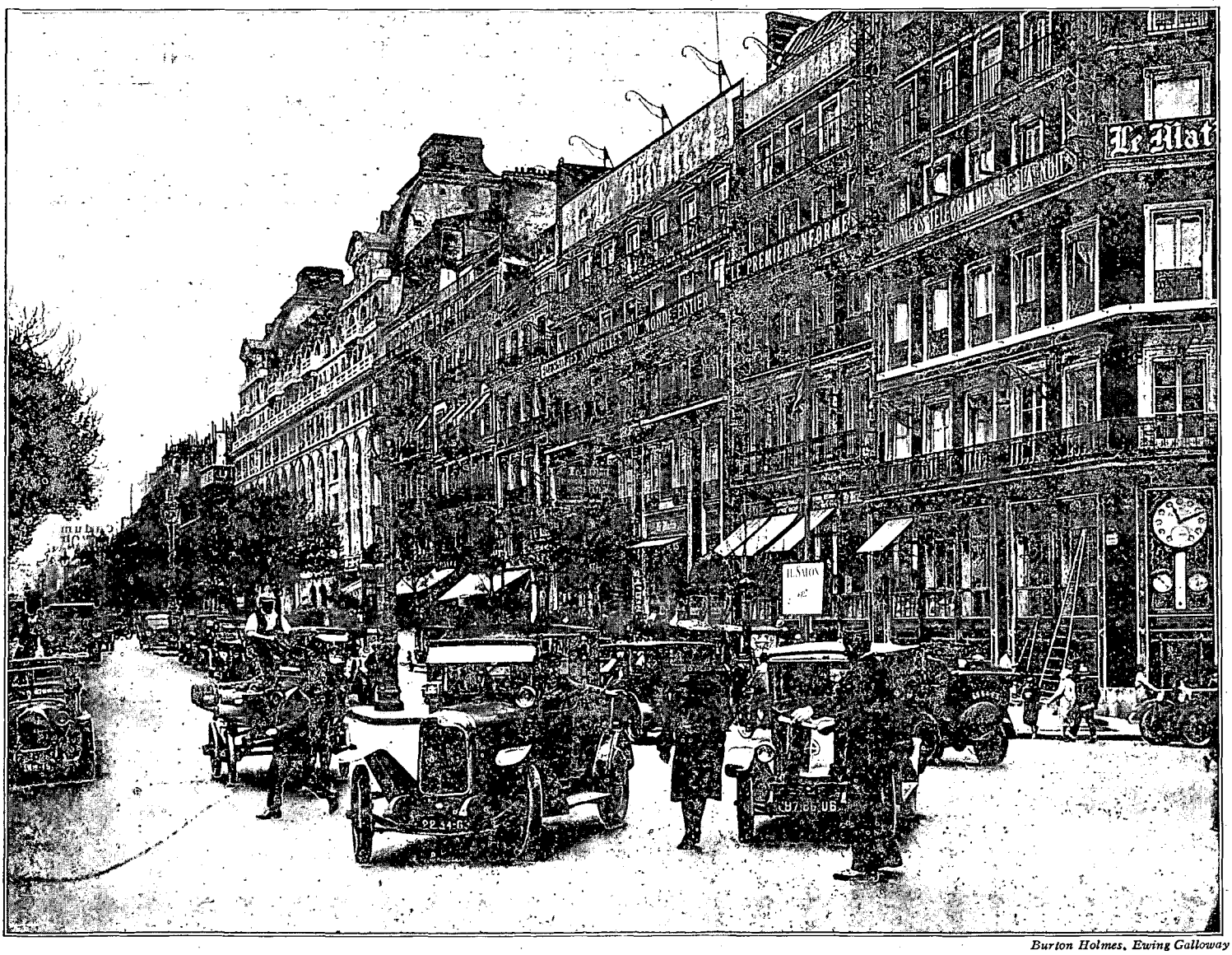
Spain

Travelers in Spain who are privileged to mingle with educated Spaniards will hear many personal anecdotes of General Primo de Rivera, the good-natured, easygoing, and popular dictator who is forever talking of resigning and who never resigns. Some of these narratives go back to General Rivera's Latin Quarter days, when he was a student in Paris. General Rivera himself recalls fondly this period of his life. One story declares that he once presented a cardinal with a portrait of himself as a student — with an *étudiante* on his knee! — this being the only photograph he then had. The latest anecdote refers to an occasion when he left a Paris gaming club absolutely penniless and acutely depressed. A beggar held out his hand for alms. 'I have lost everything,' said the young officer tragically. 'Then here are a hundred pesetas,' said the beggar. 'Go back, and if you win we will divide!' De Rivera returned and luck quickly favored him. In a few minutes he had won a thousand pesetas, so he left at once, and rushed out to surprise the beggar. But when he presented the five hundred pesetas the beggar began to abuse him, even threatening him with his crutch. The beggar was indignant, that, the young man's luck having 'changed,' he did not play longer and win a fortune!

Turkey

Almost extraordinary mosaic, one of the finest examples of Byzantine art of the fourteenth century, has just been uncovered by workmen engaged in repairing the walls of the little mosque of Kahrie, on the outskirts of Constantinople. The mosaic depicts the death of the Virgin Mary, who lies on her bier surrounded by saints.

It had remained hidden under Moslem whitewash for five hundred years. Officials of the revolutionary government at Angora at once ordered the preservation of the mosaic, which will be completely uncovered and remain where it is. Moslems will, therefore, soon worship beneath the shadow of images whose representation has for centuries been forbidden by Moslem religion.

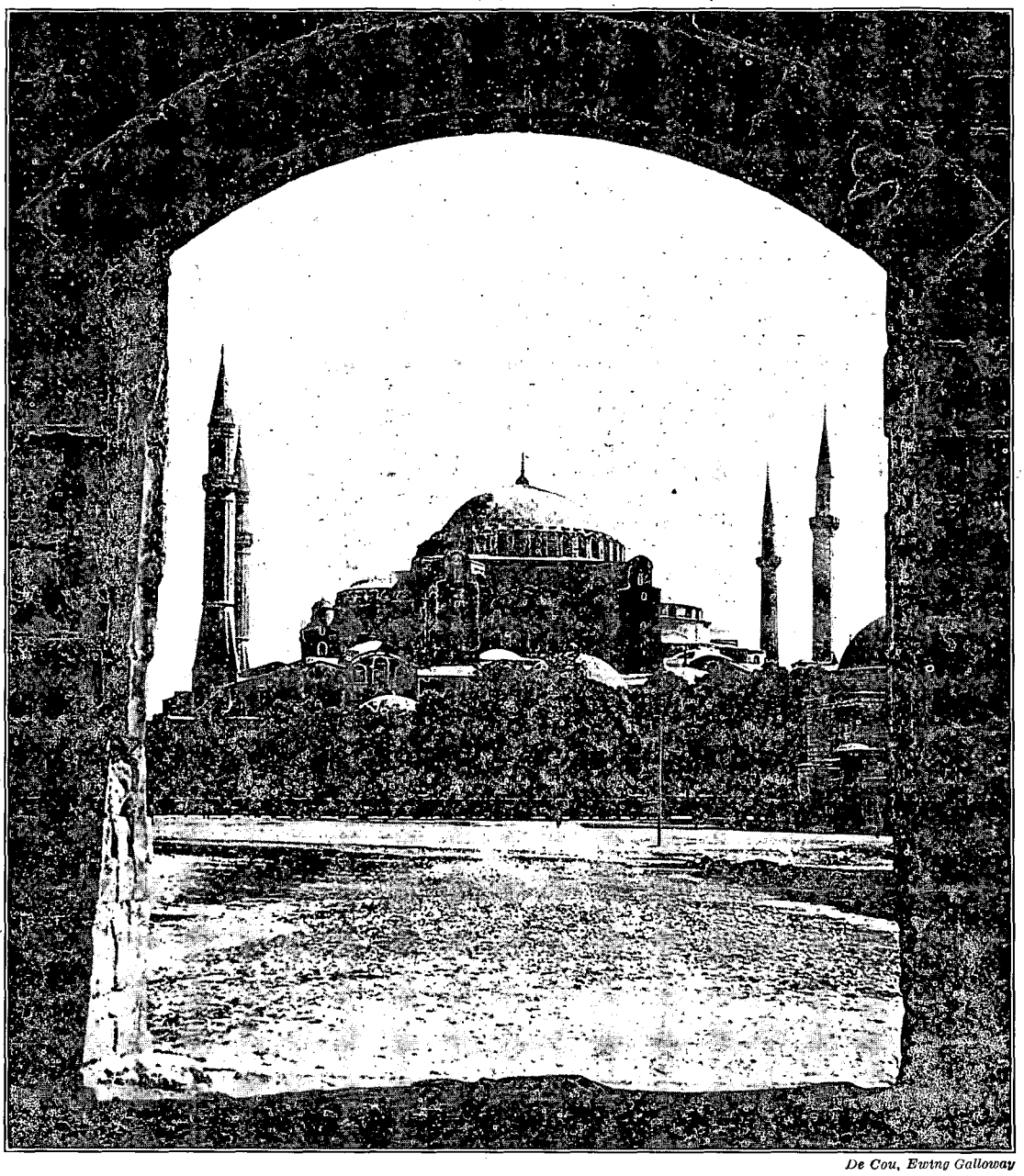


Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

France: Traffic in Paris

On the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, immediately in front of the offices of *Le Matin*, traffic is reputed to be very heavy. Americans will find the jam illustrated here mild in comparison to what they are accustomed to at home. The cries of the newsboys, who are issuing from the *Matin* offices in the centre of this photograph, are familiar to all.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



De Cou, Ewing Galloway

THE MOSQUE OF SAINT SOPHIA

TEMPLE OF A FAITH which, due to Mustapha Kemal's efforts, no longer enjoys its old privileged position as Turkey's state religion. A Christian cathedral from the sixth to the fifteenth centuries, Saint Sophia has been since 1453 the most magnificent mosque of Islam.

The Amazing City

Clattering Steam Shovels Startle Leisurely Desert Camels in Angora, the Village Which Under Mustapha Kemal Has Become the Capital of the New Turkey

By Webb Waldron

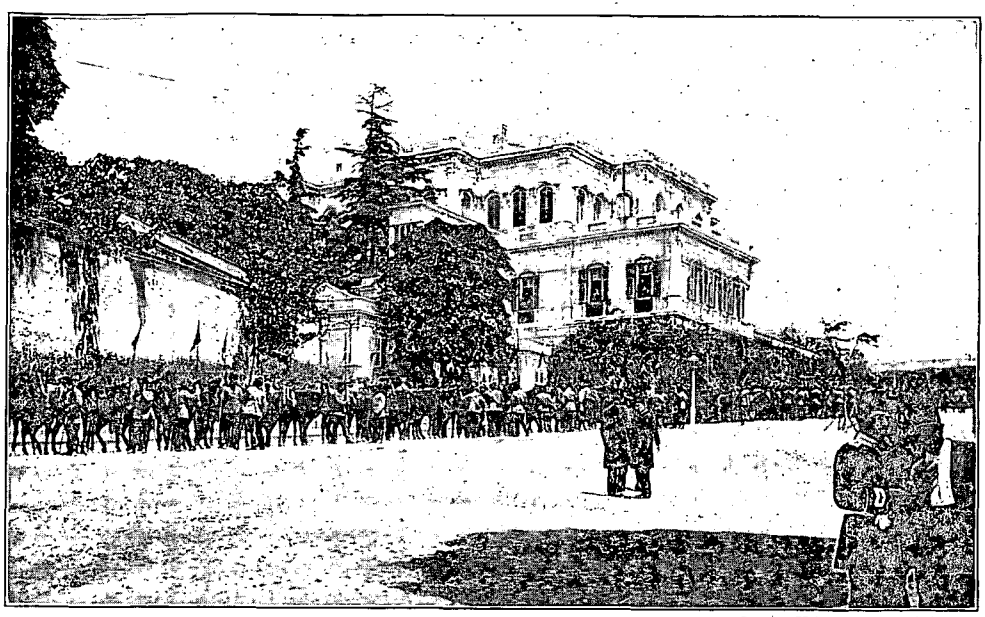
Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

THE platform of the railway station at Haidar Pasha was crowded with platoons of school children. Stiff rows of little round-cheeked, black-eyed boys in tight blue suits and small, round caps, stiff rows of little black-eyed, round-cheeked girls in stiff dark-blue middy blouses and long black stockings and stiff black braids, all very solemn. At one side stood a group of important-looking officials in frock coats and derby hats, and, every now and then, as another ferry arrived from across the Bosporus, more officials hurried through the station and out upon the platform and there was much bowing, hand-shaking, and tipping of hats.

Then a sudden murmur. I craned out of the window of my compartment. Two gentlemen in silk hats and two ladies in very Parisian gowns approached down the long platform. Every official took off his hat. The hand of every boy and girl went up in stiff salute.

The four personages came to a pause at the steps of the *wagon-lit*. More bowing, hand-shaking, saluting. A fat man, darting forward, thrust two immense bouquets into the hands of the two ladies. The four mounted the steps. There was a shout. The locomotive squealed sharply. A cheer swept the length of the platform. The train began to move.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

CAVALRY OF MUSTAPHA KEMAL'S ARMY

GATHERED OUTSIDE A CONSTANTINOPLE PALACE now converted into a gambling casino. The army and its officers have always enjoyed tremendous prestige in Turkey; and the glory Mustapha Kemal acquired by defeating the Greeks at Smyrna in 1922 has helped considerably to assure the support of the people for his programme of reform.

A blond young man, evidently my *camarade de nuit*, entered the compartment, murmuring an apology in French, and swung his suitcase up into the rack.

'Who are these people?' I asked.

'That is the Minister of Public Instruction and his assistant,' was the answer. 'He has been in Europe — Berlin, Munich, Prague, London, and Amsterdam — studying modern methods of education. Now he is on his way back to Angora.'

The train glided through the back streets of Haidar Pasha. Suddenly, down between two rows of houses I caught a sparkle of water. The line curved out along the shore. Fresh-ploughed fields, divided by neat fences made of bundles of brush, sloping down to vivid blue sea. A few miles off shore, the soft blue silhouette of the Princes Islands against the low, western sun. Then a village — streets of tall, weather-beaten wooden houses with overhanging balconies and latticed shutters, a white minaret in a cluster of black cypresses. Red fields again, a man in a broad blue sash ploughing with a team of three white oxen. A long, high bridge over an intensely green valley, and beyond it a promontory thrusting out into the sea, crowned by an ancient ruin. Another village, a slender minaret twinkling against the crimson sunset, fruit trees in masses of white and pink bloom, mountains far away across Marmora looming vast and pale blue.

BURSTS of laughter came from the compartments in the centre of the car which ensconced the Minister of Public Instruction and his party. A waiter hurried along the corridor with a tray crowded with bottles and glasses.

My companion sat in the corner intent on a German novel, *Das Fräulein und der Levantiner*.

Dark drew down.

Occasionally the train came to a halt at a village picked out by twinkling lights. Little boys with big bread-rings strung on their arms ran along the platform, shouting up at the car windows.

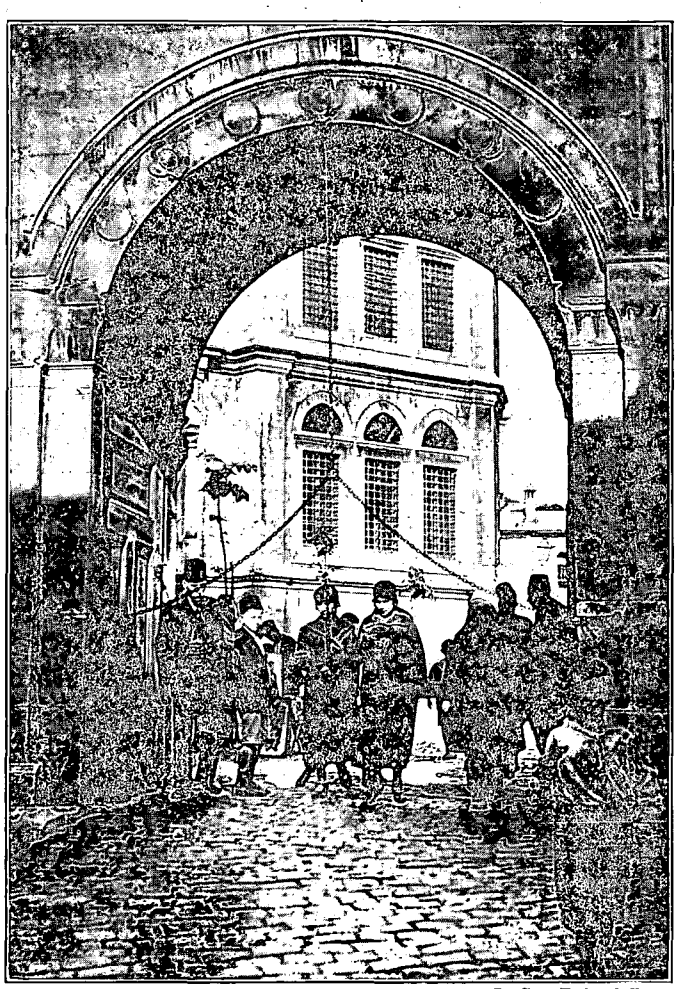
The dining car was very gay. Flowers were massed on the table of the two government officials. Flowers wreathed the big portrait of the *Ghazi* on the wall at the end of the car.

In the morning, I peeped through a frosted window at a landscape startlingly changed. The train was running straight into a crimson sunrise up a wide, barren, treeless valley that revealed not a mark of human life from brim to brim.

Then, far off on a hillside, a moving white patch. What was it? I scraped the frost off the window and stared more intently, but it was inexplicable. Then, nearer, another. A flock of sheep! The shepherd — tall, slender, with white turban, pink shirt, red sash, tight black trousers and long, thick white wool socks — stood motionless, blinking at us as we passed. Where did he come from? He seemed a man utterly cut off, living in a void.

Hardly had I asked the question when I saw on a distant hillside a huddle of flat-roofed houses with a few slender columns of smoke poised in the frosty dawn.

The country grew wilder and rockier. The valley closed in upon us and we curved echoingly through a narrow gap between jagged red walls. The walls fell back suddenly. Far away in the south towered saw-toothed, snow-capped peaks. Then, surprisingly, close to the track, a rectangle of fresh-turned ground. A team of four black oxen dragging a plough which seemed to be made of a long, curved tree limb. Another village, mud houses with flat, thatched roofs, more ploughed fields, and beyond them

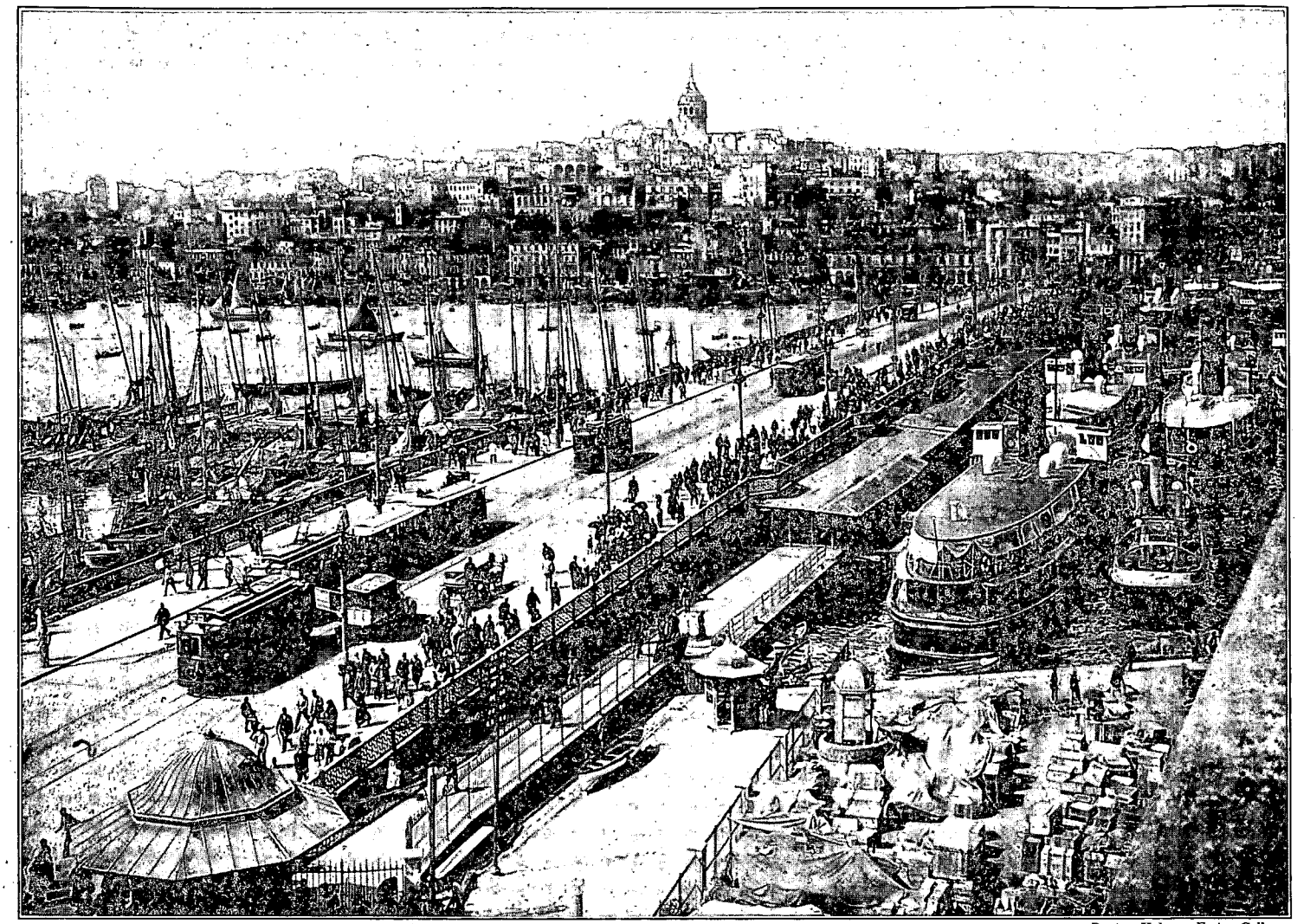


De Cou, Ewing Galloway

IN THE STREETS OF THE NEW TURKEY

UNVEILED WOMEN, such as those in the centre of this photograph of the gate of the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, in Constantinople, were seldom seen on the streets in the days of the Sultans. To-day, Turkish women are fast gaining freedom.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

THE ADVANCE GUARD OF MODERNITY

CONSTANTINOPLE, even before the fall of the Sultan, was rapidly becoming a modern city of trolley cars and tall buildings, because of its close contact with the West. It is Mustapha Kemal's object to develop Angora and other cities of Turkey similarly, though without aping European ideas.

barrenness again, miles and miles and miles."

'Do you know why this valley is so bare?' My companion of the night sat opposite me at breakfast. 'It is because this has always been the path of the invaders pouring from Asia into Europe. The Persians came this way when they attacked Greece. The Tartars came this way. The Turks, when they conquered Constantinople. For thousands of years, armies have been marching westward down this valley using up the trees till not a scrap is left and none will grow. You see, the telegraph poles and the fence posts and the railway ties are all made of iron.'

'Is all of Anatolia barren this way?'

'Oh, no! North there,' he pointed, 'just beyond those mountains toward the Black Sea, there are immense forests. Immense. All they want is a railroad to exploit them. Turkey is a very rich country.'

A hot sun came up and blazed on the barren plain.

AND then, abruptly, an amazing thing. Out of the brown, empty desert of turbaned shepherds and thatched mud huts sprang a group of brand-new brick buildings with red-tile roofs. A paved road. A motor truck. A tractor nonchalantly moving across a smooth, fresh-turned field. Had we leaped miraculously from Asia into Iowa?

'It is the Ghazi's farm,' my companion explained. 'He is showing our people just what can be done in farming.'

'*Your* people? I thought you were a German.'

'A German! Why? Because I was reading a German book?'

'And,' I stammered, 'because I thought you looked German.'

'No,' he said simply, 'I am a Turk.'

Indeed, I had already discovered in Constantinople that it is not always easy for an outsider to distinguish a Turk from a European. We assume that Turks are all fat, dark, oily. To find them trim and blond is disconcerting.

'Do the people like the Ghazi?'

He looked at me, evidently amused a little at the simplicity of my question.

In Constantinople, though I had seen Kemal's picture framed, life-size, in banks, bars, hotel lobbies, restaurants, this did not seem by any means to express a universal enthusiasm for the Conqueror. Indeed, I found people almost as wary of comment upon him as Italians are wary of comment to an outsider upon the Ghazi of the West.

'Why shouldn't they like him? He has done everything for the country.'

The train rounded a curve of hill. Square before us out of the plain lifted a tall rock crowned by ancient battlements. We clattered over an intricacy of switches into the station of Angora.

A band on the platform struck up a martial air. Platoons of school children dressed identically like those on the platform at Haidar Pasha, raised their hands in stiff salute as the Minister of Public Instruction appeared at the window of his compartment.

My taxi whirled up a broad new

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

avenue toward the town, huddled half a mile away at the foot of the battlemented acropolis. The lower end of the avenue spanned barren wastes, but its upper reaches were flanked by handsome new brick-and-tile public buildings in the semi-Oriental manner. We swerved sharply across a public square in whose centre rose a massive pedestal which waited evidently to receive a statue of the Ghazi, and came to a halt in front of a hotel. I was led across a courtyard and on through a series of rambling passages which suggested the oriental caravansary of romance.

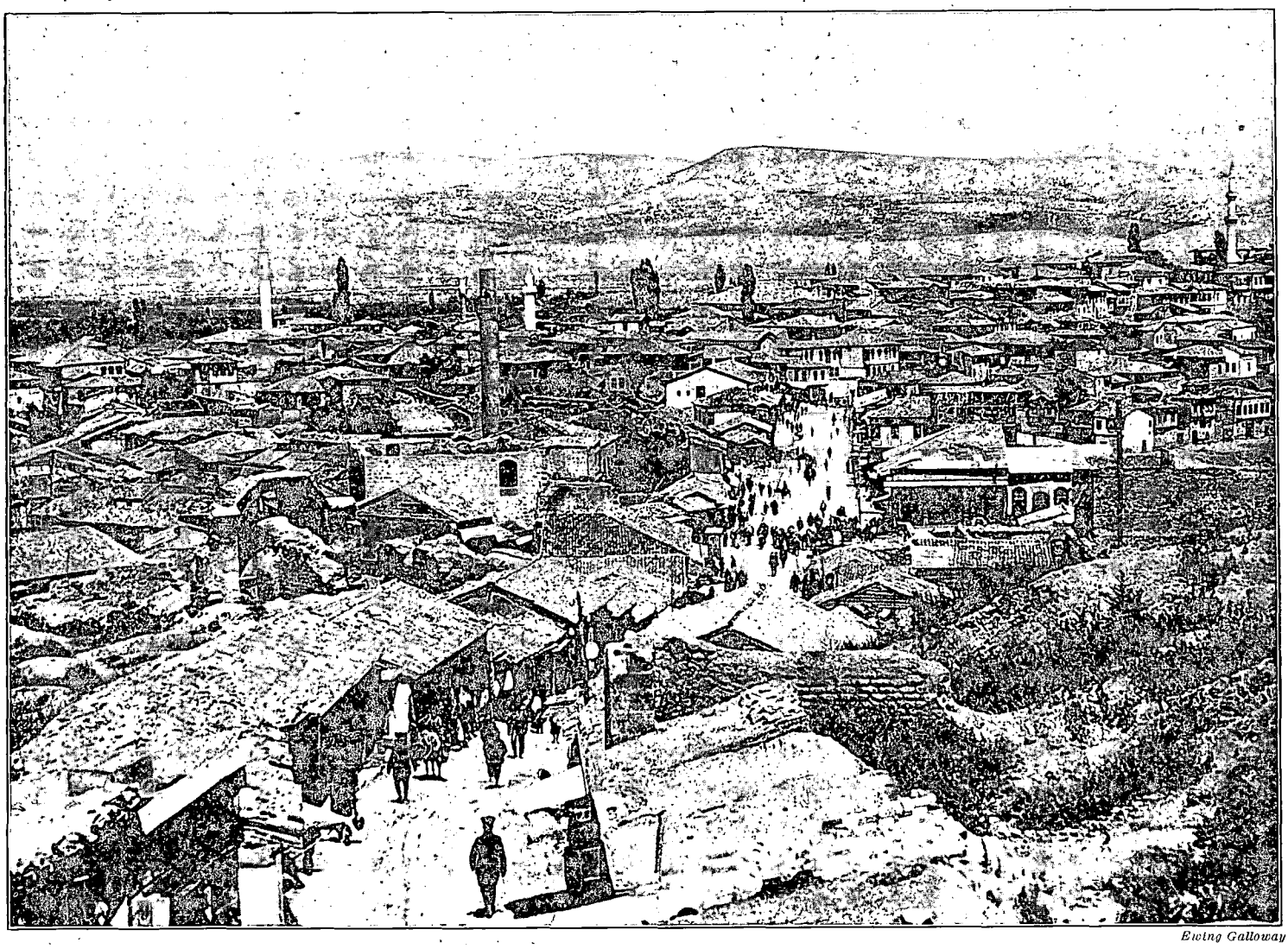
For the next forty-eight hours I was in a continual mood of amazement. Never before had I encountered such a conglomeration of human things.

No one knows how old is Angora. A man I met at tea at the American Embassy told me that it had been originally a fortress of the Hittites. Romans, Persians, Arabs, Seljuk Turks, Crusaders, Tartars, Ottoman Turks have in turn possessed it. The citadel wall which dominates the town is an astonishing record of the past. It was built probably four or five hundred years ago, before the advent of artillery, but its materials are an indescribable assemblage of more ancient stone, — headless statues, lintels bearing Greek and Latin inscriptions, fragments of friezes, segments of temple columns — woven together with discrimination solely as to their usefulness as stuff for a wall. The old town — narrow, crooked streets of one-story houses, mud, wood, or stone, with a bristle of white minarets — straggles down the westward face of the citadel rock toward the plain. Upon it the modern city, the capital of the new Turkey, is being directly imposed. Business blocks of reinforced concrete thrust ruthlessly athwart this tangle of ancient lanes, destroying as they climb. The handsome concrete Palace of Justice rises inside its scaffolding out of the ruin of an antique mosque and in the debris of excavation I spy a shattered marble column with Latin lettering on its base.

In from the desert come caravans of swaying camels which brush against American steam shovels and concrete mixers to pass on to the market place up on the slope of the citadel hill crowded with bartering peasants in their great, rectangular, white-wool *ketchés*. In the new half-finished streets, spick French limousines wind in and out among tall bullock carts with solid wooden wheels and, drawing up at the curb, disembark women in chic Paris gowns who mingle with women from the mountains in long, tight black trousers, varicolored sashes, and white turbans.

This contradictory city, which looks something like a hustling suburban development on the outskirts of Cleveland and something like an Arizona mining camp and a great deal like the Orient, is really an accurate expression of the new Turkey.

"TURKEY was too long swayed by outside influences,' said Rouchem Eschef Bey, prominent journalist,



Ewing Galloway

ANGORA: THE NEW CAPITAL OF TURKEY

SLIM WHITE MINARETS and dark cypresses bristle above the narrow streets and one-story houses of the fast growing Anatolian village that to-day presents the appearance of a combination of an Arizona mining camp, a desert town of the East, and a booming American suburb.

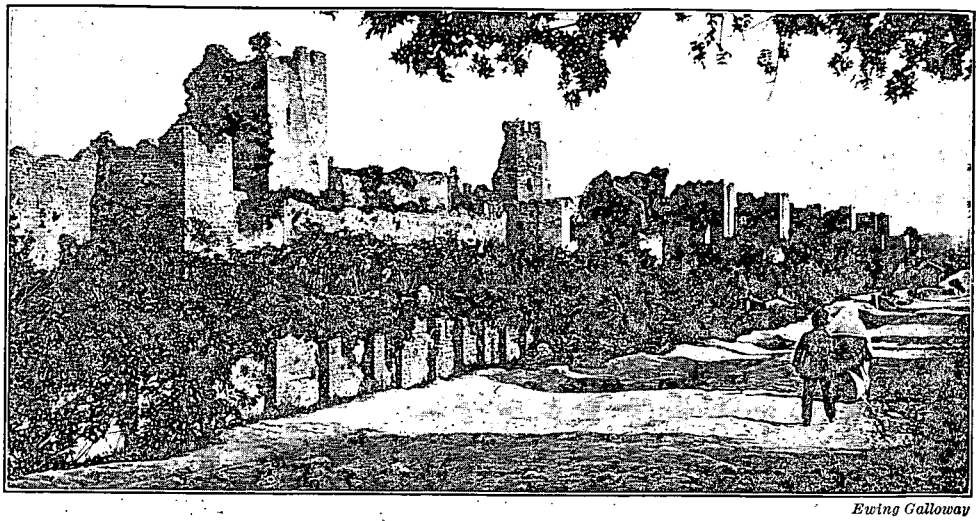
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writer, member of the Foreign Relations Committee in the Chamber of Deputies. 'We ruled over wide territories and we were always being pulled this way and that by the influence of the people we ruled over and by foreign criticism of our ways of ruling. Now we are through with the adventure of ruling over others. Through with listening to outsiders telling us how to behave! Through forever and forever!' he emphasized. 'We want to be left alone to shape our own future.'

'Are you planning to make Turkey over into an imitation of Europe?' I asked. 'Falih Rifki Bey told me that, whereas the old Turkey was a piece of Asia thrust up into Europe, the new Turkey is to be a piece of Europe thrust down into Asia.'

'No,' answered Rouchem Eschef Bey, 'I don't agree with that. We are not trying to thrust Europe down into Asia. We don't want to be either Europe or Asia, but something different—ourselves. I think an American can understand the new Turkey better than any European, because our aim is really a democracy like yours.'

'But you are very far from it yet?'



Ewing Galloway

ROMAN RUINS IN MODERN TURKEY

THE FOURTH CENTURY WALL of the Roman Emperor, Theodosius, stretches along a rough cobbled road over which will shortly pass, not the peasant figures to be seen at the right, but the big motor trucks of a fast-developing nation.

I was thinking of the fact that the entire Chamber of Deputies is composed of one political party, the People's Party, which means Kemal Pasha's party, that only People's Party candidates are nominated, and that, according to common report, only a small proportion of the population votes. Also, I was thinking of the control of the press, so stringent that it is no more possible for a newspaper to print the slightest criticism of Kemal than for an Italian journal to criticize Mussolini.

'But we are working toward it,' insisted Rouchem Eschef Bey. 'Remember, our people are used to a strong central authority. They would not respect any government that did not exercise it.'

Another man, prominent in the Government, said to me: —

'We mistrust all other nations.'

'Especially Italy?'

'No, not especially Italy. All of Europe—England, France, Italy, Greece! Experience shows that they are all out for selfish ends and all must be watched.'

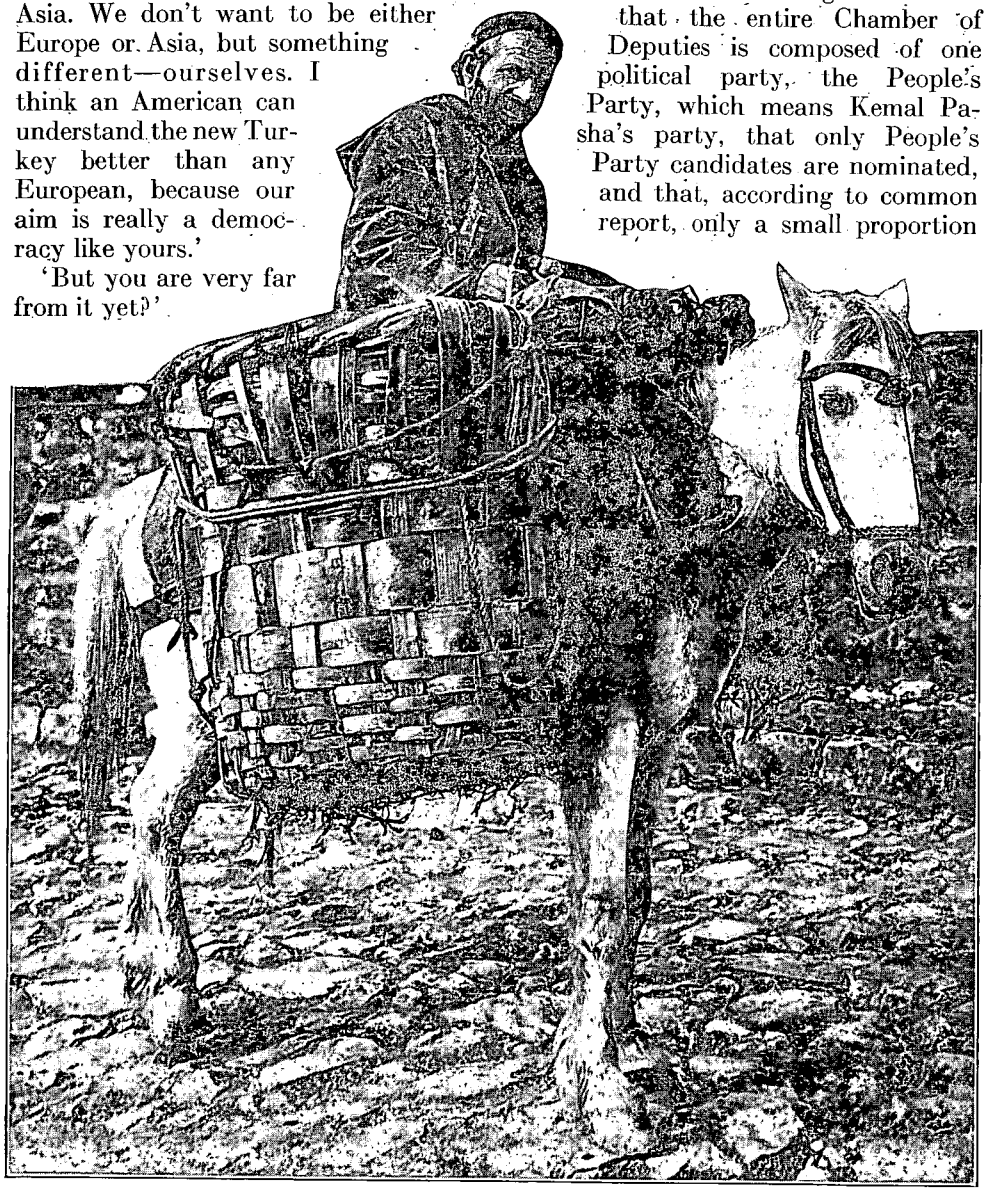
'I saw an editorial in a newspaper in Constantinople the other day saying Turkey should have much less to fear from Italy under Mussolini than it would were Italy a democracy; that the similarity in the political situation in the two countries should be a bond of sympathy!'

The Turk smiled ironically. 'That is the beautiful imagination of a journalist.'

'What about the monopolies? A man in Constantinople told me that whenever the Government wishes to reward a friend or placate an enemy it grants him a monopoly of something, and that is why prices are so high. A shipping agent said that since the loading and discharge of ships has been made a monopoly, the cost of stevedoring has trebled and goods are so carelessly handled that shipping is disorganized.'

'Yes,' the Turk admitted, 'that monopoly of stevedoring was a mistake. The Government is going to buy it

(*Continued on page 478*)



Ewing Galloway

A TURKISH FARMER RIDES TO MARKET

IF THE NEW TURKISH GOVERNMENT'S highway improvement programme is carried out, motor transport on a large scale will replace cruder methods of linking the producer with his market.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

Henry P. Fletcher — Joseph Stalin — Lu Cheng-hsiang — Fridtjof Nansen

Henry Prather Fletcher

Why was Henry P. Fletcher, United States Ambassador to Italy on leave, chosen to accompany Mr. Hoover on his South American tour of good will as personal representative of the President and the State Department? There have been many different explanations: Mr. Fletcher's intimate knowledge of Latin-American affairs gained through long diplomatic service in Latin-American countries; his linguistic ability; his wide acquaintance with Central and South American leaders, said to be greater than that of any other man in American public life; the superior training for such service of a member of the permanent diplomatic corps; and, finally, the fact that Mr. Fletcher is a 'born diplomat,' whatever that may be. Then, too, some spinners of 'success' yarns have had somewhat to say about the 'background' of his career. These reminisce about Fletcher's golf games with President Harding; of his having been a Rough Rider under Colonel Roosevelt; of his insistence upon 'personal contacts' in his dealings with people of all kinds; of his patience in waiting for the psychological moment to seize an advantage; of his 'personality,' his habit of 'talking out freely like a soldier' instead of being the punctilious diplomat of tradition; and of his belief that 'the man you are dealing with is more important than the deal.'

Perhaps all of the explanations are true, or partly true. Whether they are or not, the Rough-Rider Ambassador's rise in thirty years from a young lawyer in a Pennsylvania town to special adviser to the President-to-be is dramatic enough to satisfy those who like a story for its action alone, while others, who look for reasons, will find in it abundant material for analyses suited to their own tastes or special brands of psychology.

Henry P. Fletcher was born in Greencastle, Pennsylvania, April 10, 1873, and was educated under private tutors and at Chambersburg Academy. He studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1894, and was practising in Chambersburg when the United States declared war against Spain. Promptly deciding that he meant to have a part in this war, he enlisted as a Rough Rider under Colonel Roosevelt. Mr. Fletcher, himself, tells how he joined the regiment at Tampa, correctly uniformed as a Rough Rider, but lacking two things indispensable to a cavalryman — a horse and a rifle. He approached Roosevelt — then Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment — with his difficulty. Roosevelt reassured him by telling him that when they reached Cuba he would have no need for a horse, conceding, however, that 'he really ought to have a gun.' That same afternoon the resourceful diplomatist-to-be started somewhat aimlessly on a lonely walk into the country roundabout. Fortune favored him, for he soon espied the form of a soldier sleeping under a tree with a rifle beside him. The sleeping soldier was not awakened, but the next day, when Roosevelt inspected his troops, he paused before the enterprising young Rough Rider long enough to congratulate him upon the fact that his need of a gun had been supplied.

Pacific & Atlantic

Henry Prather Fletcher

American Ambassador to Italy on leave, who has been acting as diplomatic adviser to President-Elect Hoover through South and Central America. Mr. Fletcher is one of the first American 'career diplomats' to reach ambassadorial rank.

When Mr. Fletcher's service in Cuba was over, he was made first lieutenant in the Fortieth Volunteer Infantry, and later battalion adjutant. He served in the Philippines until 1901.

His entrance upon a diplomatic career is as romantic as his initiation into the life of a Rough Rider. Before Roosevelt became President, Mr. Fletcher had returned to his law practice in Pennsylvania, but in the light of later developments, he could hardly have intended at that time to make law his life work. Anyway, he decided to call upon his former Colonel at the White House. He arrived unannounced in Washington and, as former Rough Riders had pestered the President with importunities, was turned down by successive functionaries. At last patience and tact were rewarded and he found himself in the presence of Roosevelt. 'Well, what do *you* want?' was the President's greeting. When Mr. Fletcher replied that he did not want anything at all, the President exclaimed, 'You're the only one of the lot who doesn't or hasn't. All the others are either in office or in jail.' The fact was,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of course, that Mr. Fletcher did want something, but didn't ask for it. But he was so sure he would ultimately get it, that he went home, spent a year studying Spanish and other subjects, and took the competitive examination for the diplomatic service. The next year, when the first American legation was to be established at Havana, he made another call upon the President. This time he left his former Colonel with an appointment as second secretary to the United States Legation in Cuba.

Promotion followed rapidly. In 1903 he was transferred to the position of second secretary in Peking, where he remained for two years, and he then became secretary to the Legation in Portugal. Two more years and he was back in Peking, this time as secretary. During the two years that followed he was for sixteen months chargé d'affaires *ad interim* and scored his first great success, which showed itself in a new tone of inoffensive self-assertiveness on the part of United States diplomacy in China. His handling of the negotiations over the Hankow-Szechwan Railroad loan won special applause in Washington, and in 1909 President Taft sent him to Chile as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. It was while living in Peking that Mr. Fletcher became acquainted with Miss Beatrice Bend, traveling from New York. Miss Bend became Mrs. Fletcher in 1917.

When, in accordance with diplomatic custom, his retirement as a Republican would ordinarily have been expected, he was continued by President Wilson at his post in Chile, and, when the post was made an embassy, in 1914, Mr. Fletcher became Ambassador. President Wilson showed even more pronounced appreciation of him, as one of the most successful representatives of the United States in Latin America, by appointing him to represent this country in Mexico when the great powers decided to recognize the Carranza régime. A more difficult diplomatic situation could scarcely be imagined than was presented by Mexico at that time. It involved a combination of Carranza's acknowledged anti-Americanism, German plots to involve Mexico in the World War, and the somewhat vacillating attitude of the United States Government toward Carranza's own policies. For four years Mr. Fletcher held his difficult post, resigning in 1920. The following year he was appointed Under Secretary of State in the Harding Administration. Belgium was his next diplomatic post, and since 1924 he has been Ambassador to Italy. He is one of the first men in the United States to enter the diplomatic service through competitive examination and work up from the bottom to the rank of Ambassador.

In brief intervals between diplomatic duties he has been head of the American delegation to the Pan-American Conference at Santiago, Chile, in 1923, Secretary to the delegation at the Havana Conference in 1928, and Minister to Luxemburg. Last November he came to America from Italy, on leave, to act as Secretary General of the American delegation at the Pan-American Conference in Washington in December, but his selection by the President to accompany Mr. Hoover on his recently completed journey made necessary the appointment of a substitute at the Conference.

FIFTY-SIX years old in April, Mr. Fletcher is six feet tall and blond, but with a sort of permanent sunburn acquired on golf links in all the climates of the world. For he is an athlete and a sportsman, and athletics and sports have played no small part in his career. When in China, he taught the dignified mandarins to play tennis and polo. Simultaneously, having learned colloquial Chinese, he encouraged the Chinese officials to open their country to modern improvements. When he went to Chile he found that country not very well disposed toward the United States. Hardly six months had passed, it is said, before he had all official Chile playing golf, and that nation became less chilly toward its big northern neighbor. In Mexico, too, sport, tact, and good fellowship won him many friends.

What the next rung in Mr. Fletcher's diplomatic ladder will be is one of the questions now causing much eager speculation in certain quarters.

Stalin

THE Dictator of Russia to-day is Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili, more generally known to the world at large as Joseph Stalin, General Secretary of the All-Russian Communist Party. Since the exile of Trotsky (Leon Davidovich Bronstein) to Almo-Alta, a remote Siberian village on the border of Chinese Turkestan, Stalin has been supreme in Russia, and his word has been law in the councils of the Communist Party. Everyone knows something of Mussolini, of Primo de Rivera, of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, of Calles; these are flesh-and-blood men. What of Stalin? In many ways he is the man of mystery of the modern world — the man on whom the well-being of nearly two hundred million Russians depends, and yet of whom even the Russians themselves know little.

The ascertainable facts of his life are few. He is a Georgian, born in 1879 in a suburb of the city of Tiflis on the slopes of the Caucasus Mountains. His father was a repairer of shoes; his mother, a pious member of the Georgian Greek Orthodox Church. Although it is not clear how a mere cobbler succeeded in placing his boy in a theological institution under the old régime, the father destined his son for the priesthood and sent him to a seminary. At the seminary, young Djugashvili was caught reading the works of Karl Marx and was dismissed for 'unsound political tendencies.' He was then seventeen years old.

Djugashvili became a clerk; according to some accounts, an axle inspector on the railway. He gained the confidence of his fellow workers and was made the Russian equivalent of the American 'walking delegate.' His politics were revolutionary. In 1902 he was arrested by the Czarist police and sent to Siberia. He escaped, attended the famous 1905 Congress of the Social-Democratic Party, came under the influence of Lenin, and devoted his whole energy to furthering the cause of Bolshevism. He was arrested at least six times, and as often escaped. He attended Communist congresses in London and Stockholm; he lived with Maxim Gorky in Italy. He was editor of the *Workers' and Soldiers' Gazette* (Baku). He forged five-hundred-ruble bank notes to raise money for his party; he robbed banks to 'expropriate' funds for the advancement of Communism. He deluged the Caucasus region with revolutionary literature. Up to 1917, that is all we know of 'Koba,' the 'party-name' of Djugashvili.

THEN we find him in Saint Petersburg, planning with Lenin, Trotsky, Kamenev, and Dzerjensky the 'riot' which was to end in the November Revolution, the overthrow of Kerensky's Provisional Government, and the establishment of the Bolshevik power. When, on November 8th, 1917, the All-Russian Congress of Soviets named a Council of People's Commissars which was to be the centre of the new government, Stalin was made 'Chairman of National Affairs.' Little more was heard of him until, during the Civil Wars, he distinguished himself in an engagement at Tsaritsyn on the Lower Volga, where he was in command. To give him honor, the town was renamed Stalingrad. We know that often Stalin busied himself extensively with the problem of unifying the various parts of Russia so as to form one country, the modern 'Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.' It is said that this work gave him an intimate knowledge of the whole of Russia and of the persons on whose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good will the success of the Bolshevik régime in the outlying 'republics' depended. However that may be, the death of Lenin in 1923 found Stalin a member of both the Politbureau, the group which controls the policies of the Russian Government, and the Orgbureau, the group which decides how these policies shall be carried out. Stalin was also General Secretary of the All-Russian Communist Party and a Peoples' Commissar. No other man in Russia had such strategic position or influence with 'the Party.' Stalin was Lenin's logical successor.

Opposed to him, however, was Leon Trotsky, the brilliant agitator, organizer of the Soviet Army, and believer in pure Communism. Trotsky disliked Stalin; he felt that Stalin was a 'counter-Revolutionary,' a danger to the Bolshevik régime, an autocrat and a lover of power. For four years Stalin's faction, a majority, contested with Trotsky's. At last, early in 1928, Trotsky was sent to Siberia, an exile. With the exception of a few weeks this October, Trotsky has been in Siberia ever since. It is reported that the climate is slowly killing him. And Joseph Stalin is secure and supreme in the Kremlin.

Press Cliché Moscow

STALIN

OTHERWISE KNOWN as Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili, the swarthy, reticent Georgian who is General Secretary of the All-Russian Communist Party and virtual Dictator of Russia. This is the best of the few photographs of him which have been allowed to leave the country.

THESE are the facts about J. V. Djugashvili, the Dictator of a country which has half again as great a population as the United States. This is literally all that is known about him, and even some of the assertions made rest on somewhat flimsy evidence. What kind of man is he? It is difficult to say. Information from Russia is all carefully censored; information from people who should know and who have for one reason or another left Russia is necessarily colored by prejudice. Stalin hates publicity. He avoids interviews as if they were deadly; only three, and one of these dubious, have been published in the press of the world. He is almost never seen in Moscow. He lives secluded with his wife and child in the Kremlin, only going out to attend the theatre. Even here, he draws the curtains of his box when the house lights are on. He speaks in public perhaps twice a year, certainly no more. There are only four or five photographs of him available outside Russia.

Yet a few characteristic remarks have been reported, and his influence cannot help being felt behind Bolshevik policies. One can hazard a few guesses, at least, concerning his character.

All Georgians are partly Asiatic. They normally have the love of display, the casualness which characterize the peoples of inner Asia. With these they combine a shrewd cunning and a disregard for human feeling equally characteristic of Orientals. The Georgian language is several steps removed from pure Russian; so much so that a Russian from Moscow or Leningrad has difficulty in understanding a Georgian's speech. No Georgian can ever attain a good Russian accent. This partly accounts for Stalin's hatred of publicity; he does not dare speak often in public. He knows the traditional Great Russian hatred and scorn of Georgians, and he fears it. But in addition to this, his mysteriousness is a calculated policy. He has learned that one should never seem responsible for any policy until that policy has proved successful. This knowledge he has had for many years; even in prison under the old régime he acted upon it, inciting others to acts of violence and then awaiting the event before claiming the glory. It is a safe policy, although it is likely to be fatal if discovered. It is a thoroughly unscrupulous policy, detested by such lovers of frankness as Trotsky.

Stalin has also remarkable physical power. His strength is tremendous. He 'radiates physical well-being.' To this quality, as much as to any other, his great personal influence may be attributed. In the fourth plenum of the Central Council of the All-Russian Communist Party, held this November, there was opposition to the programme which Stalin presented for the Politbureau. The General Secretary was closely questioned; he became more and more disturbed by the questioners. At last he bluntly announced that the programme had been indorsed by the Politbureau and that it must be accepted. There were no further questions.

APART from this personal, physical force, which contrasts sharply with the weakness of the pot-bellied 'intelligents' who make up the rest of the Politbureau, and apart from his backstage cunning, reminiscent of an American city boss, Stalin has very few assets. His thinking is confused and often childish. His speeches are merely a string of quotations from Marx and Lenin; his few characteristic remarks, demagogic and unreflective. To an American professor he said: 'In spite of a technique and culture distinctly lower than those of America, Germany has secured high profits [in Russian concessions]. America would make much more.' In the same interview he carefully avoided offering guarantees against confiscation of foreign capital! 'Enough of that idiotic slogan, "The World Revolution!"' he exclaimed in a public speech, designed to reach English ears. 'I, the simple cobbler's son,' he keeps interjecting to his proletarian audiences. 'I am a plain, rugged fellow. You must forgive my lack of tact and delicacy.' To a Japanese interviewer he said, 'Welcome! I too am an Asiatic.' Obvious as these characteristic remarks may seem, they are nevertheless highly successful. Under Stalin, foreign capital is helping develop Russia, and foreign opinion is far less hostile than of yore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What are Stalin's policies for the future? It is hard to say. He is a thorough opportunist. He tacitly permitted Communist propaganda in China through his friend and fellow Georgian, L. M. Karakhan, until the Powers became annoyed; then he stopped it and discredited Zinoviev for abetting it. His speeches are made up of platitudes. To increase the productiveness of industry, Russia must increase the efficiency of the workers. To help the farmer, the farmer must be helped. To increase party solidarity, the opposition must be persuaded to coöperate.

One can be confident of only one thing: Stalin wants power. He knows that to have power, he must keep the people of Russia at least partially contented. He knows especially that the peasant must be kept quiet. To accomplish these ends, he will do everything possible, sacrificing scruples, consistency, and principle. He will be as communistic as he sees fit and as bourgeois as he sees fit. It is merely a question of whether he can win the game with these tactics, or whether by some careless step he will let inevitable economic or human laws get the better of him. Only time will tell. Meanwhile, he is the mysterious dictator of Russia and his word is law with one hundred and eighty million people.

Lu Cheng-hsiang

WHILE varied fortunes have overtaken the statesmen at the Paris Peace Conference, none can touch for romance the fate of China's official champion. Lu Cheng-hsiang, scholar, diplomat, and gentleman, has turned his back upon earthly pomp and glory to become a Benedictine monk.

This renunciation of worldly things has behind it all the logic of the Chinese of the old school, with the culture of a man thoroughly at home in Western civilization. Born in the great meeting place of Chinese and alien civilizations, Lu Cheng-hsiang went from the Shanghai of the 1890's — when the foreigner was all-powerful in the Orient — to Manchu-ruled Peking, as a servant of the last dynasty to occupy the Dragon Throne. His career as the spokesman of China abroad began with his appointment to represent China at the First Hague Conference of 1899. He repeated this taste of the world at the Second Hague Conference of 1907. From the Chinese Revolution of 1911 through all the troublous war years, Lu Cheng-hsiang bore his share of national adversity with the added burden of a premiership during two of Republican China's innumerable political crises. His final public acts at the Peace Conference of 1919 were those of a man sadly disillusioned.

Throughout his career, he brought an adroit technical knowledge of diplomacy to support his country in its moments of greatest physical impotence. Though he had behind him the perfect equipment of the diplomat of the Western World, there was always in him something of Oriental fatalism, the Chinese pliability of will, that robbed him of the success which blunter qualities might have achieved.

His bespectacled Oriental eyes looked out across the Peace Conference table at the lofty Western leaders who had brought China into the World War under the slogan of 'the victory of right over might,' only to rob the revolution-torn republic of all the things that the once proud Middle Kingdom had hoped to secure in the great settlement. The tremulous Chinese mustachios could flutter like the agitated whiskers of a white mouse as their master pleaded the Chinese cause in the most perfect French that was spoken by any foreigner at the Paris Conference; but the sparse Oriental whiskers, like straggly stubble, could not hide a chin which lacked the driving power of a man of action at the crucial moment of his career. His virtues were negative qualities; there was nothing in his perfect diplomatic manners which could meet the hard facts in the way of secret engagements which Japan dropped on the peace table with the determined bang of a powerful fist.

This cycle of conferences possibly brought home to Lu Cheng-hsiang the false face which covers so many of the acts of nations. When he returned to China, he felt the full force of his country's failure at Paris — the devastating political divisions at home. After serving as Minister to Switzerland in 1922, he withdrew from all public life in the years that followed and turned to the West, whose ways had used him so harshly, for the consolation of the Catholic Faith. As a gesture of renunciation, he sent Pope Pius XI, in 1927, a chest symbolic of his blasted hopes. Within, there were all the civil, military, and diplomatic decorations that make a Chinese diplomat of eminence an impressive figure in any gathering. Accompanying the baubles of men's honor, there was a letter from Lu to the Holy Father which set forth his decision to withdraw from official life and seek the consolation of cloistered religion.

Toward the close of last year, the slender figure of Lu Cheng-hsiang, once the spokesman of 400,000,000 men, entered the Rembrandt-like gate of the Benedictine monastery near Bruges, to become a novice of the monks of Saint Andrew in the homeland of his Belgian wife. Early in 1929, this Chinese who knows so much of the pomp and deceit of nations completed his novitiate and took the vows in the Black Friars which shut him forever from the pageant of world pretense and power.

Fridtjof Nansen

FRIDTJOF NANSEN has experienced a metamorphosis since 1896, when he first became a world hero. Unlike most explorers, he has become a greater man by his retirement from active participation in the adventures of exploration. His countryman, Amundsen, whose glory is not to be dimmed, had but one calling to the very end. But Nansen is two men; and, of the two, the later Nansen is more significant than the earlier, the humane statesman surpasses the explorer in him. It may be claimed for him that no man now living has saved more lives and made life endurable for more people (unless it be the scientist who has defeated disease in his laboratory). We think of Nansen as an Arctic explorer; but his most memorable work has been in Russia, the Near East, Greece, and Armenia, as the League of Nations' High Commissioner for Refugees. The lives that he has saved and made useful may be counted by the hundreds of thousands. There are nations, including his own Norway, who have a debt to him for their independence or preservation. At Geneva he is consistently a spokesman for the weak and oppressed. It was not for Arctic exploration that he received the Nobel Peace Prize, not for Arctic exploration that he was elected Rector of Saint Andrews, nor for that did he win confidence in Russia and affection just this side of idolatry in Armenia. And yet, when his name is mentioned, we still say: 'Yes, Nansen, the explorer.'

The metamorphosis of Nansen is more seeming than real. His career is made consistent and unified by the fact that he is, above all else, a scientist, no restricted specialist but a man broadened in scholarship. In Norway he is called by no other title than Professor Nansen. His home on a spruce-covered bluff above the Oslo fiord is the retreat of a scholar in which the subjects of his interest have each their rooms so that, as he moves from one subject to another, he goes from room to room. He does his writing in a tower room; and, if he is called down for strawberries on the veranda with guests, he leaves his desk, coatless, his collar open at the throat, and his white hair streaked with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

charcoal used in sketching illustrations for his next book. He is not untainted by the absent-mindedness of the professor, for he has been known to attend international conferences in his frayed work jacket, and, dressed 'to go to the king,' white vest, decorations and all, he has been seen flat beneath his Ford.

Nansen as a boy of twenty chose zoölogy as his science, partly because it promised a life in the open, and he then decided to study especially the animal life and physical features of the Arctic Ocean. In March, 1882, he set sail northward for the first time on an Arandal sealer happily called the *Viking*. Six years later, he and four companions traversed on skis the perilous and unknown ice-fields of Greenland from the east to the west coast, suffering cold, storms, and hardship. The record of scientific discoveries in that journey is contained in *The First Crossing of Greenland*, published in 1889. His reputation was now established, but not so securely as to prevent severe criticism and skepticism when he presently proposed the now celebrated voyage of the *Fram*. His was the novel theory that a ship frozen in the ice north of Eastern Siberia would be carried by a polar current over or near the North Pole toward Greenland. The Norwegian Government backed him and the *Fram* was built, so designed as to be lifted and not crushed by the ice-floes. The epic of the *Fram*, three years locked in the ice, is told in Nansen's *Farthest North*. Two men of the expedition, Nansen and Johansen, left the ship in March, 1895, traveled on foot over the ice northward to the highest latitude until then attained, 86° 14′ N.; survived a winter; and were making their way toward Spitzbergen when they were picked up by the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition in June, 1896. The voyage of the *Fram* fully justified Nansen's theories and gave him the right to be called the last man to discover an ocean. He was acclaimed everywhere; gave lectures in England and in America; declined with some hesitancy a professorship in an American university; and accepted a chair of zoölogy in the University in Oslo.

Underwood & Underwood

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

NORWEGIAN SCIENTIST AND HUMANITARIAN. Polar exploration brought him quick fame; but his great work as High Commissioner of the League of Nations for relief work in Russia and the Near East has brought him the gratitude of starving millions. He is visiting the United States this winter.

NANSEN'S first appearance in affairs of state was in 1905, when Norway made her final and successful struggle for complete independence and autonomy. He had an audience, especially in England, and he presented the cause of Norway so ably as to win sympathy for his country abroad. 'Any union,' he asserted, 'in which one people is restrained in exercising its freedom is, and will remain, a danger.' Sweden, greatly to her credit, yielded to the claims of Norway, and the union between the two countries was peacefully severed. Nansen was appointed Norway's first Minister to England.

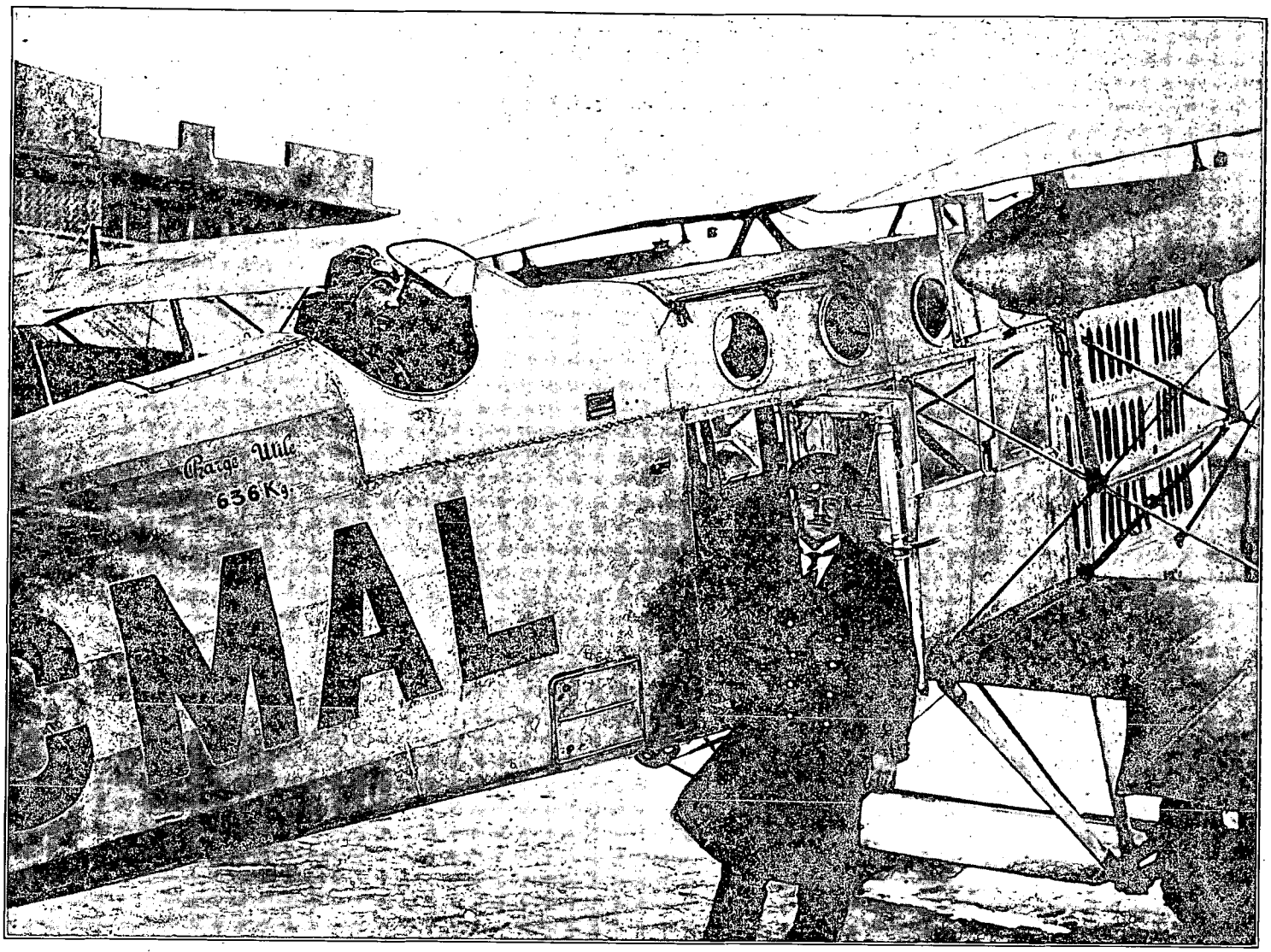
Again in a time of national crisis, 1917, Nansen left his study for a political mission, but the crisis now was one that called him into world politics. He came to Washington as head of a food commission to save Norway from slow starvation while her merchant fleet was steadily being wiped out. 'We are a small nation,' he said, 'of no great consequence in the world perhaps, whatever we ourselves may think, but still we are a nation, and we beg for nothing, we only ask for our right to exist.' He has often repeated that plea at Geneva, where he heads the Norwegian delegation in the League, not for Norway, but for other nations in distress.

After the War, he was entrusted with the great task of finding and transporting to their homes half a million prisoners of war held, long after hostilities had ceased, in the desolate camps of Siberia or in Central Europe. He commissioned fleets in the Baltic and his ships carried men home to their families from Vladivostok to Hamburg.

His success in working with the Russians at that time of violence and preju-

(*Continued on page 477*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ewing Galloway

LONDON BOUND

A BRIQUET PASSENGER PLANE, with pilot and conductor, ready to leave Le Bourget flying field on its way over the Channel to the British capital.

Grand Central of the Air

Through Le Bourget, One of the World's Oldest and Most Active Flying Fields, Pass Planes from All Europe — and America As Well

By Thurston Macauley

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

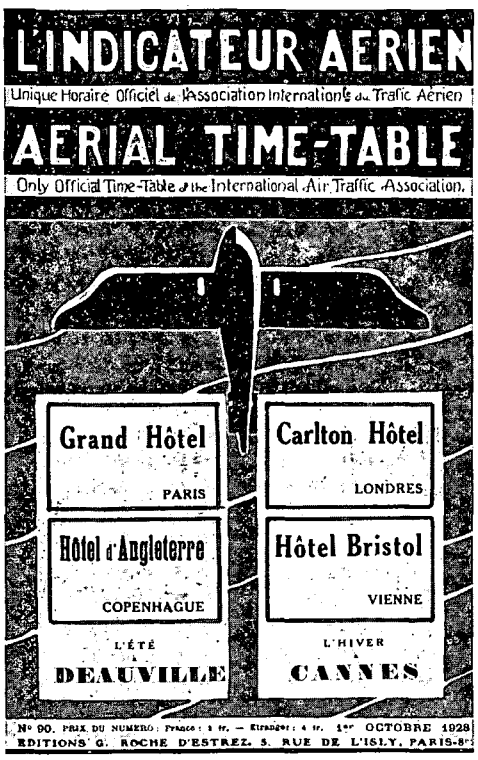
SCARCELY an American returns from Europe these days who has not been to Le Bourget. Doubtless it is Colonel Lindbergh and other transatlantic flyers who are to a great extent responsible for the Paris airport's coming to be ranked, along with the Louvre, Notre-Dame, and the Opéra, as something that the traveler should most assuredly not miss. For, even if one does not arrive by plane, or take off from there on an aërial journey to some distant city, at least a visit is paid to see the tablet embedded in the terrain on the spot first touched by the wheels of *The Spirit of St. Louis* at the end of its memorable flight.

Residents of the little village of Le Bourget, on the outskirts of Paris, can still remember when the now historic flying field was a cow pasture. Nor was that so very long ago, but just prior to the outbreak of the last war.

Twice in its history has Le Bourget been linked with the defense of the French capital. In the Vanderbilt Collection there hangs a painting by de Neuville depicting a scene from the Franco-Prussian War, when a few hundred French soldiers met the besieging forces in the cobble-stoned streets of Le Bourget. On the way to the airport you drive past an old church, the same one on whose steps the fighting is taking place in that canvas.

During the last war, Le Bourget, which was used as a training field for French airmen, became the jumping-off point for the pilots who flew out to drive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Official Time-Table

Of the International Air Traffic Association, published weekly in Paris at a price of about five cents, and containing complete and up-to-date information concerning all recognized European air lines.

enemy planes, headed for Paris, back over their own lines. After the Armistice, military aviation gave way to a network of air lines that now cover nearly all the Eastern Hemisphere like some gigantic spider web, and Paris, or rather Le Bourget, to be specific, found itself the logical centre of the vast systems of European airways.

THE best way to approach Le Bourget, naturally, is by air. Every year the number of people who fly between London and Paris, and thus avoid all risk of a rough Channel crossing by boat, is increasing steadily. The fastest trains and boats on the Dover-Calais route take six hours, while it requires but two hours and a half for the flight from Croydon to Le Bourget. Of course, some time has to be allowed for getting to and from the airports and for the formalities of customs, looking after one's baggage, et cetera, but, even with this, the air traveler will still have an advantage of at least two hours over those who go by rail and water. And, contrary to popular belief, the prices are neither prohibitive nor exorbitant; it costs scarcely any more, in fact, than a first-class train fare for the same distance. The air lines charge the equivalent of about twenty dollars for the trip from London to Paris one way, with a substantial reduction on round-trip tickets. Then, there are second-class planes on which the fare is even less, the only difference being that these start earlier in the morning, which naturally necessitates an earlier rising;

Summer Flying Schedule

Of the Air Union, a French company. The cover, here reproduced, contains a photograph of one of the attractively set luncheon tables which are part of the equipment of the restaurant planes maintained by this line.

the planes themselves and their accommodations are virtually the same as those used on the later runs.

LONDON - PARIS 1ST CLASS
$20
The 1st Class is as reliable as the "de luxe," but there are no Restaurant arrangements.

AIR UNION
PROGRAMME FOR SUMMER 1928
from April 23rd

LONDON - PARIS "DE LUXE"
$27
The "de luxe" service is run by the fastest and most luxurious passenger aeroplanes, complete with Restaurant arrangements by the International Sleeping Car Company.

FARES

FROM	TO	SINGLE FARE Local Currency.	SINGLE FARE American $ approximate to next $	EXCESS BAGGAGE
LONDON	Paris A	£ 4 0 0	20	3d. per pound
	Paris B	5 10 0	27	3d. " "
	Lyons	7 10 0	37	7d. " "
	Geneva	8 15 0	43	9d. " "
	Marseille	10 5 0	51	10d. " "
	Ostend	4 0 0	20	3d. " "
	Brussels	5 0 0	25	4d. " "
	Cologne	5 15 0	29	6d. " "
	Antwerp	5 3 0	26	5d. " "
	Rotterdam	4 0 0	20	5d. " "
	Amsterdam	4 0 0	20	5d. " "
	Hamburg	7 8 0	40	9d. " "
	Copenhagen	11 6 0	56	1s. " "
	Malmo	12 3 0	60	1s. 1d. " "
PARIS	London D	500 francs	20	4·50 fcs. per kilo
	London E	700 "	28	4·50 " "
	Lyons	425 "	17	4·00 " "
	Geneva	575 "	23	5·00 " "
	Marseille	750 "	30	6·00 " "
MARSEILLE	Lyons	325 "	13	3·00 " "
	Geneva	475 "	19	5·00 " "
	Paris	750 "	30	6·00 " "
	London	1250 "	50	10·50 " "
ANTIBES	Ajaccio	500 "	20	6·00 " "
	Tunis	1300 "	53	12·00 " "
BRUSSELS	London	875 Belg. fcs.	25	6·00 B. fcs. per kilo
	Ostend	200 " "	6	1·50 " "
	Antwerp	125 " "	4	1·00 " "
	Cologne	350 " "	10	3·00 " "
COLOGNE	Brussels	40 Rmk.	10	0·40 Rmk. per kilo
	Antwerp	47 "	12	0·50 " "
	Ostend	53 "	13	0·60 " "
	London	115 "	29	1·00 " "
AMSTERDAM	London	48 florins	20	0·50 fl. per kilo
	Rotterdam	9 "	4	—
	Hamburg	48 "	20	0·45 " "
	Copenhagen	88 "	36	0·70 " "
	Malmo	98 "	40	0·75 " "

30 lbs. baggage is allowed free with each ticket. Excess at rates above. Cabin trunks transported. Car departure stations overleaf.

LONDON—PARIS—LONDON
AIR UNION

A	B			D	E
9·30	12·30	dep. LONDON	Croydon Aerodrome arr	15·00	18·30
12·00	15·00	arr. PARIS	Le Bourget " dep.	12·30	16·00

B and D.—De Luxe Restaurant Service, Daily including Sundays.
A and E.—1st Class Service, Daily excluding Sundays.

LONDON—PARIS—LYONS—MARSEILLE—CANNES
AIR UNION

G			H
9·30	dep.	LONDON, Croydon Aerodrome arr.	18·30
12·00	arr.	PARIS, Le Bourget Aerodrome dep.	16·00
13·00	dep.	PARIS, Le Bourget Aerodrome arr.	14·45
16·00	arr.	LYONS, Bron Aerodrome .. dep.	11·45
16·15	dep.	LYONS, Bron Aerodrome .. arr.	11·30
18·15	arr.	MARSEILLE Marignane Aerodrome dep.	9·30

Up to April 23rd a connecting service is run between Marseille and Cannes.
G and H.—Daily excluding Sundays.

LYONS—GENEVA (Connecting Service)
AIR UNION

I			J
16·15	dep.	LYONS, Bron Aerodrome .. .. arr.	11·15
17·15	arr.	GENEVA, Cointrin Aerodrome .. dep.	10·15

I and J.—Daily excluding Sundays.

ANTIBES—AJACCIO—TUNIS
AIR UNION

K			L
8·00	dep.	ANTIBES Hydrostation .. arr.	15·30
10·00	arr.	AJACCIO Hydrostation .. dep.	13·30
10·30	dep.	AJACCIO Hydrostation .. arr.	12·30
15·30	arr.	TUNIS Hydrostation .. .. dep.	8·00

K.—Mondays and Thursdays.
L.—Tuesdays and Fridays.

LONDON—BRUSSELS—OSTEND—COLOGNE
SABENA

M			N
14·30	dep.	LONDON, Croydon Aerodrome arr.	13·30
16·15	arr.	OSTEND Aerodrome .. dep.	11·45
16·30	dep.	OSTEND Aerodrome .. arr.	11·30
17·15	arr.	BRUSSELS, Haren Aerodrome dep.	10·45
17·30	dep.	BRUSSELS, Haren Aerodrome arr.	10·30
19·00	arr.	COLOGNE Aerodrome .. dep.	9·00

M and N.—Daily excluding Sundays.
Cologne service connects with Railway Sleeping Cars to and from Bremen, Hamburg, Berlin, Leipsig, Dresden, Nuremburg, Munich and Vienna. Also with restaurant trains to Frankfurt and Wiesbaden and electric trains to Westphalia and the Ruhr.

BRUSSELS—ANTWERP (Connecting Service)
SABENA

O	P			Q	R
10·45	17·30	BRUSSELS, Haren Aerodrome		10·30	17·15
11·15	18·00	ANTWERP Aerodrome ..		10·00	16·45

O, P, Q, R.—Daily excluding Sundays.

LONDON—ROTTERDAM—AMSTERDAM—HAMBURG—COPENHAGEN—MALMO
K.L.M & A.B.A.

S	T	U		V	W	X
10·00	14·00	17·00	dep. LONDON			
			Croydon Aerodrome arr.	12·05	14·45	18·05
12·35	16·35		arr. ROTTERDAM Aerodrome dep.	9·45		15·45
12·50	16·55		dep. ROTTERDAM Aerodrome arr.	9·25		15·30
13·15	17·20	20·00	arr. AMSTERDAM Aerodrome dep.	9·00	12·00	15·05
14·00			dep. AMSTERDAM Aerodrome arr.			14·30
16·00			arr. HAMBURG Aerodrome .. dep.			11·25
16·20			dep. HAMBURG Aerodrome .. arr.			11·05
18·10			arr. COPENHAGEN Aerodrome dep.			9·05
18·35			dep. COPENHAGEN Aerodrome arr.			8·45
18·50			arr. MALMO Aerodrome .. dep.			8·30

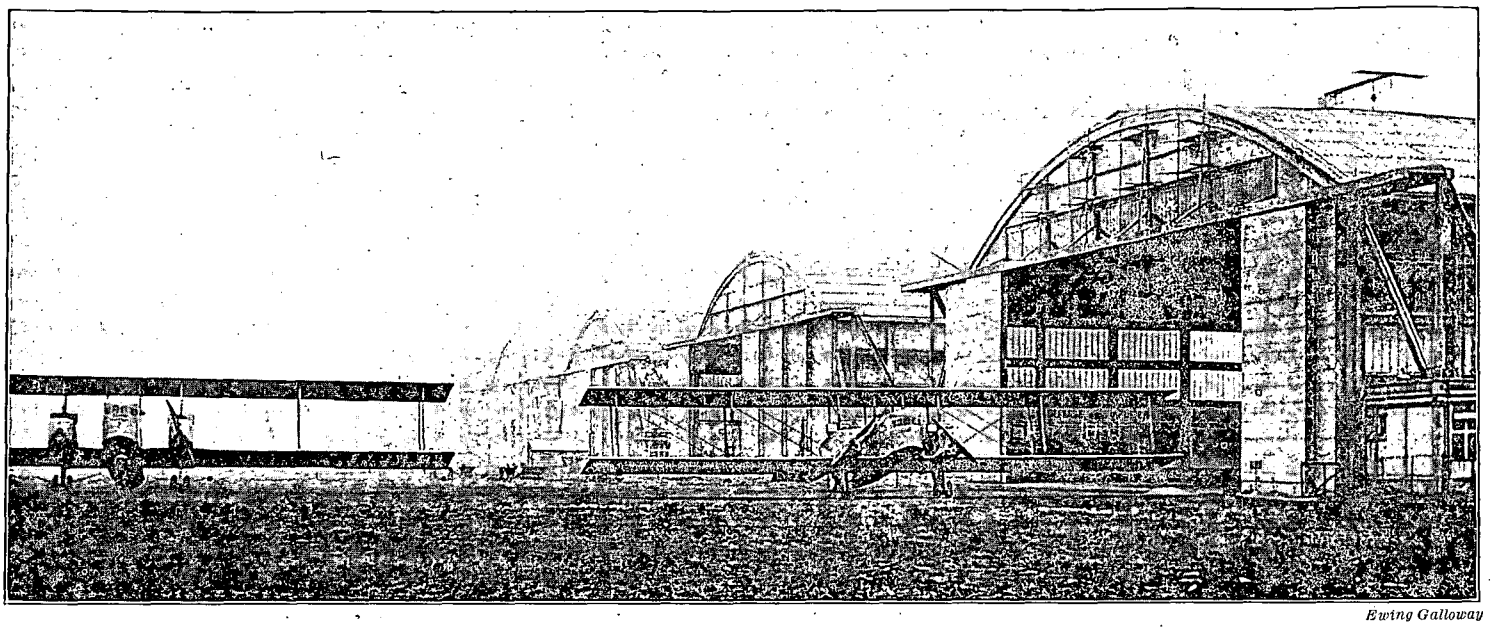
S, T, U, V, W, X.—Daily excluding Sundays.

AIR UNION HAS MAINTAINED A REGULAR PASSENGER AIR SERVICE SINCE 1919.

Seeing Europe from the Sky

The summer schedules displayed within the Air Union folder look very much like a European railroad time-table. They give name of city and airport, time of departure and arrival, passenger fare, excess baggage charge, and all other pertinent information concerning travel by air between cities as far removed one from the other as London and Hamburg, Tunis in North Africa and Malmö in Sweden.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ewing Galloway

BIG PASSENGER PLANES AND HANGARS

AT LE BOURGET FLYING FIELD. The buildings of the commercial airport stand along one leg of the triangle formed by the huge field; along another stand the hangars and barracks of a large French military squadron.

Two companies operate, in a spirit of friendly rivalry, between London and Paris — the Imperial Airways, a British firm subsidized by the Government, and the Air Union, a French concern. Both are equally good and each has its regular patrons and boosters like competing railroad companies. The Air Union recently inaugurated a restaurant service *de luxe* on its planes leaving at noon — an innovation which has proved decidedly popular with the flying public. Formerly, passengers had to provide themselves with cold lunches put up in boxes at the airport or eat at the terminal restaurant at either end; now, it it possible to order a full-course *déjeuner* which is served by the steward while you watch the lovely panorama of France and England unfold beneath you. The fare on the restaurant plane is but a few dollars more than the regular rate.

WE HAVE boarded the noon plane at Croydon, let us say, and are enjoying the cuisine (and, of course, our favorite wine), provided on the Air Union's plane by the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits*, by the time the English Channel, occasionally hidden by low lying clouds, can be seen far below. Here and there are tiny specks which are ships, seeming scarcely to move in contrast to our own speed. Now we are over France, having reached the Continent without experiencing any of the customary unpleasant sensations of shipboard during a bad crossing. Traveling by air is even more agreeable than motoring, and not nearly so rough; the smooth, even passage of the plane is only infrequently disturbed by air currents and 'pockets.' Nearing Le Bourget, we notice we have been gradually descending to a lower altitude. The Eiffel Tower looms up in the distance and we see Paris spread out to the south.

The plane makes a complete circle of the airport, 'banking' so that we can take it all in at a single downward glance through the cabin windows. The field is a great triangle, its apex pointing toward Paris.

The commercial airport, with huge hangars, administration building, and offices, lies along the right side of the triangle; the military hangars and barracks — for a French aëro-squadron is regularly stationed there — are on the left side. The field comes nearer and nearer and in a few moments our wheels touch the ground. The pilot shuts off the powerful motors and we commence to slow down. Again there is a roar from the motors, and the propellers once more revolve, as we taxi up on to a large concrete square.

Members of the field staff, who have been awaiting our arrival, 'anchor' the ship by placing wooden blocks beneath the wheels. The pilot and his mechanic jump down from their seats high up in the cockpit as the steward opens a door in the cabin for us. We make our descent to the ground by means of a small step-ladder on wheels and our baggage is immediately taken in charge by porters, just as at any railway or steamship terminal. We follow them into the customs building where the bags are opened and examined and we reply to the *douanier's* interrogation with the usual shake of the head and '*Rien à déclarer.*' Other baggage in the meantime is being removed from the 'hold,' and sacks of mail are loaded directly on to a truck, which has its motor running, for delivery in Paris within an hour.

ALL this procedure is reversed for another plane, a Luft Hansa Junkers almost ready to take off for Berlin. As we were getting out of our plane we noticed the all-metal plane, with its low, upward curving wings, being brought out from a hangar and hauled up on to the concrete. Now business men are climbing into the cabin, to keep appointments in Germany later the same day. Other passengers are helped aboard, luggage and mail are stowed away, and the German pilot, who has just been given his clearance papers, takes his post at the controls. A few sharp orders are given and the motors begin to whir. Friends at the airport shout farewells to those in the plane, who wave back as nonchalantly as if they were merely off for a short ride on an express train, instead of commencing a flight to take them across Europe. The plane taxis down to one end of the field, turns, and with motors running at full speed is seen to leave the ground after a few hundred yards. Soaring skyward as gracefully as any of its feathered rivals, it clears the trees to the north and becomes smaller and smaller, until it vanishes altogether in the blue.

If you want to know the time the Berlin plane takes off or when the next plane from Amsterdam is due, you merely consult the huge metal signboard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the edge of the field, which announces the daily schedule for the airport. All day long and even far into the night, planes are continually arriving and departing. One can fly to Lyons, Marseilles, or Cannes, in France, and to Ostende, Brussels, or Geneva, on French airways; to Rotterdam and Amsterdam over the Dutch lines, K. L. M., and, continuing from Holland, on to Hamburg or Copenhagen; to Zurich, Munich, Vienna, Budapest, or Constantinople; to Spain, and to Algeria and Morocco across the Mediterranean; and even to Warsaw and far away Moscow.

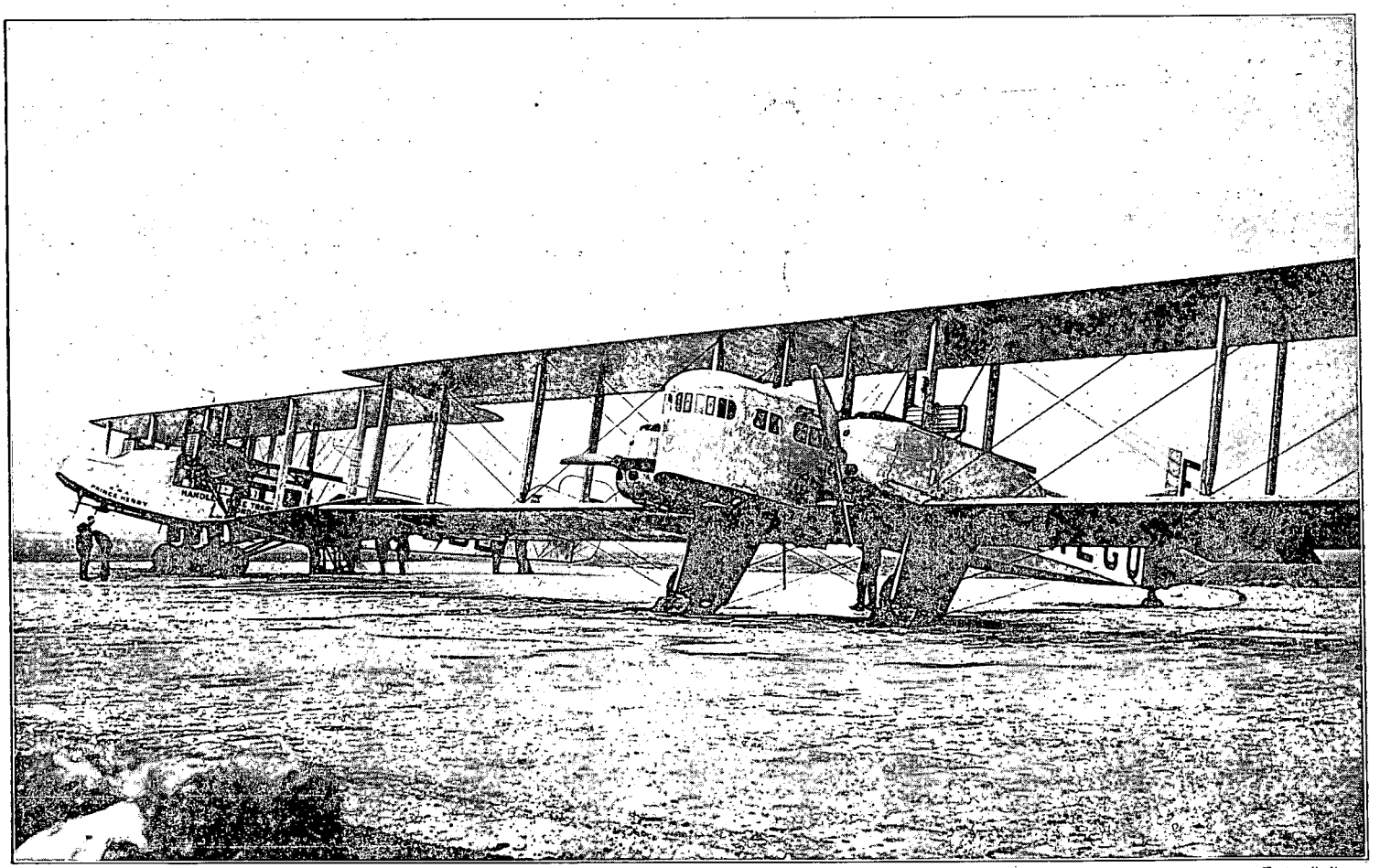
THERE is no place in Europe, no matter how remote it may be, that you cannot reach with speed and comfort from Le Bourget. For those whose sojourn abroad must be limited to weeks, or but a month or so at most, air travel is indeed a blessing; it is a means of permitting one to see what might otherwise be missed for lack of time. Nor is the speed such that the beauties of a country cannot be adequately appreciated. I think, as a matter of fact, that one can get a far better impression of the territory covered from an altitude of several thousand feet than is possible from the window of a compartment in an express train that is racing along the earth's surface at high speed.

As far as safety is concerned, the *contrôle* at Le Bourget is constantly in touch by wireless telephone with planes on the various routes to and from the French airport. It is interesting to note that while wireless operators at various European airports are familiar with many languages, the SOS of the air that has been universally adopted throughout Europe is 'mayday,' an Anglicization of the French, '*m'aidez*,' which, translated, means 'help me.' In the event of a forced landing, the pilot sends out the distress signal, 'mayday,' and a relief plane is immediately dispatched from the nearest airport. Millions of miles are flown, but forced landings are so rare as to be almost an unknown quantity.

Le Bourget, as is the case with practically every principal airport in Europe, has a completely equipped meteorological station. Its walls are covered with huge maps on which are shown the weather conditions, wind velocity, and visibility for all points lying along the various air routes, this information being regularly received by telegraph and wireless. Every pilot, before taking off on his flight, must make a careful study of the map and so is enabled to know beforehand exactly what sort of atmospheric conditions to expect. The pilot of the London plane can tell whether he will have a foggy trip across the Channel or not.

IT MIGHT be observed here that weather conditions have to be pretty bad to interfere with the regular schedules: the experts at the controls of the planes have flown day in, day out, in all sorts of weather. Many a day the London planes make their flight without a glimpse of land after leaving Le Bourget until they come down at Croydon, navigating the entire course by compass.

For night flying, the principal airways are lighted with beacons, similar to those in use in the United States on mail-plane routes, thus making it possible for the pilot to pick up his position from them. Each airport has its beacon flashing in code. The beacon at Le Bourget, standing some ninety feet high at the extreme northeastern end of the flying field, flashes the code signal, 'BM.' Not far



Ewing Galloway

TWO GOLIATH PLANES

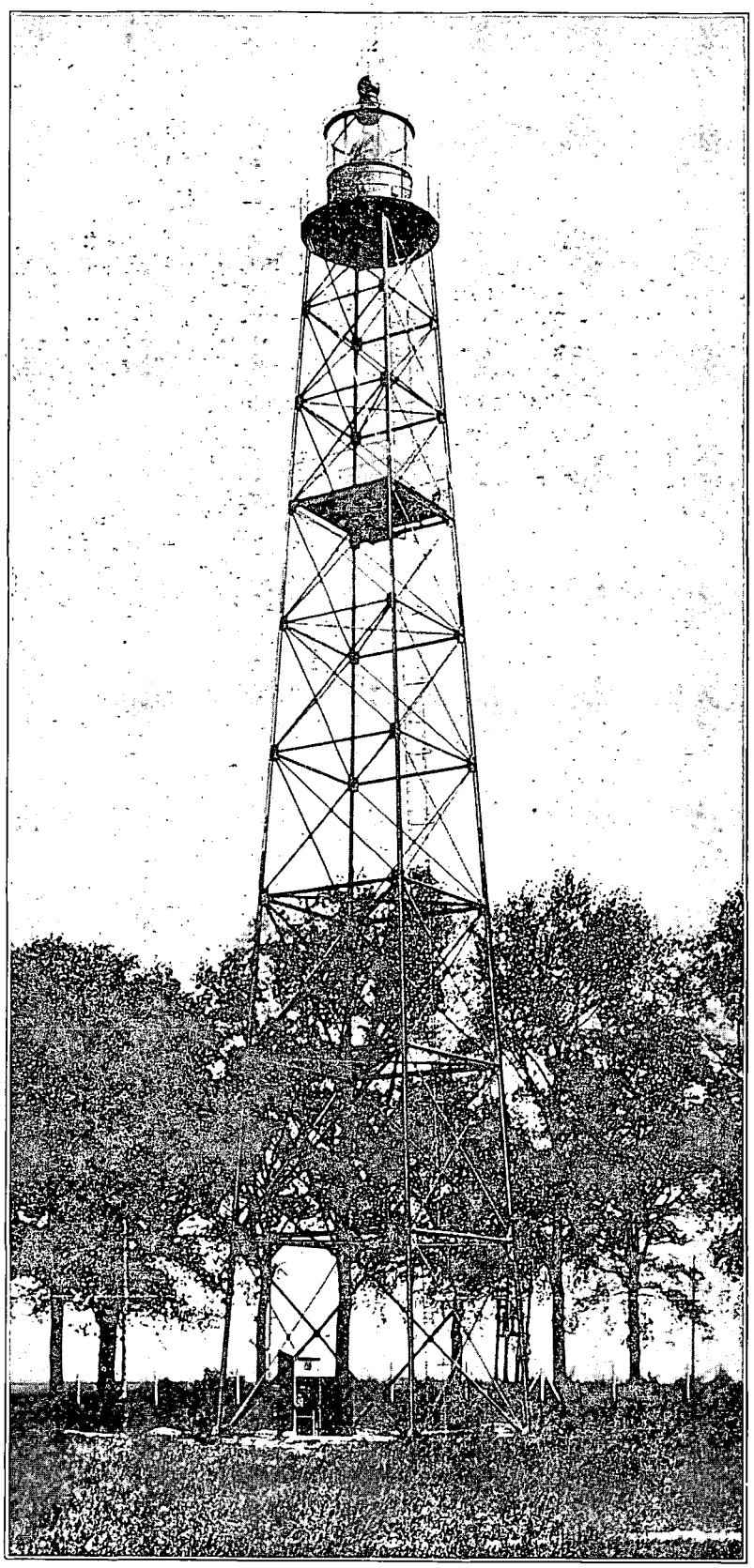
THE BRITISH 'R. M. A. PRINCE HENRY' (left) and the French *Gascoigne* (right), in service on the line from Paris to London and Brussels, at rest on Le Bourget field. An idea of their tremendous size may be gained from a comparison with the figures of the men standing at the left. Note the big wooden blocks placed under the wheels of the heavy planes to 'anchor' them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Le Bourget is the new giant searchlight of Mont Valerien, which is the most powerful land lighthouse in the world and can be seen at a distance of ninety miles away. This, with the smaller Saint-Affrique light near Dijon, and the regular lighted airways between Croydon and Le Bourget, is used for night flying on the London to Marseilles route.

Red lights mark the roofs of hangars and other buildings at Le Bourget, while a lighted T-shaped vane shows the pilot landing at night the direction the wind is blowing on the ground. Frequently, the pilot drops a rocket before landing in order to illuminate the entire field, although flood lights and small projectors are turned on from the *contrôle*.

AS A NEWSPAPER man working in Paris, I have spent many entire days (and nights) at Le Bourget, awaiting with anxious thousands the arrival of flyers who had set out to span the Atlantic by air, some of whom were successful and some not. There was that day in May, 1927, that will never be forgotten at Le Bourget. Perhaps it was because only a few weeks earlier Nungesser and Coli, two of France's most beloved airmen, had been enthusiastically cheered at the start of their courageous flight which ended in tragedy, that a heavy gloom seemed to hang over Le Bourget. The French had not yet had time to forget Nungesser and Coli, and they were fearful lest another brave attempt fail. When night came and there was still no Lindbergh, they became more and more despondent. The reports that *The Spirit of St. Louis* had been sighted at different places in Europe were announced to be unconfirmed, and so, while many of us were somehow firmly convinced he *would* arrive, his unexpected coming, after so many wild rumors, took most of the watchers by surprise. A few of us had heard the sound of Lindbergh's motor overhead when he first flew over Le Bourget and continued on to Paris because he was then unable to distinguish the airport, but we were told by our more skeptical colleagues that we were 'hearing things.' When the sound was heard again, this time louder, and a shadowy monoplane began to take form in the darkness, no doubts remained. A mighty cheer, of mingled relief for his safe arrival and joy at what he had accomplished, went up to meet the young American.



B. B. T. Corporation of America

THE LE BOURGET BEACON

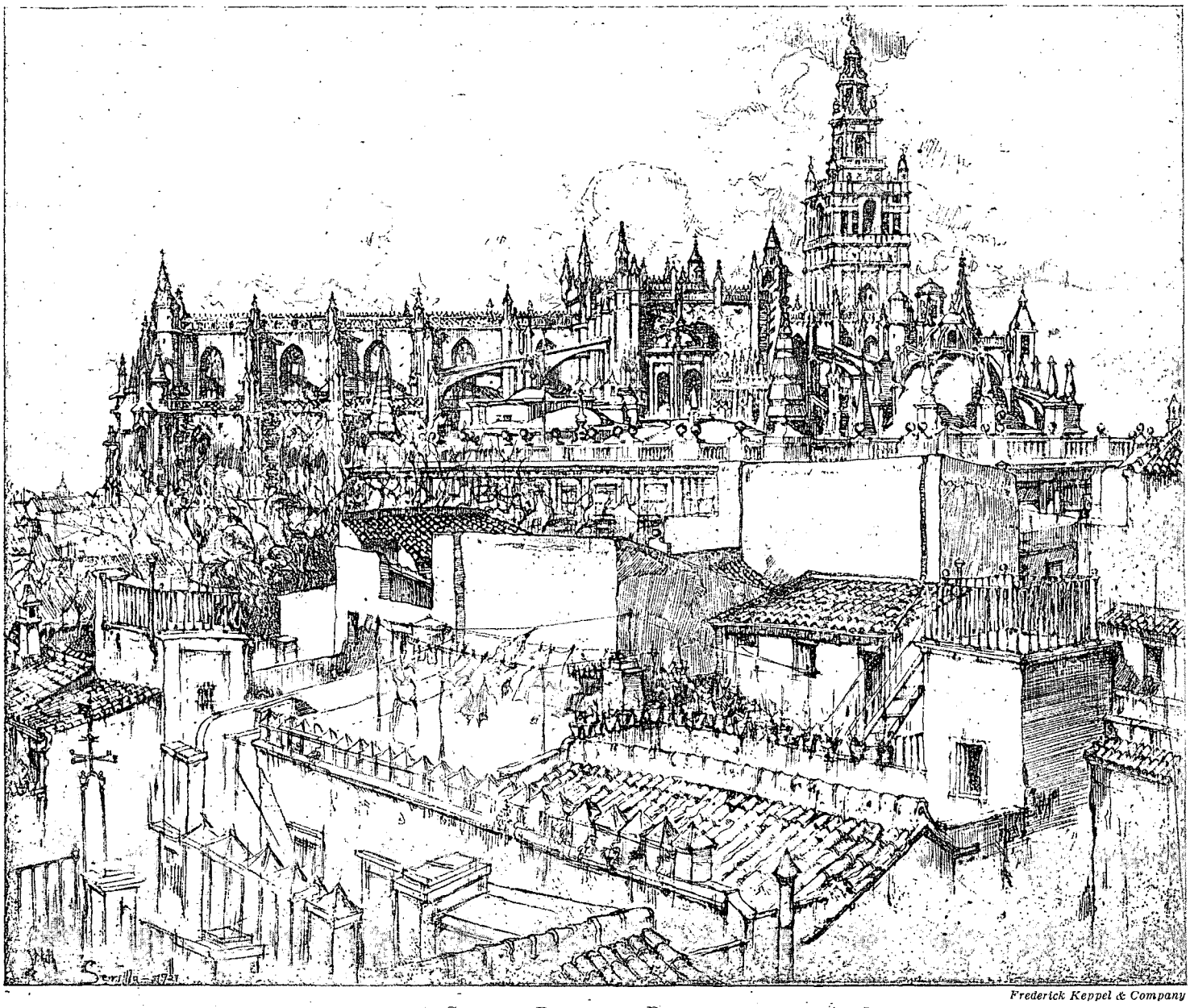
STANDING NEARLY NINETY FEET HIGH at the extreme northeastern end of the flying field, this beacon, of the B. B. T. type, guides pilots approaching the French airport at night by flashing the Le Bourget code signal 'BM' at regular intervals.

There were long vigils at Le Bourget for Commander Byrd and his *America* crew, Captain Haldeman and Ruth Elder, and other flights. Thousands of Parisians remained at Le Bourget all one night, fearing that the gallant '*Commandant Beard*,' as they called him, and his companions were lost. On the occasion of the Haldeman-Elder flight, many of us waited at Le Bourget from shortly after midnight until almost six o'clock the next evening, when the message was received stating that the flyers had been rescued by a Dutch tanker.

I have mentioned these flights because of the stimulus given by them to air travel all over the world. Even Europe, with its airway systems, was affected by them. Before, it had been primarily business men who patronized the European lines; to-day, all classes have become vitally interested in flying. The successful ocean flights, then, have been a sort of guarantee for the safety of air travel.

One has only to glance at our newspapers to see the many things that are happening daily in American aviation, and realize that we shall soon have a 'Le Bourget' of our own on this side of the Atlantic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Frederick Keppel & Company

SEVILLE, ROOFS AND PINNACLES.
FROM AN ETCHING BY ERNEST D. ROTH

Holy Week in Seville

Each Spring the Old Capital of Andalusia Gives Itself Over Whole-Heartedly to Colorful Religious Festivals That Grow More Brilliant Year by Year

By Paul Gaultier

Translated from the *Revue Bleue*, Paris Literary Weekly

SEVILLE rests indolently on the banks of the Guadalquivir. With the Moorish elegance of her yellowed palaces and churches, standing above the yellow waters of the river, is combined the charm of her flowers and her women — those slender Andalusian women who, as they pass on their way to church with mantillas over their heads and tall shell combs in their hair, are perfumed with the mingled scents of orange and jasmine, of myrtle and of rose. For in Seville there are flowers everywhere: in gardens with flower beds studded with bright bits of tile; in open squares; in the windows and courtyards of the discreetly retiring houses that border capricious, wandering little streets.

Crowded with churches and convents, Seville is a pious city. And every year, with an ardor which has come down from the days of Moorish rule, she celebrates the sorrowful story of the Passion against a sumptuous background appropriate to a people in whose blood some of the warmth of Africa still remains.

She puts so much pomp into it, and her lavishness is so great, that many visitors think they are witnessing a masquerade when they watch the famous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hispanic Society of America

SEVILLE, THE DANCE

FROM A PAINTING BY JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

processions that take place each year from Wednesday to Friday of Holy Week. Great colored wooden statues of Christ and the Virgin are carried through the city night and day, moving to the measured tread of interminable lines of silk-robed penitents in long, pointed hoods — red, white, black, violet, or yellow. The holy images themselves, with penitents before and after, are carried on flower-banked platforms borne on the shoulders of other men, amid a flaming forest of candles.

NOTHING could be more false, however, than to compare these pious processions to a *Mardi gras* or *mi-carême* parade. For pious they are, in their own way — though this is not the way of the Northerner. They answer the Andalusian's need for having holy scenes enacted before his eyes, made into concrete objects for his fervor. The abstract is not enough for him, as it was not enough for the people of the Middle Ages, who wanted Biblical scenes clearly depicted for them in their cathedrals. The Andalusian's speculation needs some foundation in daily life, some image which speaks to the senses. He must convert his joy or his bitterness into a visible manifestation. Processions, bullfights, the theatre are the realization, the crystallization of his pleasure and his pain. The violent realism of a Valdès Real, who in a famous painting shows the worms attacking the decomposing body of an archbishop; the cruel insistence of a Ribera, who details the agonies of torment inflicted upon his martyrs; the harshness of a Montañes, whose Christs drip blood with the bloody vividness of a bullfight, are evidence of his desire to have his senses brutally jolted. The Andalusian needs the shock of a violent image to arouse his emotions and set him thinking — an image which must make an extraordinary appeal to the senses, since his sensuousness is more than usually ardent.

This is what explains the pomp of Spanish cathedrals, particularly the cathedral of Seville: the grandiose altar screen of carved wood coated with dull gold, rising to the height of the vaulting itself and occupying all the rear of the Great Chapel; the exaggerated magnificence of the Royal Chapel; the side chapels with statues, paintings, and altar screens jammed together behind opulent wrought-iron grilles; the vast sacristy filled with masterpieces. The people believe in the power, the splendor, the wealth of the Church more than in its dogmas.

This, too, is what explains the wanton passion of Andalusian dances: the provocative hip-swayings, the ostentatious magnificence of the bright-colored shawls, the blood-red flower stuck in black hair, the boldness of glance and gesture. Carmen still comes out of the tobacco factory every evening.

From this also comes the need for contrasts to stimulate the senses, a need which Seville gets from the Moors. One discovers, hidden behind an unimpressive, crenelated ochre wall, the fairy chambers of the Alcázar — rooms bordered by little arches covered with endlessly interwoven arabesques, surrounding marble fountains where water whispers softly. Below the massive silver reliquary of Saint Ferdinand, who regained Seville from the Moors, one sees a group of wood or lead coffins, macabre in the extreme. And did not Don Miguel de Manara, the prototype of Don Juan, found an asylum and leave it a good deal of money, all in expiation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

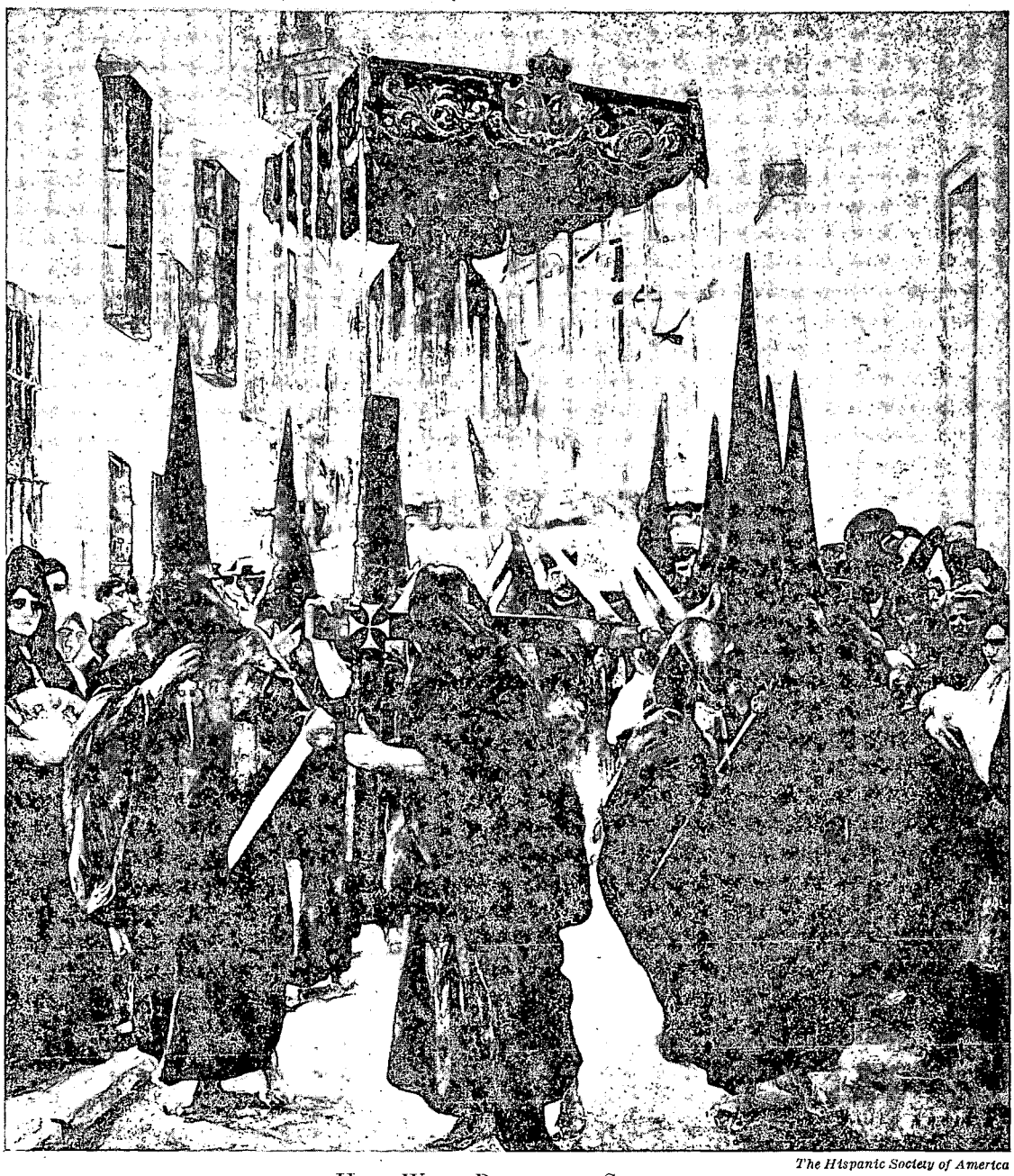
of the dissolute life whose marks may still be seen in the flaring nostrils of his funeral mask? Here, as everywhere in the city, piety and passion are contrasting neighbors.

It is he, the Andalusian, who inspires these long Holy Week processions, headed by a great crape-veiled cross and moving forward to tearful music punctuated by the regular beating of drums; these endless files of penitents escorting the great floats or *pasos* of their brotherhood — each parish has its own — on which are life-size representations of the different scenes of the Passion — the Garden of Olives, the Crowning with Thorns, the Carrying of the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Entombment. These are followed invariably by the clergy in black surplices, and finally by a richly garbed Madonna whose mantle, with a long train of velvet and gold, droops to the ground as she rides on a platform lit with a thousand flickering candles and surmounted by a canopy studded with silver and gold.

There is no suggestion of vulgarity in the attitude of the people; a glance is sufficient to remove all doubt as to the piety which moves them. Grave and contained, they jam the streets and spread like a tapestry against walls and windows; and they remove their hats and incline their heads as the stirring images move slowly by. Is it not sincere piety which calls forth at the approach of the images these strange chants, verses of four or five lines in honor of the Virgin or of Jesus, which are suddenly thrown out above the mass of humanity by unknown voices shaken with sobs at the sight of the divine agony? Is it not true piety which moves the ladies of the city to offer their loveliest jewelry to adorn the Madonna of Sorrows? Is it not true piety that makes these fine-looking soldiers march in the procession, mounted or on foot, their faces intent on the more-than-human mission they are fulfilling? Is it not piety which moves these penitents, however droll their garments may seem, some of them barefoot, to accompany the holy figures on the long procession through a city bowed in silent obeisance?

If one prays with the mind, can one not pray also with the lips and with gestures, actions, attitudes? Of course I do not know the thoughts of those who march in the procession and of those who watch it; the fact that they are there, that their attitude indicates the solemnity of their feelings, is sufficient to make me feel that even if there is no spoken prayer, they are praying after their own fashion. Their presence at such a ceremony, sacred or profane, and, more than that, their participation in it, is something at least. Does not one's bodily participation in the ceremony signify that one has lent one's mind to it also? Otherwise, bowing to an acquaintance in the street, offering flowers on someone's birthday, kissing someone you love, would all be meaningless. Feeling, though distinct from action, does not exist without action, and this is most true in the case of religious feeling.

That is the lesson taught by Holy Week at Seville, or rather the lesson Seville teaches best during Holy Week; for Seville teaches the same lesson at all times to all who visit her. In piety or in passion, she makes no distinction between feeling and its expression. At once passionate and disciplined — passionate with the Arab blood that still courses in her veins, disciplined by Catholic custom and experience, — Seville owes to these two qualities the supreme elegance which marks every moves she makes: mysticism and sensuality in strange alliance.



The Hispanic Society of America

HOLY WEEK PENITENTS, SEVILLE
FROM A PAINTING BY JOAQUÍN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Léon Daudet

The Man Who Would Be King-Maker

By John Bakeless

Written Especially for The Living Age

'The king business' was Ambassador Page's contemptuous description of the sacred and ancient institution of monarchy — in those remote days before the War, when kings still claimed to rule by divine right. It was a typically American phrase, and a typically American attitude; for to the American mind there has always been something a little odd about the monarchical system: kings belong in fairy tales and history books; they have no place in the twentieth century.

Even queerer to Americans seems the idea that, in these days when almost all the kings have toppled from their thrones, anyone should want to put them back.

Yet in shrewd and thrifty modern France — which has had experience with three republics and many monarchies — there is still a party, noisy and influential if not very numerous, that has been demanding a king ever since the Third Republic began. It is a paradox. And no less paradoxical is the fact that the firebrand who leads them is Léon Daudet — the son of the gentle and whimsical novelist, Alphonse Daudet, the one French author who comes closest to the Dickens touch and style.

NOW it is possible to disagree with the French Royalists — for an American it is pretty nearly impossible to do anything else. But it is equally impossible not to admire their beautiful frankness; for the Royalists are not in the least backward in avowing their objects and the means whereby they propose to attain them.

'We don't want to upset the Republic,' observes Daudet's sworn ally, Charles Maurras, tranquilly. 'We want to cut its throat.' And again: 'We are not a political party. We are a conspiracy.'

The Royalist creed is simple. It is ardently national and consequently anti-German; but it regards representative government in general as ridiculous and the French Republic in particular — 'that precious republic of pompous and bloated orators' — as the worst disaster that ever befell France. A kingdom, ruled over by Prince Jean d'Orléans, also known as the Duc de Guise, is its goal and its ideal. To establish it, any means are justified — violence included.

'The violence of those who are right,' says Daudet, 'must triumph over the violence of those who are wrong.' The Royalists, of course, are right. The Republicans are wrong. *Voilà!* It is all so very simple.

THERE have always been Royalists in France. In fact, there never would have been a Third Republic at all if the Royalists in the convention which set it up could have agreed among themselves. But while they were trying to choose between the Bourbon royal line, the Orléans royal line, and the Bonapartes, the Republic was established. Time has somewhat simplified matters. The Bourbon line ended in 1883. Prince Victor Napoleon, the heir to Napoleon's throne, was once described by a cruel wit as 'the eaglet whose whole life is spent in moulting.' No one has ever expected him to ascend a throne of any kind. All the enthusiasts who want a king, therefore, have concentrated their enthusiasm upon the House of Orléans.

Until his death, two years ago, their candidate was the Duc d'Orléans — or, as Daudet, Maurras, and their followers preferred to call him, Philippe VIII — the great-grandson of King Louis Philippe. Banished from France as a boy, because of his claim to the throne, he spent his life in exile from the country that his ancestors had ruled; and even when, at the age of twenty-one, he offered himself as a soldier in the French army, he was clapped unsentimentally into prison by a severely practical French Government, which was taking no chances on *coups d'état*. When he died, a childless exile in Sicily, his claims passed to his brother, Jean d'Orléans, better known as the Duc de Guise, who — if he should ever ascend his wholly theoretical throne — would presumably rule as Jean III.

ENTHUSIASM for a king was slowly flagging in France when, at the turn of the century, a little group led by Henri Vaugeois emerged from among the Nationalists who had been stung into unity by the Dreyfus treason trial a few years before. Only one of them, Charles Maurras, was then an avowed believer in monarchy; but they all wanted to make the world as unsafe for democracy as possible, and they believed in the rule of a strong man. They set up a little weekly paper, *L'Action Française*, which, like Vaugeois and his colleagues, drifted slowly into avowed Royalism. Léon Daudet was not yet of this little band.

Then, in 1904, M. Syveton lost his temper and boxed the ears of the War Minister. Now in affairs of state there is certainly something fatal about ears. Several centuries ago some indiscreet Spaniards cut off the ear of one Jenkins, a British sea captain — who turned up in Parliament a little later carrying his ear, neatly pickled, in a box — and thereby brought on war with England. Then there is that legendary Spanish officer who is said to have boxed the ears of the Moroccan chieftain, Abd-el-Krim, provoking that fiery tribesman to revolt in 1921. But worst of all was the deplorable lack of self-control displayed by M. Syveton, who, in the Chamber of Deputies, on the fourth of November, 1904, assailed General André, the Minister of War. For this single boxing of the ministerial ears led to the murder (or suicide) of M. Syveton himself, and to an unsuccessful effort to overthrow the Republic, which led to the downfall of the Ligue de la Patrie Française, which last event finally convinced M. Léon Daudet that 'it was necessary to do away with the republican form of government.'

In this endeavor he has been wholeheartedly engaged ever since — to the no little disturbance of all France. If M. Syveton had withheld his blows from the ears of General André on that fatal day, that erring soldier would have retained his dignity; Léon Daudet might not have been convinced that monarchy was needful; French politics of the last twenty years would have been vastly less lively; *le Roi* would have even less chance of ascending the throne than he now enjoys; and contemporary French letters would lack some racy pages, seasoned with a wicked French wit, and splashed with a venom which is wholly delightful to all save the victim.

M. DAUDET wants a king. He intends to have a king. He has been vehemently demanding one for years and years and years; and, all the while, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provoking French Republic stands firmly on its foundations, without the least sign of tottering, while all over Europe thrones have collapsed right and left. It is discouraging to hard-working Royalists — or it would be to any less determined than the little band led by Daudet and his friend Charles Maurras.

Except the Royalists themselves, everyone admits that the King will never reign in France. Yet the Royalist party exerts an influence out of all proportion to its numbers — mainly because of the talent of its leaders. Daudet's conversion in 1904 was the work of Henri Vaugeois, aided by Charles Maurras and Mme. Daudet, who had been converted to Royalist views before her husband. Three years later, however, it was Daudet who for the first time in modern France set up the defiant cry of *Vive le Roi!* in spite of the gendarmes, and swept his audience into an outburst of cheering for the King.

The Royalists grew in numbers and influence. *L'Action Française* became a daily in which Maurras and Daudet spread the monarchist doctrine. A group of volunteers took over the task of distributing it — the *Camelots du Roi*, literally the 'Newsboys of the King,' who quickly became a kind of private bodyguard and later a little army of Daudet's. The Royalist movement spread. High army officers were known to be in sympathy.

Then came the War; and — with the exiled King urging his followers to defend the nation and himself volunteering, though in vain — the Royalists joined in the general agreement to sink party differences. The Camelots du Roi went off to the front and died heroically — not for the hated Republic, of course, but for France, over which the King might some day rule.

But, through it all, the *Action Française* never relaxed its lynx-eyed distrust of the Government. There was one amusing deadlock — when each side knew so much about the other's misdeeds that both had to keep quiet. A Royalist censor, so the story goes, happened to find, in the mail which it was his duty to examine, evidence that officials had taken bribes to put certain favored soldiers in safe places. The information found its way to the *Action Française*, whose editors were of course delighted with such a tidbit of anti-Republican scandal. But there was one regrettable difficulty. The censor was a priest; and his revelation of war secrets made it possible for the Government to stir up a wave of anti-clerical feeling. Worse still, the Government had procured a list, compiled by the Royalists, of army officers who had promised to put their troops on the King's side against the Republic, should the day of restoration ever come. Each party found that the other held so much dynamite that neither dared light the first match; and the result of all this plotting and scheming was — precisely nothing.

Daudet claims credit for launching the accusations of treason against M. Malvy, Minister of the Interior. The method which he chose for exploding his bombshell was ostentatiously simple. He wrote his letter, accusing M. Malvy. Then, taking his little boy by the hand, he set off on foot to the presidential palace, where he delivered it in person, like any bourgeois *père de famille*. A few hours after he had handed the envelope to M. Poincaré's astonished concierge, the storm broke in the Parisian press. Malvy had no choice but to stand trial, and though acquitted of treason was condemned to five years' banishment.

Henri Manuel

LÉON DAUDET

LEADER OF THE MONARCHIST PARTY in France, who edits from exile in Brussels his daily newspaper, *L'Action Française*, and devotes all his energies to making 'Jean III' King of France.

SINCE the War, Daudet has lost some of his old influence, but his career has been no less colorful and turbulent than before. The reasons for this turbulence are not hard to understand. Daudet has a bitter tongue and small consideration for the feelings of people whom he dislikes. Of no less a personage than Clemenceau he once observed: 'He has always had a profound contempt for human nature — probably on account of the specimen he sees in his mirror.' He has described Briand as 'the humpbacked cat,' Ernest Renan as 'the state elephant of the kingdom of unbelief,' and the poet Hérédia as one to whom 'much shall be pardoned because he has written little.' Of the distinguished members of the French Academy, who take themselves seriously, he remarked: 'The lower classes consider them to be especially learned.' It is, of course, amusing to make remarks like that, but their author must be ready to support them in personal encounter; and Daudet — be it to his credit or not — loves nothing better than a fight.

Though since the War he has not been able to precipitate any earth-shaking scandals like the Malvy affair, he has twice had the satisfaction of making the 'absurd régime' more than a little ridiculous in its own eyes. In spite of his waning influence, in spite of his newspaper's misfortune in being placed on the Index Expurgatorius — which alienated the more orthodox Catholics

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among his supporters — the post-War years would have been years of joyous conflict for Daudet but for one personal tragedy that is still mysterious.

HIS son — that same little Philippe who a few years before had strolled hand-in-hand with his *bon papa* to the palace of the President of the Republic — was found dead in a taxicab, shot through the head. Inflamed with grief and political hatred, Daudet asserted in one frantic article after another that his son had been murdered by the police. Those officials — quite comprehensibly — demurred. The boy, they explained, had become suddenly demented, had tried to join the Anarchists, had been repelled by those ardent but suspicious revolutionists (who found it odd that the son of the Royalist leader should be trying to join them), and had committed suicide. It was not a very convincing explanation. But the father's own explanation is at least as difficult to believe. For even the Continental police can hardly be accused of going about murdering the sons of individuals of whose political views they do not wholly approve.

But if there is this one great tragedy in Daudet's post-War career, there is abundant light relief, which has ranged from high comedy to outrageous farce. Only two men in the world would have been capable of some of it: Daudet is one; Charlie Chaplin, the other. Take, for example, the preposterous affair of Daudet's condemnation to five months in prison for libeling a taxi-driver (an achievement in itself). In France, a kind of gentleman's agreement applies to political and semi-political convictions. Of course, it is necessary to serve your sentence, sooner or later; but it is regarded as only proper to allow the guilty politician to choose his own time — and guilty politicians are rarely in a hurry for punishment. By the spring of 1927, however, the authorities felt that it was nearly time for Daudet's sentence, imposed two years before, to be served. M. Poincaré, though willing to pardon Daudet, felt that he really ought to serve at least a few days of his sentence — just to set a good example. Daudet was accordingly 'requested' to go to jail. Instead, with a thousand of his followers, he barricaded himself in the office of the *Action Française*. There were riots. Ink pots flew, also soda water syphons, tables, chairs. Traffic was completely blocked in front of the office. Then, one morning, just at dawn, M. Jean Chiappe, Prefect of Police, mobilized several hundred of his own men, called out the Garde Républicaine — and three fire engines. They made a half circle in front of the beleaguered newspaper office, as M. Chiappe strode jauntily across the empty street and rapped at the bolted door.

'I wish to speak to M. Daudet,' he murmured blandly, as it opened.

That doughty individual appeared on the balcony. M. Chiappe addressed him — as 'a man and a Frenchman' — in moving periods that read very much as if they had been typed out by a stenographer the night before. Daudet observed the fire engines. Not even he and his followers could be expected to hold out against odds like that. The police, of course. The army, perhaps. But never the fire department.

So he surrendered — 'to avoid bloodshed' — and was whirled away to Santé Prison, but not for long. It had been difficult to get him there; it was impossible to keep him. In a day or two the director of the prison received a telephone message 'from the Minister of the Interior,' instructing him to release Daudet. Surprised and suspicious, he telephoned back to the Ministry for confirmation. The message had, as he suspected, been sent without the Minister's knowledge. Camelots du Roi had slipped into the office during the lunch hour and impersonated him. But the Royalist clever enough to think of this audacious scheme was also clever enough to reflect that the puzzled Director would certainly verify such an extraordinary order; and so there was a Camelot conveniently at hand to reassure him when his message came. Having been twice officially instructed to release Daudet, there was nothing for the poor warden to do but bow his prisoner politely out at the iron grating. Daudet shook hands warmly — and departed for Brussels.

When the news leaked out, Paris laughed — and Paris can be very cruel when it laughs. The police gnashed their teeth. But suddenly it was announced that M. Daudet would address a public meeting. Every possible precaution was taken to make sure of recapturing him. The meeting opened, positively swarming with police. There was an audience, a chairman, a platform, perhaps even a glass of water. But there was no Daudet. Unperturbed, the chairman made his speech of introduction. Then the voice of Léon Daudet filled the room. The police were furious. For the voice came from a loud speaker. M. Daudet was broadcasting from Brussels, safely across the international frontier.

Perhaps this comic interlude really marks the high point of Daudet's career. Nobody but a few zealots now believes that *le Roi* will ever ascend his imaginary throne. The *Action Française* lies under the ban of the Vatican, despite the Catholicism of its editors; and it is pretty clear that a Republic which can stand secure through a world war is reasonably stable.

The vision of a 'man on horseback' no longer haunts French Republicans. For one thing, horses, for such purposes, are no longer the mode; and you simply can't get people to take seriously a *coup d'état* stage-managed from a limousine.

So the Republic will stand firm. The 'King' will live abroad in exile and be polite to his little handful of adherents when they come to call. Daudet will shower the 'absurd régime' with epithets — and doubtless will continue to have a glorious time doing it.

Cyrano, Paris

DAUDET IN RECENT CARICATURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Metropolitana

A Magician of Madrid — Piccadilly Station, London — A Post-War Paris Night — Vienna's Vanished Royalty — Firecrackers in Singapore — The Restless Horseman of Rome — The Moscow Lottery

MADRID

A WINTER afternoon on the Avenida Pi y Margall. Up the empty avenue comes a wiry little man with his face almost hidden behind a great muffler. In his hand is a small black bag. He stops, looks suspiciously about him, sets the bag down on the pavement, and draws from it a series of strange objects. Already, during these preliminaries, a small crowd has begun to collect. The little man begins to juggle two red balls and to pronounce an almost unintelligible patter, while he waits for the crowd to grow larger.

Then business begins. He calls for a hat and a coat from the audience, and holds them up where all may see, to show that each has a big grease spot on it. He takes a little lozenge from his black bag, rubs it on the grease spots. Lo! they are gone.

'Now, *señores*, how many will you want? One for this *señor*, one for the *señor* on my left! Ah, one also for the *señor* I see beckoning me from the back! More? More? Excellent. See, the grease spots, I have cleaned them out!' In reality, it was the buyers who had been cleaned out.

'See!' he went on. 'Here is something else. Here is a flask of crystal pure water, *agua del Lozoya*. Look at it. Examine it. Taste it if you wish!' (No one offered to do so.) 'This water, when I add to it the powder contained in the little packet I hold in my hand, acquires mysterious virtues, virtues that no man of science has yet been able to explain. Place in it a ribbon, a piece of cloth, absolutely white. Draw your cloth out again, and it will be stained any color that you desire! Shall we test it?

'Here we have strips of plain white cloth. Let the *señoras* judge; it is for them that this marvelous invention is intended. With it, each of you may dye cloth any color you desire. *Señora!* Be kind enough to tell me what color you want this cloth dyed! Green? Bright green? Very well, *señora*.'

He dips the strip of cloth in the flask, and draws it out a rich and brilliant green.

'And you, *señora*, what color would you like to have? Blue? There you are!' he concludes triumphantly, holding up a dripping strip of cloth that has turned a brilliant azure.

Suddenly a man pushes his way forward, holding up a strip of cloth of his own and saying to the magician: —

'Will you dye this red for me, please?'

Expectation. The wizard hesitates.

'Red? The *señor* said red?' he mumbles, hurriedly beginning to bundle his belongings back into the little black bag. 'Red, the *señor* says?'

The *señor* who wanted red realizes what is happening. Before the magician is in full flight, however, he explains in a loud voice that the magic is false, that the strips of cloth, originally colored, had been bleached in acid so that they took on their color again when dipped in an alkaline solution. He has hardly finished when the expected hubbub arises. The magician succeeds in breaking through the angry circle and runs off like a frightened rabbit toward the busy *Gran Via* with a dozen urchins at his heels, cursing the science of chemistry as he dodges this way and that and finally disappears.

LONDON

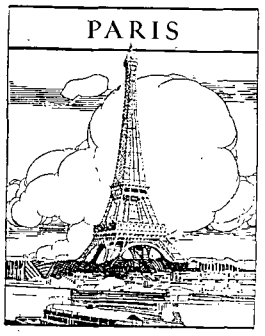
FOUR years ago the little statue of Eros with drawn bow which had stood for many decades in the centre of Piccadilly Circus was taken down and exiled to the Thames Embankment Gardens. Into the place which had come to be thought of as the god's permanent home a shaft eighteen feet in diameter was driven, some ninety feet straight into the ground. Through this shaft has passed a steady stream of aproned workmen, steel girders, cast iron tunnel segments, cement, and bricks. Traffic has gone on as usual in London's busiest square. The only visible evidence of the great things that were happening beneath its surface was the steady current of men and materials that poured into the shaft, and, more recently, seven new subway entrances which pushed their way above ground at the corners where Piccadilly Square joins Regent Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, Lower Regent Street, and the Haymarket. Finally, last month, after four years of underground labor, these entrances were thrown open, and all London flocked to see the new Piccadilly Circus Underground Railway Station, said to be the most attractive and most elaborate in the world.

One goes down short flights of stairs from any one of the seven entrances to see the main feature of the station, the oval 'booking hall.' The walls are of creamy Italian marble; marching around it is a double row of pinkish columns with bronze capitals, imitating so closely the effect of a cathedral ambulatory that the designers have borrowed this ecclesiastical term to describe it. The lighting is soft; in the walls are set big show windows displaying the latest fashions, designed to make milady miss her train. There is an array of twenty-six automatic ticket machines. No officials are needed to run them; the passenger puts in the proper fare, which varies in London according to the distance to be traversed; the machine prints on a ticket the name of the passenger's destination, and delivers it to him through a slot. There are eleven escalators to carry the Underground's patrons up from the Bakerloo line, eighty-six feet below ground, and from the Piccadilly line, one hundred and two feet below ground, to the surface of the Square. And in contrast to all these ingenious contraptions of a machine age is a gigantic pictorial map, nearly a hundred feet long, which was painted by Mr. Stephen Bone, son of Muirhead Bone, in a workshop especially designed for the purpose. On this map, apparently intended to give the traveler a last glimpse of the world of light he has left above him, are depicted the seven continents, inhabited by all the races of men and animals on the globe.

It is typical of the British way of handling such affairs that the new station's opening was made the occasion of official municipal celebrations. The Mayor of the Borough of Westminster presided, and a banquet was given in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the main underground hall for the two hundred and fifty workmen who had toiled for four years upon the job to bring it to final completion. All that now remains to return to Piccadilly Square the appearance it had before the digging began is to replace Eros on the little islet where he stood before; but this must wait until new traffic experiments prove that it is still possible for the city to retain this islet of safety in the centre of its busiest traffic whirl.



NOTHING is more typical of Paris nights, as Parisians know them, than a *soirée de gala* given for the benefit of any one of the thousand charities that are forever pecking at the Frenchman's pocket. That that pocket is by no means so full as it was in the gay, spendthrift days of *The Merry Widow* goes without saying; but it was never more strikingly indicated than by the results of the gala aviation banquet and auction held last month at the Claridge, for the benefit of the French Civil Pilots' Union and of the little daughter of the aviator, Drouhin, killed while preparing a flight to the United States.

The Claridge was chosen because it traditionally serves rich patrons, who could be counted upon to be present at any banquet which took place in their own hotel. When the festivities began, the crowd, according to Odette Pannetier, writing in *Candide*, must have been as uncomfortably close packed as that which greeted Lindbergh when the City of New York gave its memorable banquet in his honor. Tables were jammed in willy-nilly, even behind pillars where the guests could not see a thing that was going on. At first they grumbled; then they grew resigned, gobbled a few mouthfuls of lobster, and left their places to stand up in the back and watch the entertainment. Between a waltz danced by Edmonde Guy and Van Duren, and the famous Rugby Ballet danced by Mitty, Tillio, and Ricaux, they would suddenly remember the jellied chicken that was waiting for them on their plates, and rush back to enjoy that too.

The entry door was blocked by a crowd of stage girls, girls from the music halls, late comers, and musicians from the dozen orchestras which were later to play for the dancing. Mlle. Jane Marnac, the actress, screamed that she wanted to do her act first. Mlle. Edmonde Guy, when her turn came, insisted that the hall be darkened while she danced in the spotlight. But the biggest event of the evening was an auction sale, conducted by the opera singer, Saint-Granier, which included such unique souvenirs as Nungesser's cap, one of Guynemer's gloves, and a picture painted by Fonck on canvas torn from a German plane he had brought down in battle.

Saint-Granier came forward with his little moustache and a smile so dazzling that it recalled a toothpaste advertisement; he was loudly applauded. The first object he placed on sale was a leather flying helmet belonging to the flyer Coste.

'Twenty thousand francs!' someone shouted.

There was a storm of applause, but no further bidding. The helmet fell to M. Funès, a jeweler. Such a beginning cheered the organizers of the banquet, who began to dream of tremendous sales. But after fifteen minutes it became evident that there were only three or four persons who were pushing up the bids, and that out of sympathy. There was always M. Funès; there was a table to which fell successively a watch used by the aviator Reine and the thousand franc note which he and his companion Serre had with them when they were taken captive by the Arabs; and one other table which took Le Brix's log book for thirty thousand francs and the binoculars used by Coste for eighteen thousand. M. Scapini paid ten thousand more for an envelope addressed by René Guilbaud, and Mlle. Jane Marnac fifteen thousand for a photograph of Guynemer. But between bids fell long moments of silence, and the bidding for the famous picture painted by Fonck failed to reach twenty thousand francs.

'Think of it!' cried M. Saint-Granier. 'The whole collection of ten paintings like this is insured for 2,500,000 francs by Fonck himself! Ah, I see someone who wants to bid. If you go over twenty thousand for me, I'll throw in with this painting photographs of the other nine!'

Fonck himself, who was in the room, looked as if he thought it insulting to sell his masterpiece at such a figure. Unable to contain himself, he got up and came to the centre of the hall to try to bring out higher bids himself; but even he could not get them above twenty-five thousand. Apparently to stimulate the failing generosity of the audience, M. Funès announced that he would present the Army Museum with the helmet he had bought a few moments earlier; he was applauded, but nevertheless Nungesser's cap went at a ridiculously low price.

'I'll go without eating if I have to!' shouted M. Saint-Granier. 'I'm not rich, but I'll give thirty thousand for it myself!'

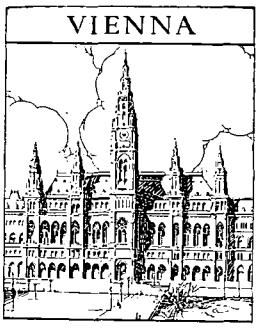
Applause. Silence. A long silence. Finally, it was bought for fifty thousand by a blond young gentleman who said that he wanted to give this also to the Army Museum, provided that it was marked as a gift from grateful Belgium.

The whisper went around the hall that the buyer was a Belgian prince who wished to remain incognito.

'For a prince, he didn't pay much,' sniffed a lady who thought she was still living in the days of fairy story Prince Charmings.

Another prince, Prince Carol of Rumania, bought for fifteen thousand francs a model of the ill-fated *Arc-en-Ciel*. People stared at the pretty blonde woman seated beside him — Mme. Lupescu.

The sale was finally over. A great sigh of relief went up. M. Saint-Granier, exhausted, drank a dozen glasses of mineral water one after the other. The officials had vanished into space. It was four in the morning.



IT WAS only a little more than ten years ago that the lovely gardens of the Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn, with their alleys of tall, clipped box trees and their long vista over the flower beds toward the Belvedere that Metternich built on a little rise to the south, were still the domain of the Hapsburg family. Under the high ceilings of the Palace itself walked Francis Joseph and his Empress; through the famous lacquer room moved the archdukes and archduchesses — Francis Ferdinand who was to be killed at Serajevo; Frederick, who was to be Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian armies during the great and, for the Hapsburgs, disastrous conflict of 1914–1918; Elizabeth, the Emperor's pet, and a dozen more. And, in the courtyard, proud horses of an Imperial Guard that was chosen from an army officered by the socially elect of an old monarchical society pawed restlessly at the gravel in the sun.

To-day, as everyone who has visited Vienna knows, Schönbrunn rests dismal and empty, save for the tourists' chatter. The splendid apartments of the palace

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been turned by the Republic into showrooms for staring visitors; the gardens, once the scene of gay masquerades, with little tables set along the avenues of boxwood and lit by glowing Japanese lanterns, are dry and still; the gravel of the bare courtyard is disturbed only by the hacks that bring their loads of tourists to the palace door.

Although the old home of the Hapsburgs is empty, the Hapsburgs themselves have not all deserted their old capital city. There were dozens of them in Francis Joseph's big family; and since the fall of their dynasty they have turned to strange tasks. The Archduchess Elizabeth, only daughter of the former Crown Prince Rudolph, who was the dismal hero of the famous 'Tragedy of Mayerling' of 1889, profited by the revolution to yield to the democratic ideas she had inherited from her unfortunate father. She divorced her husband, Prince Otto Windisch-graetz, and has married a school-teacher named Leopold Petznek, whom she backs actively in his campaigns as a militant Social Democrat in the Lower Austrian Diet. She had three sons by her first marriage. The eldest, Francis Joseph Windisch-graetz, mad about motorcycling, is now an automobile assembler in the Steyr factories in Upper Austria; the second son, Ernest, has been studying painting in Vienna, and shows great promise; the youngest, Rudolph, who is not yet twenty, is continuing his studies at Vienna University.

Sophia, daughter of the Duchess of Hohenburg and the heir apparent Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination at Serajevo in 1914 was the signal for the outbreak of the World War, married, in 1920, Count Frederick de Nostitz-Rieneck. She has two brothers. One of them, Max Hohenburg, an LL.D., teaches law at the University of Vienna and lives on his income in the beautiful Vienna residence that his parents left him; the other, Ernest, is studying at the same university.

In the Tuscan branch of the family, the former Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, who became simply Leopold Wolfling in 1903, has tried all trades: he has been successively a writer, a moving picture actor, a bank clerk, an insurance salesman, and a grocer. Today, he leads a modest, retired life in a suburb of his family's former capital.

The Archduke Leopold Salvator, another member of the Tuscan branch, lives in Barcelona with his wife, Princess Blanche of Castille. Eight of their ten children live with them; but the other two, Leopold and Renier, have set themselves up in business in Vienna and do a big trade in hops in Austria and neighboring countries. Leopold, who is known as Leopold Hapsburg-Lorraine, married Dagmar Nikolich-Podrinski, the daughter of a rich Croat landowner, and has become a powerful figure in the Viennese business world.

Others of the family have scattered farther from their old home, but Vienna is equally interested in following their careers. The Archduke Charles Stephen, formerly Admiral of the Austro-Hungarian fleet, lives with his wife, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, on the vast estates in Galicia which the Dowager Queen of Spain persuaded the Polish Government to return to him. The richest of all the Hapsburg family, the Archduke Frederick, who commanded the Austro-Hungarian army during the War, lives in Hungary. Eugene, the handsomest of his line, the former 'heart-breaker' of the theatres of Vienna and Budapest, works at his music and studies the history of the Teutonic peoples in Switzerland; but recently he, too, has in a sense reëntered the life of Vienna by becoming a silent partner in a big banking house in the Austrian capital.

All in all, it is a not unimpressive record that these members of a dynasty tumbled rudely from power have made; and the people of Vienna, republican as they may be, are sporting enough to be secretly pleased that a good many of their former rulers, in spite of post-War social changes, are still able to maintain themselves in the old Hapsburg capital.

SINGAPORE

THE first sharp fusillades of firecrackers, set off in noisy preparation for the Chinese New Year, are already beginning to break upon the stillness of the Singaporean night. Each year for fifteen days and fifteen nights at this season the Chinese population of the city — nearly eighty per cent of a total of half a million — busies itself with making as loud a racket as it can with the least possible expenditure of punk and powder. Coolies with arms full of the same powerful little red cylinders that delight children on Fourth of July in the United States rush out of their homes at midnight to begin an evening's sport, just as the European residents are crawling into their beds after a hard day at the office — or a hard evening at the club. More prosperous Chinese merchants come forth clutching intricate, expensive 'bombs' in their hands, to punctuate bedlam with a deeper boom.

For the Chinese, these festivities occur from the first to the fifteenth day of the First Moon, known as Chap-Goh-meh, and constitute a pleasant method of audibly letting off excess energy and hailing the passing of another year of work. On the Europeans' calendar, the celebration occurs from the twenty-second of January to the sixth of February, and means a period of 'sleepless nights and tortured nerves' which invariably brings forth a hundred protests in the Press.

'Singapore has been turned into a city of dreadful night,' wrote one annoyed British resident last year. 'Sleep has been impossible and many are suffering in consequence.' The next day another correspondent is likely to retort that the protester should consider the life the average coolie leads, and bow his head in shame. 'The coolie has long working hours, lives on food bought from hawkers, sleeps in miserable dwellings where the most deplorable overcrowding exists, and his wretched pay barely suffices to enable him to buy the small quantity of opium with which he endeavors to forget his misery. Poor fellow! The one joy in life for him is at Chinese New Year when he cheers himself up by letting off a few crackers!'

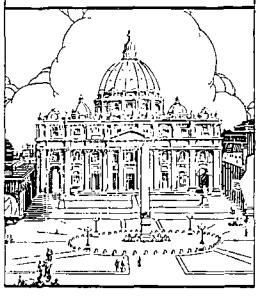
Sentimental bosh! replies a Singaporean who signs himself Demos. 'This nightly machine gun fire is a curse and not just a question of "boys will be boys."' Come, come, says a correspondent subscribing himself 'Live and Let Live,' let the protesters consider whether their sleeplessness is due entirely to firecrackers, and not to too much tea and late dances; and also whether the Chinese who live next door to European places of amusement ever protest at the strident cry of the saxophone that disturbs their slumbers almost every night in the year.

So it goes, column after column each year. Those who defend the Chinese are damned as traitors to Britain. Those who cry for silence in the night are accused of letting the White Man's Burden fall on Chinese toes. Meanwhile, as the police make futile regulations attempting to limit the amount of powder that can be placed in a single cracker, and post notices to this effect in English, which the majority of the Chinese cannot read, the firecrackers continue to pop merrily. Plump, yellow-skinned merchants dress up in their best and hire automobiles to go about wishing their friends the greetings of the season. Chinese boys and girls carry presents

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of rice cakes, oranges, and puddings to the residences of their parents' friends. Thousands of coolies take a day off and go to visit Raffles Museum, along a route lined with hawkers and ice vendors collected by the promise of easy money. On the last two days of the ceremonies, the marriageable bachelors whoop through the streets on a joy ride to the accompaniment of the last rounds of firecrackers. And the Englishman, confronted by a race problem that anywhere else would end in a riot, meets it peacefully, as he meets his problems wherever his flag waves under the never-setting sun, by writing a letter to the local equivalent of the *Times*.

ROME



FOR upward of fifteen hundred years, in sunshine and in storm, the marble equestrian statue of the great Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, has looked down unmoved upon the changing Imperial City. Until 1538, it stood before the old home of the Popes, the Lateran Basilica; in that year, at Michael Angelo's suggestion, it was moved to the open square on the top of the Capitoline Hill. Under the straight-chiseled nose of the second-century ruler of Rome have passed Ostrogoth invaders from beyond the Danube, Germans from the North, republican rioters from other Italian cities, the Red Shirts of Garibaldi, the Black Shirts of Mussolini, and, at one time or another, the troops of all Western Europe. War and revolt had apparently failed to budge him until now, under the Fascist Dictatorship, the Romans have discovered that the old Emperor's right foot has dropped to a point nearly four inches below his left, so that he seems to be preparing to get out of his stirrups to come down among the men of Rome!

As a matter of fact, the phenomenon has occurred once or twice before during the past two hundred years; but that was in days when those who governed Rome were less sensitive concerning old Imperial glories than the Fascists are to-day. Sometimes the Emperor would appear in the morning leaning forward a few inches, as if making ready to get off his charger in disgust. On other occasions it seemed that he had tried to loosen his feet from his stirrups and steal away in the night to a quieter resting place among the tombs of his contemporaries along the Appian Way, but, thwarted, had remained in an awkward attitude, half off, half on his horse.

In these instances, however, there was little public stir. Lovers of the past saw to it quietly that the old Emperor was righted on his steed; lead was poured into the heels of the charger to increase the statue's weight and maintain its equilibrium. But, under Mussolini's government, matters are handled differently; reminders of the glory of the Roman past are plucked from their cobwebs, burnished bright, and set up for all to see; and any threat to the stability of a recognized landmark of the Empire is met, not by the dilettante efforts of a few amateurs of classic art, but by the organized power of the State. This restless horseman of Rome is therefore the object of excited popular discussion; engineers and architects have been called in to inspect his position; and the new Governor of Rome has appointed a special commission to watch over the movements of Marcus Aurelius in the name of the twentieth-century S.P.Q.R.

MOSCOW

NO TENSER audience ever held its breath and pressed more anxiously forward in its seats before a gripping modernistic play than that which last month gathered in the Moscow Meierhold Theatre to witness the drawings for the State Lottery Loan of 1926. Outside the building fluttered big red streamers carrying significant announcements. 'Ninth Drawing of the 1926 Lottery Loan!' 'Main Prize, One Hundred Thousand Rubles!'

The Soviet Government has now prohibited public gambling in Russia; the former casino, 'Monaco,' in Moscow, which formerly drew to its halls a ragged crowd of unfortunates who despaired of making enough by ordinary means to live on and risked what little they had to the turn of the wheel, is closed and empty. But it is to be suspected that the rulers of Russia took this step, not so much to protect the Russians from the passion for gambling that has been traditionally theirs, as to utilize that passion for the more direct profit of the State. Government loans which offer a fixed rate of interest have not been successful in Soviet Russia, and it has been found necessary to offer lottery bonds bearing no interest whatever, but giving the holder of a hundred ruble bond the chance of winning a prize of a hundred thousand rubles if he be lucky in the draw. This procedure, which now offers the only legal outlet for the Russian gambling instinct, has been highly successful. The bonds find ready takers; and on the eve of this winter's drawing for the 1926 loan the banks of Moscow were besieged with eager buyers and the market price of the bonds of this particular series shot suddenly up to one hundred and twenty-four.

Inside the Meierhold Theatre, the Drawing Commission sat on the stage behind two great horizontally placed wheels which could be made to revolve by electricity. Cartridges containing bits of paper upon which were written the individual numbers of the bonds of the series being drawn were piled into the wheels. The power was turned on; the wheels revolved. At periodic intervals a pair of small boys picked out a cartridge, opened it, and handed the paper it contained to the President of the Commission, who read its number aloud. Packed into the orchestra seats was the crowd of bondholders, chattering, eager, by turns hopeful and downcast. Each time the President rose to read a winning number, they worked themselves up to a crisis of anticipation; each time the number was actually read, all but one of them slumped back again with a sigh of regret, while that one cried out for joy.

In reality, their chances of winning anything were pitifully small. The twenty-one prizes offered were high enough: one of one hundred thousand rubles, two of fifty thousand, three of twenty-five thousand, five of ten thousand, ten of five thousand; but there were two hundred thousand numbers represented by the cartridges within the slowly revolving wheels, which meant only one possible winner for each ten thousand holders. But the uncertainty of the game did not abash the strained and attentive audience: wrinkled old workers with a quarter interest in a bond they hoped might win; professional gamblers who found this spectacular play as thrilling as roulette; ruined bourgeois of the old régime who hoped that the laws of chance would enable them to recoup the fortunes which the Revolution had torn from them, and no counter-revolution had succeeded in winning back. When it was all over, and the last winning number had been announced to the accompaniment of the last deep, whispering sigh, they filed out the door under the red pennons, and into the winter street, consoling themselves with a last glance over their shoulders at one fluttering banner which read in bold letters: 'The Chances of Winning Increase with Each New Draw!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marshal Foch's Story of the Armistice

How He Met the German Delegates and How the Armistice Was Signed

An Interview by Stéphane Lauzanne

Editor of *Le Matin*

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Literary Weekly

WHEN Weygand came into my private car on the cold, rainy morning of November 8th to tell me that the German plenipotentiaries had just arrived, I glanced out of the window. We had stopped on a spur near Rethondes, in one of the thickest parts of the forest of Compiègne. It had been raining for several days and the soil was so swampy that, although the train of the Germans was only about sixty yards from my own, it had been necessary to rig up a kind of footbridge for them. Along this footbridge four men were advancing.

'As I looked at them I said to myself, "Behold the German Empire, beaten and asking for peace. *Eh bien!* Since it is coming to me, I shall treat it as it deserves. I shall be firm and cold, but without bitterness or brutality."'

Foch was speaking in that slow, metallic voice of his which separates each syllable from the next. Two or three times I had heard him tell this bit of history, now some ten years old. On one occasion — it was on the *Paris* when he was on his way back from America — I heard him tell it at a single sitting without omitting a single detail; and so striking in its simplicity was his story that he made the whole tremendous scene really live before us.

For my own part, I saw it all the more vividly when, many months after the Armistice, in 1920, I happened to be in that very corner of the forest of Compiègne and found it looking just as it had looked in 1918. Trees, bushes, thickets were everywhere. The grass was growing over the tracks. A wooden sign nailed against an oak was all that was left to show that there, under the dark foliage, the last act of the Great War had taken place. 'Train of Marshal Foch,' said the sign. And sixty yards away was another sign exactly like it, on which you could read, in letters which the rain had almost washed away, 'Train of the German Plenipotentiaries.' It was a rather dismal spectacle, but it was a glorious one at the same time.

Wide World

FERDINAND FOCH, MARSHAL OF FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN

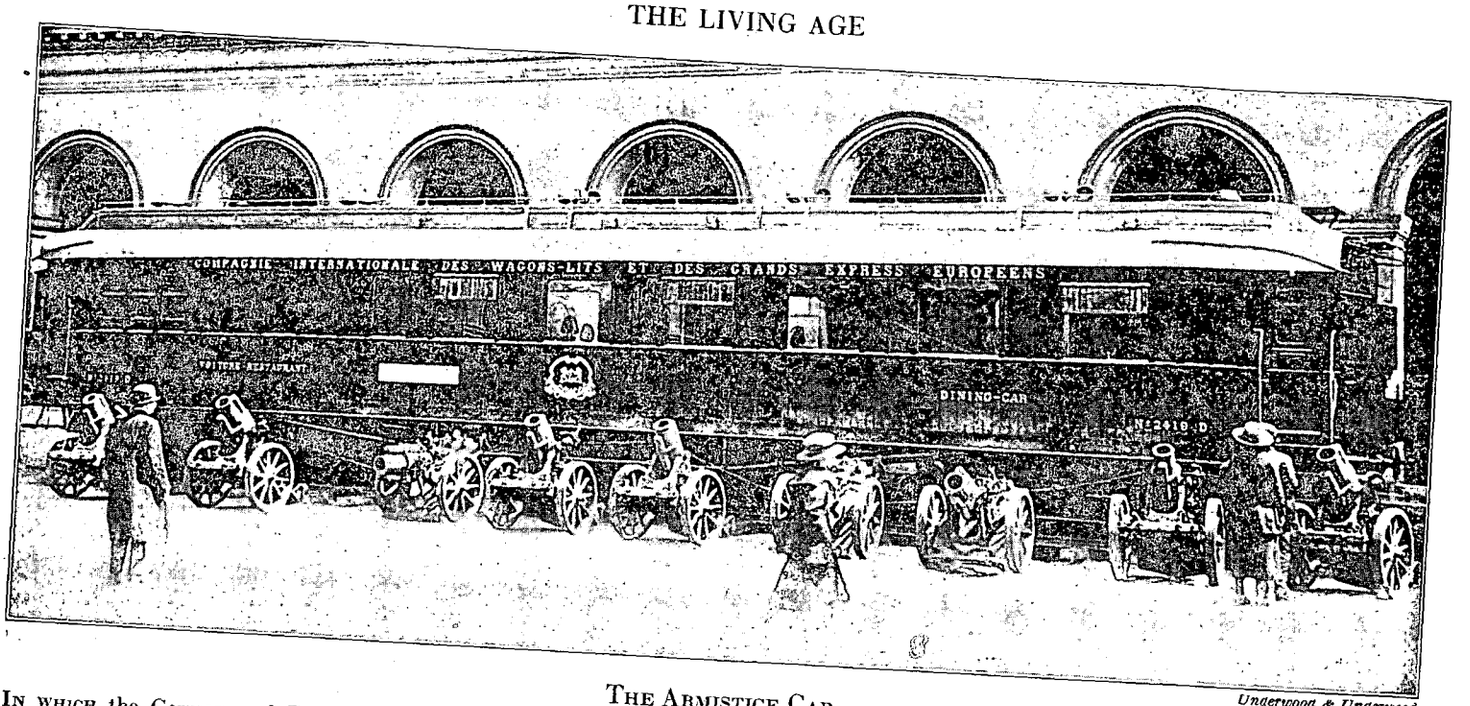
WHOSE PERSONAL ACCOUNT of the signing of the Armistice, told to Stéphane Lauzanne, is graphically reported in the accompanying article.

YES, I could see the scene and I could see it as one cannot to-day, for since then the place has been theatricalized. The trees have been cut down and an immense square has been cleared in the forest. From the neighboring road, a triumphal avenue leads into the place. Between the rails, fine sand has been scattered and two big stones set up. On one you read, 'Car of Foch.' On the other, 'Car of the German Plenipotentiaries.' A little farther off there is a little railroad station built of fine white stone with big columns, and in it is sheltered the car — an ordinary dining car numbered 2419-D — where, on the eleventh of November, 1918, Marshal Foch received the envoys of a vanquished empire. On all sides one can see charming lawns, well cared for, grass that is kept carefully cut, little trees artistically arranged. It is a magnificent piece of stage design, but the stage design of the theatre is not true to the scene that we knew in real life. The theatre pretends to embellish reality, but it really destroys it. Theatrical methods should never be allowed to touch the great scenes of history, and I shall always regret that I ever helped make it possible to have this one touched up.

Of course, as he spoke, Marshal Foch also was visualizing the original scene once more. No doubt he will continue to see it until his thoughts are ended forever. He sees it better than anyone else, for he was an actor in the drama, and when he describes the scene he does it in a voice that is jerky without emphasis, like an actor talking of a rôle which he played long since.

THEY came into my car,' he said, 'looking stiff and pale. One of them, whom I assumed to be Matthias Erzberger, mumbled a request that I make the necessary introductions. But I was content merely to reply: "Have you any papers, gentlemen? If so, let us examine their validity." Whereupon they showed me papers signed by Prince Max of Baden, which I regarded as satisfactory. Then I turned to Erzberger and asked: "What do you want?" He replied, still mumbling: "We have come to receive the proposals of the Allies for an armistice." I stopped him abruptly. It was the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



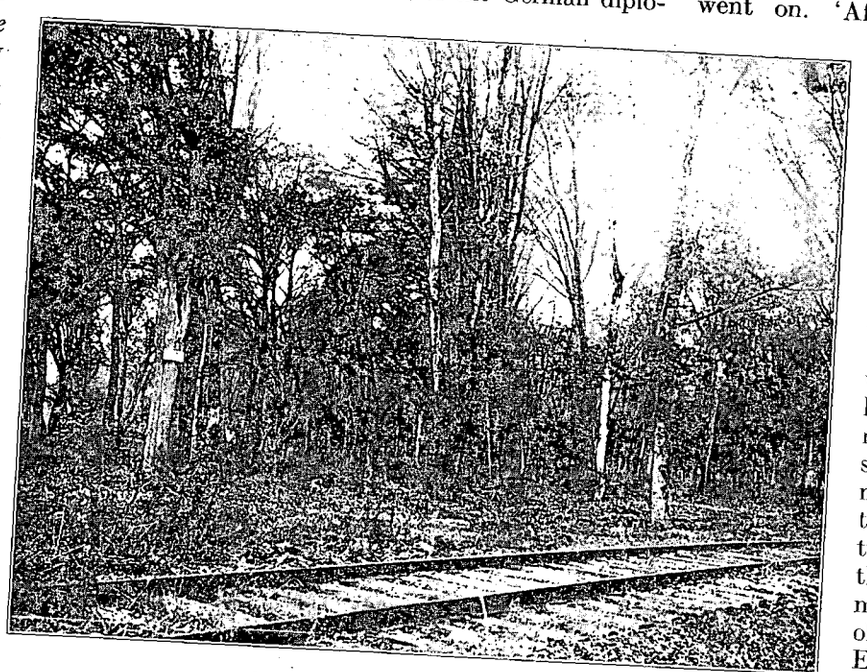
THE ARMISTICE CAR

Underwood & Underwood

IN WHICH the German and French leaders came to an agreement on terms. The car is now housed in a special stone building erected near Rethondes where the Armistice was signed. It is here shown in front of the Invalides, Paris.

only time that I was cutting. "I have no proposals to make." The four Germans looked at each other. "Well," said one of them, Count Oberdorff, "*Monsieur le Maréchal*, tell us how you want us to put it. Our delegation is ready to ask you for the conditions of an armistice." But I insisted: "Are you formally asking for an armistice?" "Yes." "Then please sit down and I will read you the conditions of the Allies."'

'Here Marshal Foch mimicked the scene and then, taking a sheet of paper, sketched in a few strokes the way in which the delegates were arranged around the table. There was, as a matter of fact, no formal arrangement, except that the French and the English were on one side and the Germans on the other, sitting down more or less at random. Marshal Foch had on his right General Weygand, his chief of staff, and on his left the English admirals, Hope and Wemyss. Exactly opposite the Marshal sat General von Winterfeldt, though he was only second in rank among the German plenipotentiaries. Matthias Erzberger sat opposite Admiral Hope. A German naval officer, Captain Vanselow, sat beside General von Winterfeldt, and Count Oberdorff, of the German diplomatic service, was side by side with Matthias Erzberger. Lieutenant Leperche, an interpreter, sat at the end of the table. Two officers of Marshal Foch's staff, Major Riedinger and Captain de Mierry, were seated at two little tables, in front of the maps and within reach of the telephones which were installed in the car.



THE SPOT NEAR RETHONDES

Wide World

FOREST OF COMPIÈGNE, where the Armistice was signed, as it appeared until recently. Only a simple wooden sign marked the historic spot.

'I BEGAN to read the conditions of the Armistice slowly,' Marshal Foch went on. 'After each paragraph I stopped to allow the interpreter to translate. Then I watched the men to whom I was talking and as the translation proceeded I studied the impression it was making in their faces. Little by little I saw disturbance spread over their countenances. Winterfeldt especially was very pale. I believe he even wept. When the reading was finished, I said simply: "Gentlemen, I will leave you the text. You have seventy-two hours to reply. At the end of that time you may let me have your observations in detail." Erzberger, however, became pathetic. "In heaven's name, *Monsieur le Maréchal*," he said, "do not wait seventy-two hours. Stop the fighting to-day. Our armies are a prey to anarchy. We are threatened by Bolshevism. Bolshevism may sweep all Germany and menace France itself." "I do not know in what condition your army may be," I answered. "I know only in what situation my own armies find themselves. Not only is it impossible for me to stop the offensive, but I am

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

giving an order for redoubling the vigor of the pursuit." Winterfeldt intervened in his turn: "But, *Monsieur le Maréchal*, it is necessary for our staffs to meet and discuss in detail the carrying out of the Armistice. How can they do this if hostilities continue? I beg you to halt hostilities for technical reasons."

'Again I replied, "Technical discussions can take place just as well seventy-two hours from now. Until then, the offensive will continue." That was the last of it. The four plenipotentiaries rose and departed.'

DURING the two days that followed, November 9th and 10th, Marshal Foch slept very little. He had no doubt that the German plenipotentiaries would accept his conditions; but wireless messages intercepted at the Eiffel Tower brought news that revolution had broken out in Berlin. Then Foch began to ask himself this disturbing question: 'What government did those men in the forest represent?' Nevertheless, on the evening of the tenth he regarded it as necessary to remind the Germans, through General Weygand, that at daybreak the next day the seventy-two hours would be over. Then they must sign or go.

Scarcely had Weygand completed his mission when Captain de Mierry, one of Foch's staff officers, was called to the telephone and a wireless message just received at the Eiffel Tower was read: —

> THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT to the GERMAN PLENIPOTENTIARIES at the ALLIED HIGH COMMAND. (*6.30 p.m.*)
>
> The German Government accepts conditions of the Armistice which were offered to it on November 8th.
>
> THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EMPIRE, 3084.

The cipher, 3084, represented the signature of the new Chancellor of the Empire, Ebert, who later became President of the Reich.

'Then,' said Foch, 'I slept no more. A little after two o'clock in the morning, the German plenipotentiaries came back to my car and began a final discussion. They demanded that, in view of the troubled conditions of all Germany, the army should be allowed to keep a larger number of machine guns to maintain order. I therefore allowed them five thousand machine guns and a hundred motor trucks. That was all. At exactly 5:15 in the morning they signed the Armistice, writing their names in big, angry letters. At seven o'clock I ordered my car and started for Paris. At nine o'clock I reached the War Ministry in the rue Saint-Dominique, and was shown into M. Clemenceau's office. He did not seem in a very good humor and he asked grumblingly: "What, have you yielded to the Germans?" My only reply was to hold out the document. I added that at eleven o'clock he might fire a gun and announce the end of the fighting. He wanted this to take place at four o'clock in the afternoon at the moment when he was mounting the tribune in the Chamber. But I insisted: "In two hours the last shots will have been fired and the firing will have stopped over the whole front. It is impossible to keep the populace of Paris from knowing." Some other people who were in the office, especially M. Barthou, joined me in my insistence. "All right," the Tiger finally agreed, "fire the gun at eleven o'clock." I had nothing to do now but retire. "*Monsieur le Président*," said I, "my task is finished. Yours is beginning."'

THERE were two questions which I wanted to put to Marshal Foch as I listened to his story. Others before me and others since me have asked them many times. If I reproduce them here, it is only to make this page of history complete. He has always made essentially the same reply.

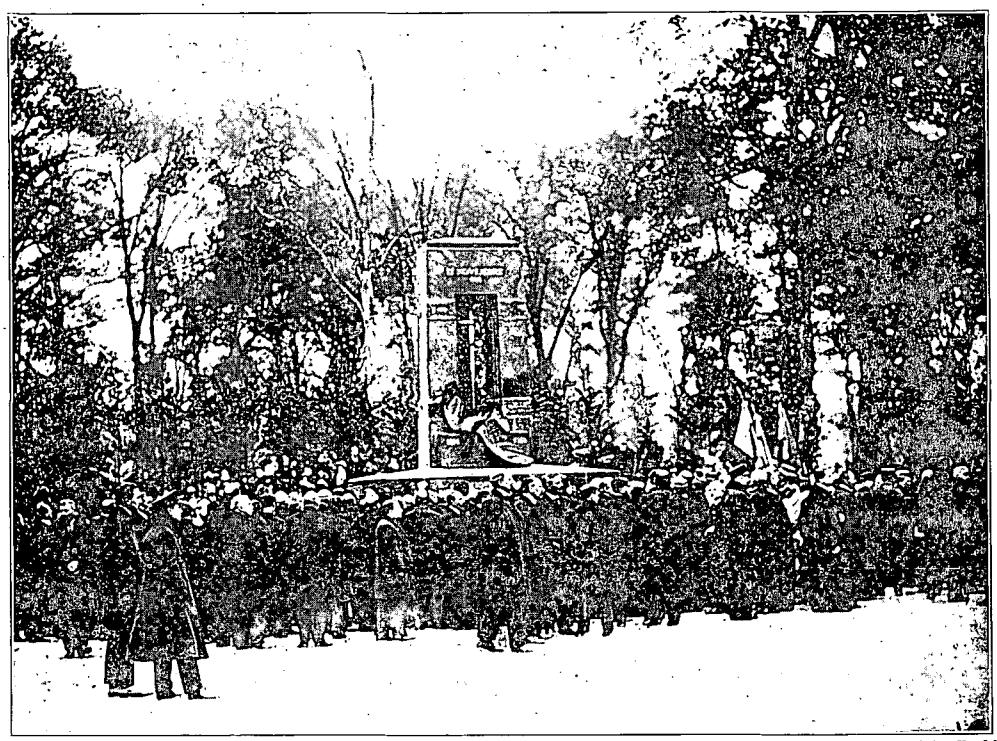
'It has been said, *Monsieur le Maréchal*, that the demand for an armistice took you by surprise and that the conditions of the Armistice were hurriedly drawn up during the early days of November.'

'That is false,' said the Marshal. 'I had been thinking about peace since the month of August and at the beginning of September I wrote to M. Clemenceau, saying: —

'"The end of the war is approaching. Send me an official from the Foreign Ministry to keep me in touch with the conditions of peace which you are preparing in order that our armies may occupy the regions that will serve as guarantee for the treaty you will make." M. Clemenceau replied that this did not concern me. I therefore drew up my armistice without knowing what kind of peace would be made.'

'It has been said, *Monsieur le Maréchal*, that you afterward regretted your armistice and were sorry that you had not made it harsher.'

'That is false, too. What is an armistice? A suspension of hostilities for the purpose of discussing peace, while placing the governments who have consented to it in such a condition that they can impose peace. Did the armistice which I signed on November 11th, 1918, fulfil that condition? Yes, because seven months afterward, on June 28th, Germany accepted every one of the Allies' conditions. My armistice enabled the Allies to make any peace they wanted. If the peace was not a good one, is that my fault? I finished my job on November 11th. Then it was for the governments to finish theirs.'

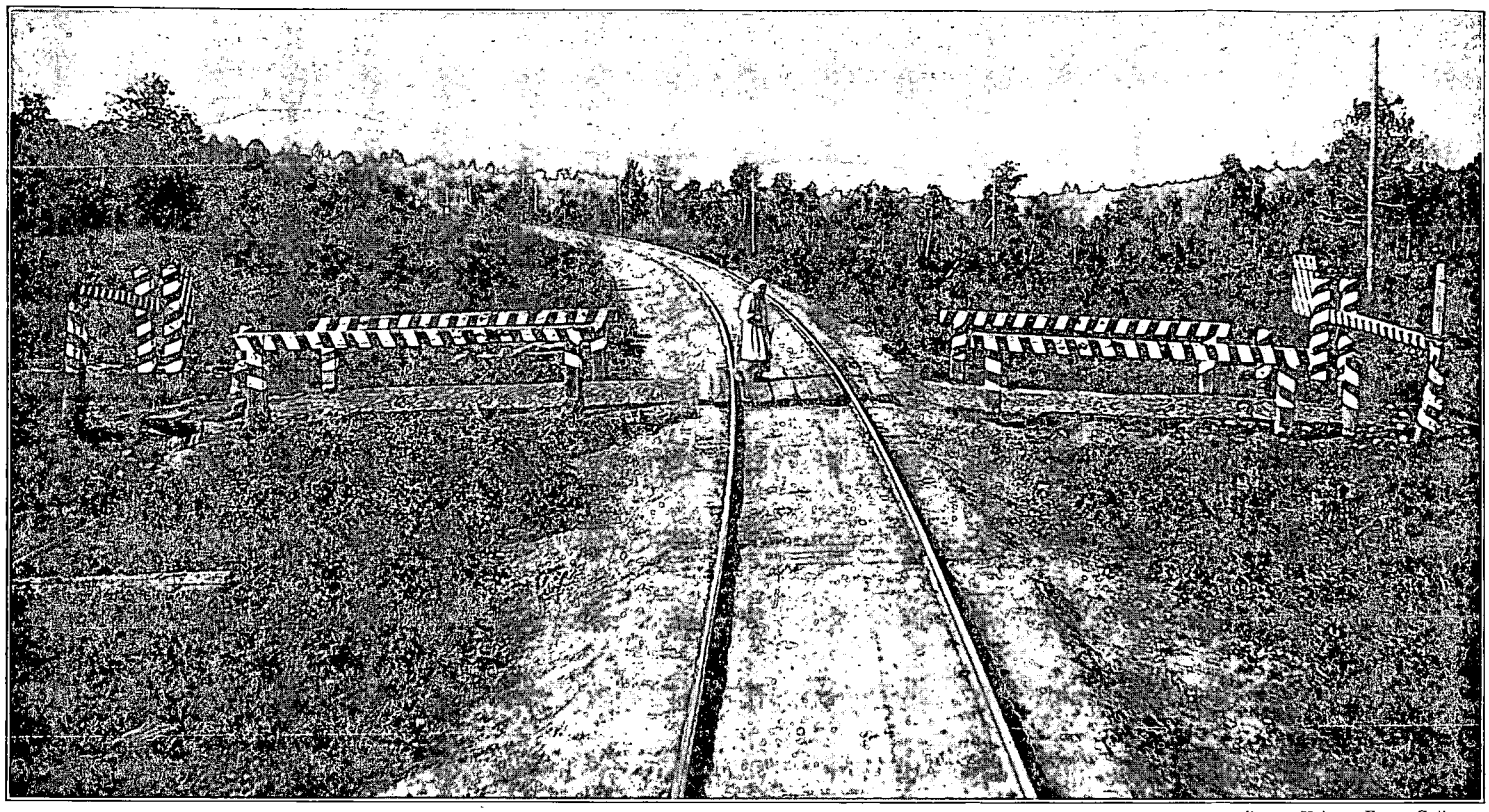


Wide World

THE ARMISTICE MONUMENT

NEAR RETHONDES which now marks the place where the Germans finally acceded to the Allied terms for an armistice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

SIX THOUSAND MILES OF RAIL

THE TRACKS of the Trans-Siberian near Irkutsk, a few miles west of Lake Baikal. Distinctive of this great railroad that sweeps from Moscow to the Pacific are the striped cattle-guards, with crudely counterpoised gates, shown above.

Across Manchuria on the Trans-Siberian

A Lone Frenchwoman Makes Friends with Three Russians during an Eventful Railroad Journey from Harbin to Verkne Udinsk

By Madame Claude Eylan

Translated from the *Revue Universelle*, Paris Nationalist Fortnightly

THE woman who runs the Grand Hotel in Harbin is also the local ticket agent of the Chinese Eastern Railway. She got us together every evening in the tiny office where we paid our hotel bills, and gave us what little information there was concerning the probable date of departure of the train for Moscow. The cleverest among us usually managed to preëmpt the two or three leather chairs which stood against the wall. The rest stood in a group in front of the counter, so closely packed that their elbows touched.

All service on the Trans-Siberian Railroad was temporarily suspended. For six days we had been waiting, while to our queries the agent answered only with a shrug which indicated her ignorance of what was happening and her powerlessness to do anything about it. The air was filled with questions asked in every language on the face of the earth.

'What's the matter?' 'Do you think we will ever get started?'

Fat, comely, and calm, the lady manager would only smile and say that she had no information whatever, except that there were no trains running beyond the Siberian frontier. If we wanted to go that far anyhow, and shiver in Manchouli, we were welcome to do so; but we would find neither the comfort nor the entertainment offered by Harbin. She, however, was the last person to hold us back; the Grand Hotel was full to overflowing and she was turning travelers away every day.

'My daughter in Berlin is expecting a child on the tenth!' squeaked a German matron. 'And it is already the third. Ach!'

'She'll have to wait,' murmured the Swiss engineer, who was not in the least hurry to get away, now that a night club entertainer had picked him out as her own among all the guests seated at the little tables that cost forty dollars apiece.

An Italian lady, with her arm around the neck of her little brother, struck a tragic attitude and wept hot tears designed to impress the masculine gallery.

'What shall I do, what shall I do? Curses on me!'

Smiling, silent Japanese slipped from group to group. I, who was one of the few women traveling alone, contented myself with sighing, although I could not afford to fritter away many more days, for my passport was valid for only a month, and I was forced to spend my nights balanced like an acrobat on a swollen mattress that I rented for a dollar an hour.

PUFFED up with importance, a little Jewish lawyer from Tientsin drew from his pocket a red wallet overflowing with mysterious-looking papers and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

began to riffle through them with a damp finger, without letting his eyes quit his young wife, who was flirting with an Hungarian doctor. This latter gentleman was the centre of a crowd, for he was both imaginative and humorous. He had no authentic information, but he felt that he should at least give us some hypotheses to play with while we waited for something better. Two Frenchmen took him by the arm and drew him aside.

'Tell us what you know about all this.'

'Heavens! It's all very simple. The Russians are mobilizing; that's all there is to it. They need trains, and the tracks must be kept open for them. They are gathering on the Siberian frontier, ready to invade China from the north!'

He had us all on tenterhooks with this preposterous idea of an invasion. Each, in his own mind, set to calculating his chances of safety in the general uproar which would certainly follow upon the coming of the Red Army. Dairen, Tientsin, and the ports by which escape toward Japan, America, and Europe was possible were several days' railroad journey away and very much crowded, as were the boats that left them. For that matter, in case of an invasion, the Chinese themselves would take over the railroad to transport troops. At the very least, we would have to let our baggage go . . . I, a lone woman who had only to pick up my dog and my valise to be ready to go, decided to wait a while before losing my calm.

We had almost given up hope that the train would ever leave, and some of us had already taken steps to obtain berths on an American liner, when the lady manager gave us our railroad tickets. The explanation of the delay was simply that the tracks had been washed out by floods near Lake Baikal.

ON THE platform from which the train was leaving, every race on the globe was represented; consuls fluttered like butterflies around pretty women of their own nationality who were going back home. There was a great deal of kissing of hands, presenting of flowers, and gallant conversation.

'Hurry up!' 'Au revoir!' 'All aboard!'

Out of breath and carrying at arm's length a magnificent mink coat, Paley, the best furrier in the city, came rushing across the tracks, scanning with a haggard eye the mass of faces that appeared in the train windows. Just as the train started, a tall Jewish lady who had been stamping angrily up and down the platform a moment before seized the precious garment and crammed a packet of American greenbacks into the merchant's open hand.

She took up almost the whole width of the corridor, and brandished her furry prize like a woman of some prehistoric German tribe displaying before her jealous mates the results of the chief's last hunting expedition. The women about her stood with their mouths open and gasped.

'How much did it cost?'

Ewing Galloway

A SOVIET AGRICULTURAL AGENT

LIKE SERGATIEV in this article, tells the peasants of a Russian village how to farm in the modern manner.

'Two thousand dollars, and not worth it,' she answered. 'I was frightfully afraid that Paley would not get it here in time. I didn't like the collar and had him change it.'

WE BEGAN to settle down in our places, but it was only a temporary measure, for twenty-four hours later we would have to change trains at Manchouli. The porters were placid Russian boys in blouses; they stubbornly maintained an air of abstracted calm in the face of the thousand questions shot at them by the passengers, and went quietly on with their work. One by one the berths were made up for the night: white sheets and bright red coverings. The Jewess with the mink coat was my neighbor. She spread out a pile of cigars on her berth and out of the corner of a threatening eye watched Pai, my Pekinese dog, who sat curled up at my feet with his tongue hanging out, mocking her. He knew what I was thinking, and so did she. Either she would put up with my dog, or her cigars would go flying out of the window.

Quite informally, as I expected, we opened conversation and made ready for the night. I discovered that she was the wife of a Nepman from Kiev. She had been on a month's visit to her brother, who was a high official in the Harbin offices of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and she was now returning home for a few weeks.

'I die of boredom in Kiev,' she confided to me, 'and I am happy only when my husband takes me traveling with him. He travels a good deal on business, and I almost always accompany him. Russia is so dull, so depressing. There is no more elegance, no more show. How much better I like your brilliant Paris!'

She knew all the night clubs of Montmartre (the spirit of the Grand Dukes is, after all, not dead, or, at least, it is come to life again!). She knew all the great *couturiers*. 'When one is abroad, one must dress well, my dear. At home, it is not considered proper; we wear proletarian dress.'

But what on earth is she doing now? Leaning over the wash basin, she wets the lining of her mink wrap under the arms and at the collar, and rubs the figured silk between her thin fingers. 'It's for the customs officers,' she explained to me. 'To make them think that I have already worn it, and that it made me perspire.'

THE train moved gently forward between embankments covered with flowers. Then we began to pass whole fields of wild flowers: daisies and peonies and marigolds. The great expanses of yellow, white, and red reminded me of the fields of hyacinths and tulips in Holland. Here, however, because they grew wild among the wild oats, they looked fresher and more graceful.

We changed trains at Manchouli, after having passed through the combined customs of the Chinese and the Russians. I had no difficulty whatever, for I had taken care to send all the papers that I had with me (perfectly innocent, incidentally) by mail to my Paris address. This is a necessary precaution which helps both the Soviet police and the traveler. For in this way, if the gentlemen of the police see fit to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

open, read, and copy one's private papers, they have all the time in the world to do it, and nothing can get lost; whereas, in the hasty examination of baggage that must be given at a frontier customs house, the customs officers, who are naturally not polyglot, are forced to confiscate all papers which they cannot read and which are therefore suspicious.

I did not think the Red guards particularly impressive. Russian bayonets are a little more slender than the cabbage cutters the Chinese use, but that is all. Red caps or caps piped with red make just as good a head covering as the gray skull caps with black visors of the Chinese. Gray, green, blue, and hazel eyes perhaps look a little more familiar than the narrow black eyes to be seen on the Chinese side of the frontier. Yes, I think that, after all, these people are more like us of the West.

I WAS lucky enough to get a compartment alone. It was neither very new nor very clean, but mere solitude was something of a comfort.

During the trip, I made three Russian friends: a Soviet consul (I never discovered to what country he was assigned); a Soviet agricultural agent; and . . . a porter. The consul was the most helpful; perhaps he had greater authority than the others. He was a squat, chubby little man, as blond as a crust of new baked bread, and he helped me in a thousand ways. It was he who, when we left Harbin, persuaded the conductor to accept my dog. In the stations at which we stopped, he interpreted for me when the people refused to understand the garbled Russian that I had at my command. He bargained for postal cards, paper, cigarettes, and the innumerable souvenirs with which I filled a sack which I had bought for the purpose. When we stopped at primitive lunch counters where one had to fight one's way with one's elbows to get a plate of *borsch* or of chopped fish, there he was again, to save a seat at a table for me and to see that I was served. In most things he was agreeableness itself; but when I asked the natural questions of a curious traveler in a Communist country, he suddenly became stubborn. His only answer to my queries was a fleeting smile and tight-shut lips. 'Why don't you answer me?' I would ask. The smile would spread, but the lips would not open.

Sometimes I would insist: 'Come on. Explain to me why there is more than one class on Russian trains!' His smile fled, his expression became fixed, and it was obvious that the subject must be changed. I did not persist. I changed it.

THE fact that there are several classes of seats on the railroads of a Communistic country has always been incomprehensible to me. I myself was traveling first class; the Jewess with the mink coat was also traveling first class. The consul was in one of the four seats of a 'soft car' (a kind of second class). The agricultural agent traveled third class in a compartment which contained four berths of varnished wood. At night, the occupants of these latter compartments spread out the mattresses which they had brought with them on the hard wood. In addition, I saw other types of cars when we stopped at stations, cars which looked like cages in which a grumbling crowd of ragged unfortunates cooked their dinners and slept on shelves set one above the other, the space between them hardly as large as a bureau drawer.

My second friend, Sergatiev, the agricultural agent, had the mildest eyes I ever saw. Dressed completely in gray, he wore the traditional *rubashka*, *chevarery*, and *sapogis*. He allowed his long, sleek hair to grow down his cheeks, and he had a modest little dry cough which he was always trying to hold back behind his long teeth. He talked only Russian, and spoke with a little cooing sound deep in his throat, which trailed off in a sort of low rattle. When I invited him to come and sit in my compartment for a while, he stood in the corridor and drank with one gulp a glass of tea with lemon that I had given him before he entered, and then he said, 'Karochi dieni' (good evening). He sat down with his left leg doubled up under him, rolled the edge of his tunic nervously between his fingers, and set to teaching me the names of the trees, of the flowers, and of the birds which were swooping over the steppes. He knew exactly how many versts separated each town from the next, for he spent his whole life going from village to village all along the Trans-Siberian 'to inspect agricultural conditions' and to report once every three months to the Soviet Commission of Agriculture in Moscow.

'You ask what I inspect?' he said. 'The condition of the forests, the fields, and the villages.'

'And the attitude of the people?'

Sergatiev smiled. (I never saw a Russian laugh during all my trip; they merely smile.)

'Ah, yes, the peasants are too often rebellious. Nevertheless, they are happy under the Soviet régime, though they remain ignorant, self-centred, and greedy.'

'They own land, do they not?'

'No doubt. But many of them rent their holding to neighbors with more energy and more initiative.'

'And their harvest? I am told that the peasants are forced to sell it to the State at a price fixed at a ridiculously low level.'

'Only part of it. They can sell what

Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

THE SKIN HUT OF A SIBERIAN SETTLER

THE ESTABLISHMENT of the Trans-Siberian was rapidly followed by the appearance of a thin line of pioneer settlements along its path and up the river courses which it crosses. This family lives near Strjetnsk, on the Western Manchurian border.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remains at whatever price they please to the kulaks (rich peasants), who organize to buy up the village harvest; or they can sell it to Nepmen.'

'Then why are they complaining?'

'Many of them complain for the sake of complaining — because they have lost their cattle, because agricultural machinery, gasoline, salt, steel, and so on, are sold by the State at high prices — too high, they say.'

'But certainly that is as good a reason as any?'

'They claim that they are being exploited for the benefit of the proletarians in the cities, whom they would like to starve in order to get rich themselves.'

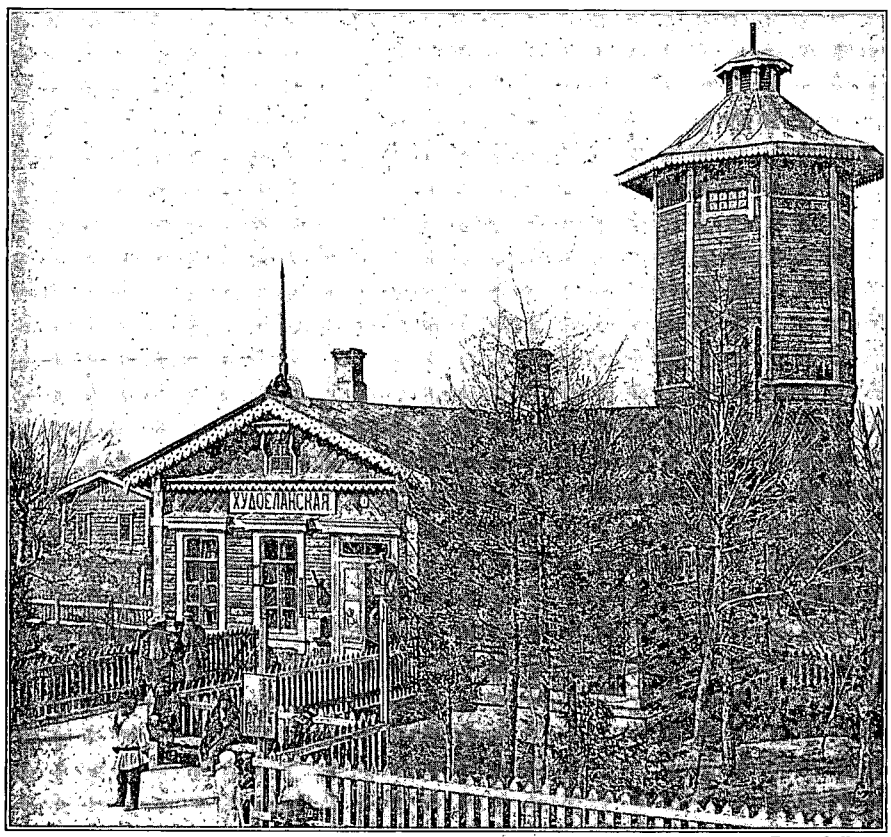
'Is there no basis for this claim?'

'They own the land,' said Sergatiev stubbornly, 'and they can vote. In their houses there are often two rooms to a family; they are better housed than the city dweller.'

IN THE distance, at the foot of low green hills, separated by immense birch forests or by endless meadows, villages of miserable wooden houses stretched the long booms of their primitive wells toward the sky. Squat communal dwelling houses were surrounded by muddy courtyards. Many of them, built of wood of lighter color than the others, were new; for often fires, frequent in summer, will sweep through a whole village in a single night, and the peasant immediately rebuilds his new house on the ashes of the old. In the fields nearby, one sometimes sees a peasant, spattered with loam, walking behind a prehistoric plough. On the other hand, a few versts from Chita I saw a modern plough and a modern threshing machine which dated from just before the War. Bands of horses wander all day long over the meadows. In the evening, horsemen riding bareback gather the herd together and drive it at a demoniacal gallop toward the village. If I could only leap from the train and follow them in their wild course! . . . From birch woods cut by little rivers came delicious breaths of fresh air; the silver trunks of the trees looked like rivulets of clear water.

The other travelers would have nothing to do with Sergatiev. In the corridor, standing between the door of one compartment and the next, I was overwhelmed with prudent advice. 'That man is a spy, a purveyor to prisons and cemeteries. Look out for him! In Russia, you know, the security of foreigners is not guaranteed; you may very well wake up some fine morning in prison. Look out!'

'Such a mild man,' I thought to myself. 'After all, it might be possible. Well, let him spy on me as much as he wishes. I am doing nothing that is in the least harmful or suspicious.'



Ewing Galloway

A VILLAGE DEPOT ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN

DOZENS OF SUCH WOODEN STATIONS, each one like the one before, were seen by the author at frequent intervals along the long ribbon of the Trans-Siberian from Harbin to Verkne Udinsk. The water tower at the right is inclosed for protection from cold.

FINALLY, there was Dmitri, my porter. Such a friendship would probably shock Europeans traveling first class; but no matter. Playing bridge, digging up the dead gossip of Paris, of Peking, of Shanghai — no thank you! I am no worse at it than the next person, but one can do that anywhere; whereas, to exchange ideas and opinions with Dmitri, a Bolshevist Russian porter (and a real Bolshevist, if there ever was one), while the Siberian forests slip by is a piece of luck not to be found twice. The worst of it was that he was good-looking, which is unpardonable. Twenty-five years old, a head of golden hair bright as the sun, beautiful teeth, and a look in his eyes that was by turns full of childish wickedness and painful melancholy, according to the time of day, the color of the sky, or any passing fancy.

He spoke French with the aid of a grimy pocket dictionary that he kept inside his blouse. In his spare moments, when he had finished sweeping up one place and was loath to begin upon the next, he gave me lessons in Russian. My desire to learn and my rapid progress encouraged and flattered him. He would come into my compartment without knocking, sit down upon the seat beside me without being invited, take my cigarettes nonchalantly, and, when my supply was gone, advise me ingenuously to borrow some for him from the other travelers. '*À la russe*' (this was his way of saying 'Here in Russia,' with an air of mystery that was quite amusing), '*À la russe*, smoke very much. Smoke cost money. Me, *niet deneg* (no money).'

Though he borrowed my cigarettes shamelessly, Dmitri did me many services which were well worth a few puffs of smoke. In the morning he brought me tea with cream in it '*à la française*.' He also put on my table a pile of Russian periodicals only a month old: *Inprekor*, *Pravda*, *Byezbozhnik* (the famous *Godless*). '*À la Moscou*,' he said, 'my wife saves these for me and I take them off with me when I start out.'

'I should like to study,' Dmitri said to me one day.

'Well, why not?'

'I had to leave school and go to work when I was sixteen; I am not a bourgeois.'

'Has not everyone the opportunity to study as long as he wishes?'

'Everyone must work. *À la russe*, the workmen do not work in order to permit a few others to continue their education.'

'But if you all leave school at sixteen,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what will become of your science and your art?'

To this I got a startling reply: 'That makes no difference so long as no one is more comfortable or better off than his neighbor. If someone else possesses more than I, I am humiliated, and we all feel the same way.'

DMITRI had not shaved in two weeks. 'You look like a hedge hog,' I said to him. 'I am afraid of you.'

'*Niet deneg.*'

'Take this and get a shave at the next station.'

When the train stopped, he ran to get himself shaved at the barber's, and returned still running, just as the train was pulling out.

'Here! I bought a postal card for you,' he panted. 'And look, I have two copecks left!'

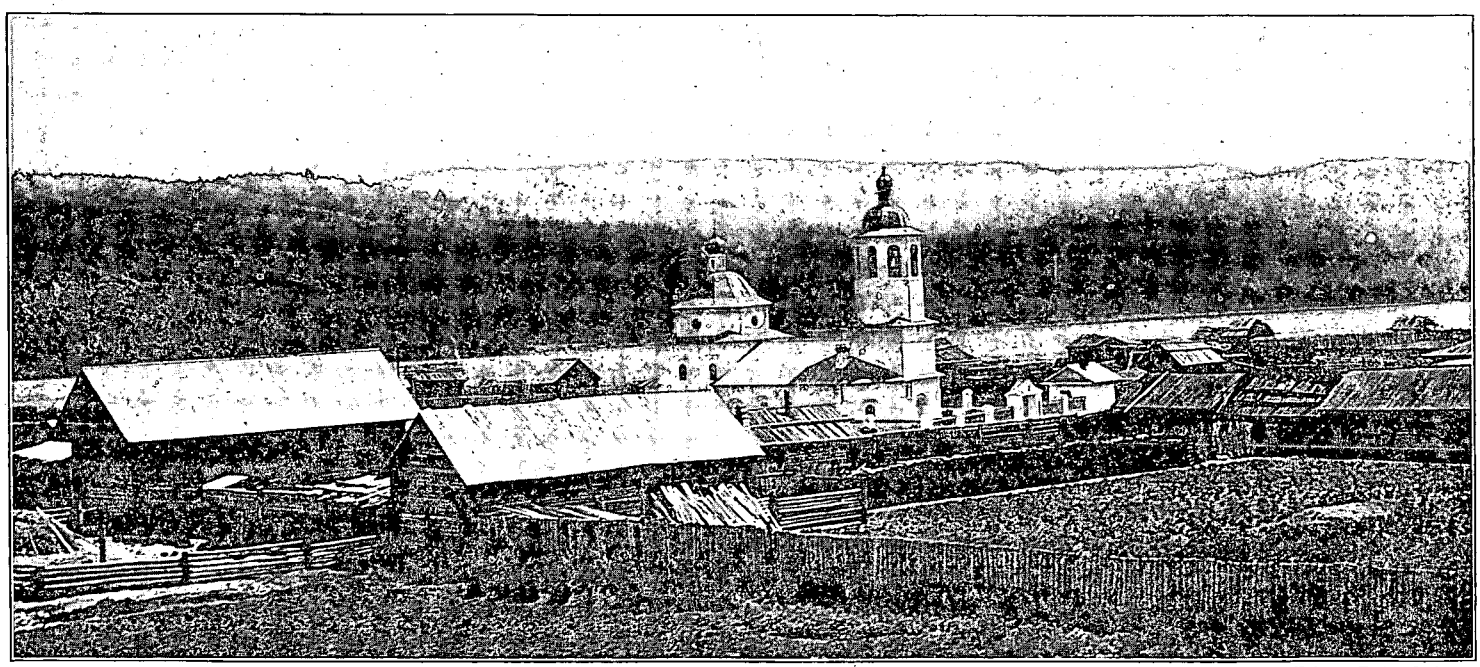
'Listen, Dmitri! I shan't want this dress again. Would you like it for your wife?'

'We don't take tips or presents,' Dmitri declared with finality. 'But,' he added ingenuously, 'make it into a package and put it up on the baggage rack at Moscow before I leave the train. I'll get it.'

The train stopped once or twice a day to disgorge travelers upon little platforms, each one of which looked like the last. We were glad of the opportunity to stretch our legs, and made our way past groups of filthy peasants who were drowsing with glassy eye as they leaned against the wall, sprawled on benches, or lay face down upon the ground. There were wan little bearded Russians, squat Buriats, tan and emaciated Chinese or Mongolians, giants from Turkestan. They looked like emigrants gathered together on a steamer's deck, ready to return home. In spite of the heat, the men wore boots of felt or of leather; whereas the women, although they had on full skirts, left their legs bare above short stockings and ordinary shoes.

To reach the station itself one has to climb a wooden stairway to a raised wooden platform. In the combined waiting room and restaurant, grouped on benches surrounding the tall tile stove which was quite useless at that season of the year, sat the notables of the village, their pipes projecting from bushy whiskers, innocent of scissors or comb. They examined us with neither hostility nor sympathy, but with a look of ironic cunning in eyes that were cold and piercing, the eyes of every tiller of the soil.

Near Verkne Udinsk, the train, which had been moving more and more slowly, stopped in what looked like open country, and we were all very much excited. What little information could be obtained by those travelers who spoke Russian fluently or who 'had a pull with the conductor' indicated that the right of way which had been damaged by floods between Verkne Udinsk and Lake Baikal was being repaired, and that we would be forced to leave this train and take another which would start off from the far side of a bridge several miles beyond. 'How long will we stay here?' 'Nobody knows.' 'Ridiculous! how long will it be, two hours, a week?' 'Nobody knows.' 'Tell us, at least, what the minimum will be.' 'Nobody can tell.'



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

THE STEEPLES OF VERKNE UDINSK

NEAR THIS SIBERIAN VILLAGE, which spreads out through rich meadows along the River Selenga, near magnificent Lake Baikal, the author's train was finally halted by floods.

An Account of Madame Eylan's Journey from Verkne Udinsk to Moscow Will Appear in an Early Issue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters and the Arts

Clemenceau Writes of Claude Monet — England Suppresses an English Novel — The Student's Friend — Music Comes into Its Own — The Genius of Kiazim Bey — The Lament of Wu Pei-fu — A Missionary to Christendom — Homage to Don Jacinto

Clemenceau Writes of Claude Monet

For a statesman of world-wide reputation to enjoy the quiet friendship of a painter is unusual enough; for him later to write a book about it is unprecedented. It would be difficult, for instance, to think of Calvin Coolidge, retired to the green mountains of Vermont, giving the remainder of his life, or any large part of it, to writing a definitive biography of John Singer Sargent. It would be an equal strain on the imagination to picture Stanley Baldwin stepping down from the Prime Ministry of Great Britain and turning the same pen that now scratches out speeches on Imperial preferential tariffs to the less strictly businesslike task of writing a life of Augustus John. Yet Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, has pared his claws and has performed just this service for his old friend, Claude Monet. Clemenceau has been in stubborn retirement since the Treaty of Versailles; he has spoken only at the rarest intervals, and then gruffly. This biography is his first book since *Demosthenes*; and, in the opinion of the British critic, E. V. Lucas, who saw an early chapter, and wrote of it in the London *Sunday Times*, it may prove to be the most interesting of all.

Monet died at the age of eighty-three in 1923, a blind old man stumbling about in the unseen sunshine of his riotous nasturtium garden. Clemenceau lives on at eighty-seven, though the terrible fires of his days in politics are now banked and quiet. What he will tell in his new book of the painter's life and the hours the two spent together in that same garden where Monet did his last work, and where the flowers had always been allowed to run wild to please the statesman's whim, will apparently constitute a very human judgment of a great artist, presented largely in the form of quoted conversations.

In the chapter which Mr. Lucas quotes, M. Clemenceau tells of speaking to Monet of how differently the two men looked upon the world: he, the practical man, noting only the superficial impression of color; Monet, the painter, looking analytically beneath the colored surface to see how the light was built. Monet was often reproached by Clemenceau for that analytical habit of eye, as well as by Sargent, who once called Monet's coloring 'perhaps the only genuine document of the optical phenomena of astigmatism.'

'You cannot understand,' Monet replied to M. Clemenceau, 'how true is all that you say. It is the joy and the torment of my days. So much so that one day, finding myself at the bedside of one who had been and would always be very dear to me, I caught myself, my eyes fixed on the tragic brow, in the act of mechanically looking for the tones that death had just engraved on the still face. Tones of blue, of yellow, of grey — how many? That is how far I had gone. It is only natural to wish to reproduce the last picture of one who is going to leave us forever. But even before the thought came to fix forever the features I was so fond of, I was automatically moved by the colors, in the unconscious manner which was a part of my everyday life, and the reflexes interested me in spite of myself. But enough of the beast who turns the millstone. Pity me, my friend.'

M. Clemenceau recounts another significant conversation, which took place in Monet's famous garden after the painter, then approaching the last stages of blindness, had undertaken the tremendous task of putting the colors of his water garden on canvas. His friends had protested strongly, fearing that the blind old man would necessarily fail, and thereby lose completely a reputation which at that time was still precarious. But Monet pushed stubbornly ahead; and, when he had finished, called Clemenceau to see the series of canvases.

'This will be my last word,' he told the Tiger. 'You were afraid that I would spoil my picture. I, too, was afraid. But, how I don't know, confidence came to me in my misfortune, and I saw so well, in spite of my mists, what had to be done, that my faith kept me going. Now, look at it.'

'I was wrong,' replied M. Clemenceau, after having stared at the canvases. 'You are so much an artist that you, with your defective eyes, have achieved the harmonies of vision, and your eyes have led you to the perfect blend of colors.'

'It is an accident,' said Monet. 'It is finished. I am blind. I have no longer any reason to live. However, understand me: while I am alive, I shall not allow these panels to leave the studio. I have reached a point where I put my own criticisms before those of less practiced eyes. . . . I wish to die without knowing what people think of them. I have given the canvases to my country. I leave them to her for judgment.'

It was M. Clemenceau who later saw to it that these canvases, the *Nymphéas* series, were housed permanently in the Orangery of the Tuileries when Monet died; and they remain there to-day for any visitor to see.

England Suppresses an English Novel

The suppression of a novel, *The Well of Loneliness*, by Miss Radclyffe Hall, and the proposal of censorship laws in Belgium and in Ireland have caused the most widespread discussion of the value, purpose, and methods of literary censorship. That some kind of restriction is necessary almost everyone seems to admit; but no two people seem able to agree upon the extent and methods of this restriction. The present situation calls for a Daniel of whose coming there has been no sign.

The working of the existing censorship law in England seems to lay the responsibility for the suppression of a book on one man, the judge before whom the book is condemned. In the case of *The Well of Loneliness* a London magistrate, Sir Chartres Biron, ruled that the matter to be decided had nothing to do with the literary merit of the book or the intention of the author in writing it, but was entirely a question of whether or not the book came within the definition of obscene. The defense offered the testimony of a number of prominent people, authors and publishers, as 'expert evidence,' but the court ruled that the question on which these witnesses were 'experts' was not under consideration. 'The fact,' said Sir Chartres, 'that the book is well written is no answer to these proceedings, because otherwise we should be in the preposterous position that the most obscene books would be free from stricture. It must appear to everyone of intelligence that the better an obscene book is written the greater the public to whom it is likely to appeal.' The defense then made the point that the book deals, in a sober and reverent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manner, with facts of life about which the most extremely unjust misconceptions exist in the public mind, and which have no connection with anything vicious or perverted. It was submitted that this is the view held by standard authorities in medicine and psychology.

Sir Chartres found, however, that although the book was dignified and restrained in manner it presented an appeal for the recognition by decent people that sexual inversion exists and is not the fault of the person who suffers from it; therefore he judged the book an obscene libel and ordered all copies of it destroyed.

Meanwhile discussion of the censorship question continues both in England and in Ireland. Some of the best and wittiest things that have been said about the Censorship Bill in Ireland are contained in an editorial article by George Bernard Shaw in the *Irish Statesman*. He says the question is not merely what books the Irish are going to allow each other to read. 'Ireland is now in a position of special and extreme peril. Until the other day we enjoyed a factitious prestige as a thorn in the side of England, or shall I say, from the military point of view, the Achilles' heel of England? We were idealized by Pity, which always idealizes the victim and the underdog. The island was hymned as one of saints, heroes, bards, and the like more or less imaginary persons. Every Don Quixote in Europe and America, and even actually in China, made a Dulcinea of Kathleen ni Houlihan and the Dark Rosaleen. We thought ourselves far too clever to take ourselves at the Quixotic valuation; but in truth even the most cynically derisive Dubliners (detestable animals!) overrated us very dangerously; and when we were given a free hand to make good we found ourselves out with a shock that has taken all the moral pluck out of us as completely as physical shell shock. We can recover our nerve only by forcing ourselves to face new ideas, proving all things, and standing by that which is good. We are abject cowards when confronted by new moral ideas, and insanely brave when we go out to kill one another with a physical equipment of artificial volcanoes and atmospheres of poison, and a mental equipment appropriate to stone axes and flint arrow heads. We incite our young men to take physical risks which would have appalled the most foolhardy adventurers of the past; but when it is proposed to allow a young woman to read a book which treats sexual abnormalities as misfortunes to be pitied instead of horrors to be screamed at and stoned, an Irishman arises in the face of England and madly declares that he is prepared in the interests of family life to slay his children rather than see them free to read such a work.'

The moral, says Mr. Shaw, is obvious: unless Ireland can govern herself without letting an hysterical minority hobble her in extreme and foolish laws she will disappear altogether as a cultural force in the world. Which wisdom is wisdom outside of Ireland as well as in.

The Student's Friend

EVERYONE has at some time in his career been a student. Recalling those times which regard for literary convention compels one to call happy, one's most vivid recollection is, perhaps, of worrying incessantly over one's inability to be quite certain of thoroughly understanding the lectures and one's want of capacity perfectly to retain them in the memory. This resulted in periodic anxiety as to success in passing an examination — an anxiety great before entering the Examination Hall but intense after leaving it.

One's student days would have been happier had one known that there existed means, easily available, whereby the intellect might be increased, the memory made infallible, and all anxiety as to the result of an examination removed. For this information most students' gratitude would have been unbounded; surely this generation of students, similarly situated, will welcome the information.

One Valentino Kräutermann, M.D., of Arnstadt in Thüringen, published at his home town and at the larger Leipzig, in 1730, a delightful little 16mo which he called *Der Thüringische Theophrastus Paracelsus Wunder- und Kräuterdoctor oder der Curieuse und Vernünftige Zauber-Arzt* . . . that is to say, 'The Thuringian Theophrastus Paracelsus Miracle-and Herb-Doctor or the Unusual and Rational Wizard-Physician . . .'

Although the volume is nearly two centuries old, no one acquainted with modern German will find any difficulty in reading it. The only difference is in the type and orthography: the German had not learned to cut out superfluous 'h's,' 't's,' 'e's,' etc., to change every 'c' of the Latin tongues into 'k,' or to print Latin words in his own hideous type.

The book is all Magic; not Satanic Magic, the author is careful to explain, not '*Teufelische Magie*,' not '*Zauberey oder schwartze Kunst*,' but '*die mathematische und künstliche Magie*,' '*Magie Naturalis*.'

And the author was assuredly a wonder. He could cure everything from warts to cancer, from toothache to jaundice. Not the body alone, but the mind also received his medical attention — and here is where the student comes in. Dr. Kräutermann could make all sorts of things animate and inanimate appear in sleep; the anxious student will have special interest in knowing 'how one may dream at night what is going to happen to him.' The means is perfectly easy: 'Wear the jewel, onyx, on hand or neck and it will happen.' Now the student worrying how he is going to come out on his examinations need worry no more; buy, borrow or — no, we shall not say steal — an onyx ring, wear it, and there you are.

He had an especial eye for students. We have a whole chapter devoted to defective memory, the doctor saying: 'For strengthening the memory, particularly in students, one finds recorded in various works many kinds of medicaments. Some recommend the gall of a partridge rubbed on the temples once a month.'

Then he tells a story from John Schramm's *Fasciculus Historiarum* about a Catholic priest's losing his powers of reading and writing while he was otherwise normal by drinking his own blood, and recovering his lost powers a year after by doing the same thing at the same time and at the same place. He does not warn his readers that Schramm's *Historiae* are nearly all of them 'stories' in the nursery sense of the word; nor could he have realized this himself, for he swallowed them whole without a gag.

Then we are told: 'The best white frankincense, finely powdered, drunk in wine when the weather is cold, or in a decoction of grapes in the summer, at sunrise and also at noon and in the evening when the moon is waxing, strengthens the memory beyond all measure.'

Rhazes and others extol the virtues of the tongue of the Hoopoe hung on the neck as an amulet. A splendid thing for strengthening the memory is *Spiritus Magnanimitatis Laurenbergii*, for which the prescription is as follows: 'Take half a handful each of basil, marjoram, salvia, balm-mint, and valerian; as much as can be taken up by three fingers of the flowers of borage, salvia, primrose, rosemary, and mayflower. These, shredded, put in malmsey and let soak; then take of this infusion of wine one portion, put it in a glass and bury it in an ant-hill in such a way that the ants can creep in; when, say, four or five handfuls have fallen in, stir it with a stick and drown them. Pour the remainder of the infusion upon this and set it fourteen days in the sun. Then distill it, adding one ounce each of confection of sumac and cinnamon, half a scruple of saffron and twelve grains of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

musk, and all is ready. Take of this every morning one spoonful in good wine — it strengthens the memory splendidly.'

Now follows, as one of the most powerful strengtheners of the memory and of the head, the celebrated *Balsamus Muem-cephalicus*. 'This prescription, it is said, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, bought of an English doctor for ten thousand gulden . . . and the effect of which is so great that if a man reads or hears it once, he will not forget his life long.' As it has no less than nineteen ingredients, I do not copy it; however, the ingredients, thoroughly pulverized and mixed with each other, are to be distilled in an alembic over a carefully graduated fire and the oil so separated. The use is, for the first two months, one drop a day and the nostrils and ears touched with it; the next two months, every third day; the next two months, twice a week; the next, once a week; thereafter for a whole year, once a fortnight.

We are not astonished to read: '*Thut grosse Wunder*' — it works great miracles.

Let no student, then, (1) fail to appreciate the lectures, (2) forget what he has learned, or (3) worry over the result of his exams; follow the injunctions of Dr. Kräutermann and be happy.

Music Comes into Its Own

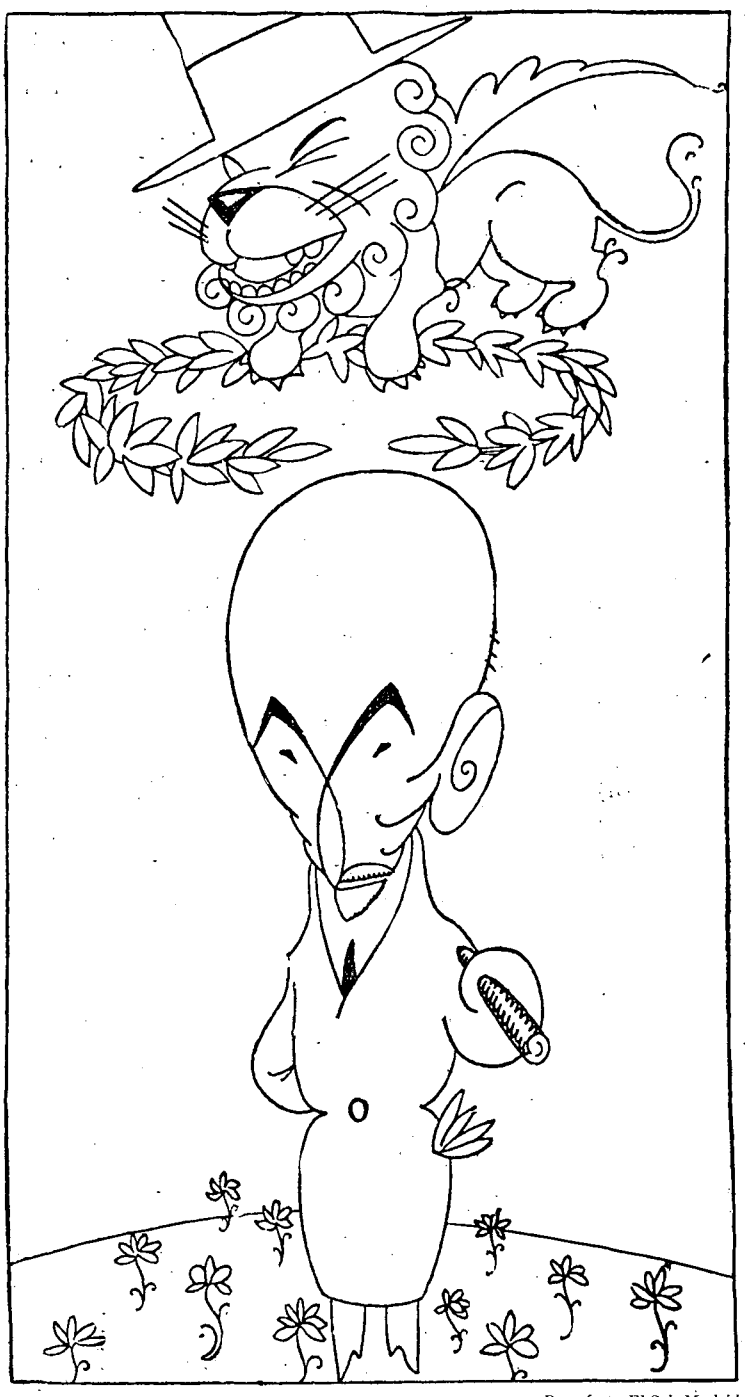
THE advent of the improved phonograph and of electrically recorded disks, as M. René Dumesnil points out in a recent number of the *Mercure de France*, is at last putting music on a plane with the other arts. Music can now be 'frozen' or 'canned' for future use in a way analogous to the 'freezing' of poetry upon the printed page.

Musical art has long suffered from a disadvantage which other arts do not know. When a sculptor hammers out a bust, the result of his effort is a solid bit of matter that stays where it is put, tangible and immutable, until someone comes and puts it elsewhere. It can be looked at, felt of, and even copied, for thousands of years, or at least until someone who does not understand it, or thinks ill of it, decides to destroy it. Then actual effort must be put to its destruction. When an architect builds a building, if reasonably durable materials are used, the result will stand until armies, barbarian or civilized, rush over the site, or until it is replaced by another structure. Similarly, the art of painting produces a tangible, permanent thing; the canvas endures to be enjoyed until, accidentally or purposely, it is destroyed.

Since the fifteenth century the literary arts have had the same advantage. Before the invention of writing, the poet recited his poem, and as soon as silence fell again it was gone. Its only trace was faint in the memory of his hearers, and only through their memory could it reach posterity. But when it became possible to write the poem down, and then to print it in any number of copies, the limit on the size of the poet's audience fell away. Now the only limit is imposed by the poet's own ability to interest his audience; if he writes things that interest the world, the world will eventually see to it that there are copies enough of his work so that anyone who wishes may enjoy it at any time.

In music, however, the old handicap still held. The violinist moved his bow across the strings and music existed, he stopped and the music stopped. It existed within a certain duration of time only; when the final chord died away the memory of it alone was left. But the marble statue does not die away; it stands there as solid and as beautiful as ever whether we are looking at it or not. And the book stands on the shelf waiting to be opened whenever we wish to enjoy the poem again.

The invention of printing did not result in quite the same emancipation in music as it did in literature. For between the printed sheet of music and the mind of the hearer are two processes; the music has to be read and it has to be played or sung. A few people, fortunate in natural gifts and education, can go to a library where there are music scores but no instruments, and sit and enjoy music simply by reading it over. Most of us,



Bagaría in El Sol, Madrid

Homage to Don Jacinto

Spain chose on December first to pay a unique tribute to Jacinto Benavente, foremost of living Spanish playwrights. The dramatist's admirers were asked by newspapers throughout the country to mail to him, in the capital, cards upon which they had noted the title of that one of his plays which they most preferred. Literally thousands answered the call, and the mails from every province were choked for three days with congratulatory letters and cards addressed simply, *Don Jacinto Benavente, Madrid*. Bagaría, the brilliant Madrid cartoonist, ironically depicts above the playwright's calm acceptance of the laurel wreath from the lion of Spain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, whether we can play or not, find it necessary to hear music to get anything from it at all. In other words, in what we hear, two creative acts are necessary, the composing and the playing.

One way to avoid this difficulty would be to teach everyone to play one or more instruments. But even the achievement of this fantastic ideal would not produce the result that is, as it were, being thrown in our laps by modern science. The term 'canned music' need no longer be an epithet of scorn now that the 'canning' process is really successful. It is quite as legitimate to have Beethoven symphonies on records waiting to be heard whenever you wish, as to have Shakespeare tragedies on your shelf waiting to be read.

In Europe, interest in phonographs and records has grown enormously. Many new companies are springing up and issuing records; the music of the present and of the past is being recorded until it will soon be possible to hear from records almost any work that is worth hearing, as well, it is understood, as many that are not. Many of the British and Continental magazines are opening departments in which new recordings are criticized and the latest developments in the processes of reproduction are discussed. And the European reviews, like the American, are full of advertisements of records and of phonographs which can be bought, as in the United States, by making a 'small first payment.'

The Genius of Kiazim Bey

NO one can tell what strange and unexpected advantages may be derived from the advances of science. An unanticipated application of the latest theories of the physiology of the brain has been brought to our attention. The professors and doctors are generally of the opinion that the activities of the mind are accompanied by slight changes of some sort in the cortex. The cortex, if you are too long out of the class room to remember, is the coating of nerve cells on the outside of the brain among which connections of some sort are established in the process of learning. Activity in the mind, say the experts, is always accompanied by activity in this gray surface of nerve cells. The experts are still worrying about just what that activity may be, but for our present point their indecision need not detain us. Suffice it that the cortex usually has wrinkles and valleys in it; the more indented the surface the greater the area, and thus the more machinery for thought. There seems to be evidence that persons of great mental ability have many wrinkles in the cortex.

Now a certain Kiazim Bey, a Turk and a poet, lately wrote some poems that did not please the critics. As is their nature, the critics expressed their disapproval in good set terms, to the great distress of Kiazim Bey. He himself is convinced that the poems are good, that they could, in fact, have been written only by a genius. Being a modest man, however, he did not feel that he could state outright that he actually was a genius. Besides, people might not be willing to take his word for it. So he cast about for a way of proving quite coldly and scientifically a fact that should have been obvious to anyone who troubled to read his verse.

He visited a clinic and had X-ray pictures taken of his brain. With the development of the prints came his vindication, for he found that he had a brain of exceptional size covered with a maze of wrinkles and valleys. Such a brain could produce only masterpieces! He shipped the prints off to the critics to confound them, and held his head aloft again. The world, all unknowing, held at least one man who had been proved a genius.

The Lament of Wu Pei-fu

THOSE who have followed the complicated political affairs of China for the past few years may remember the name of Wu Pei-fu. He was one of the ablest of the generals who were fighting to put China under some sort of stable rule; his career was meteoric, leading from one victory to another until it began to look as if he would become a dictator strong enough to unify his country. But just at the moment when his hopes seemed the highest, he was deserted by his aid, General Feng Yu-siang; his power crumbled like a house of cards and he had to flee for his life. He went into hiding somewhere in Szechwan and was for a time supposed to have entered a Buddhist monastery, using an assumed name.

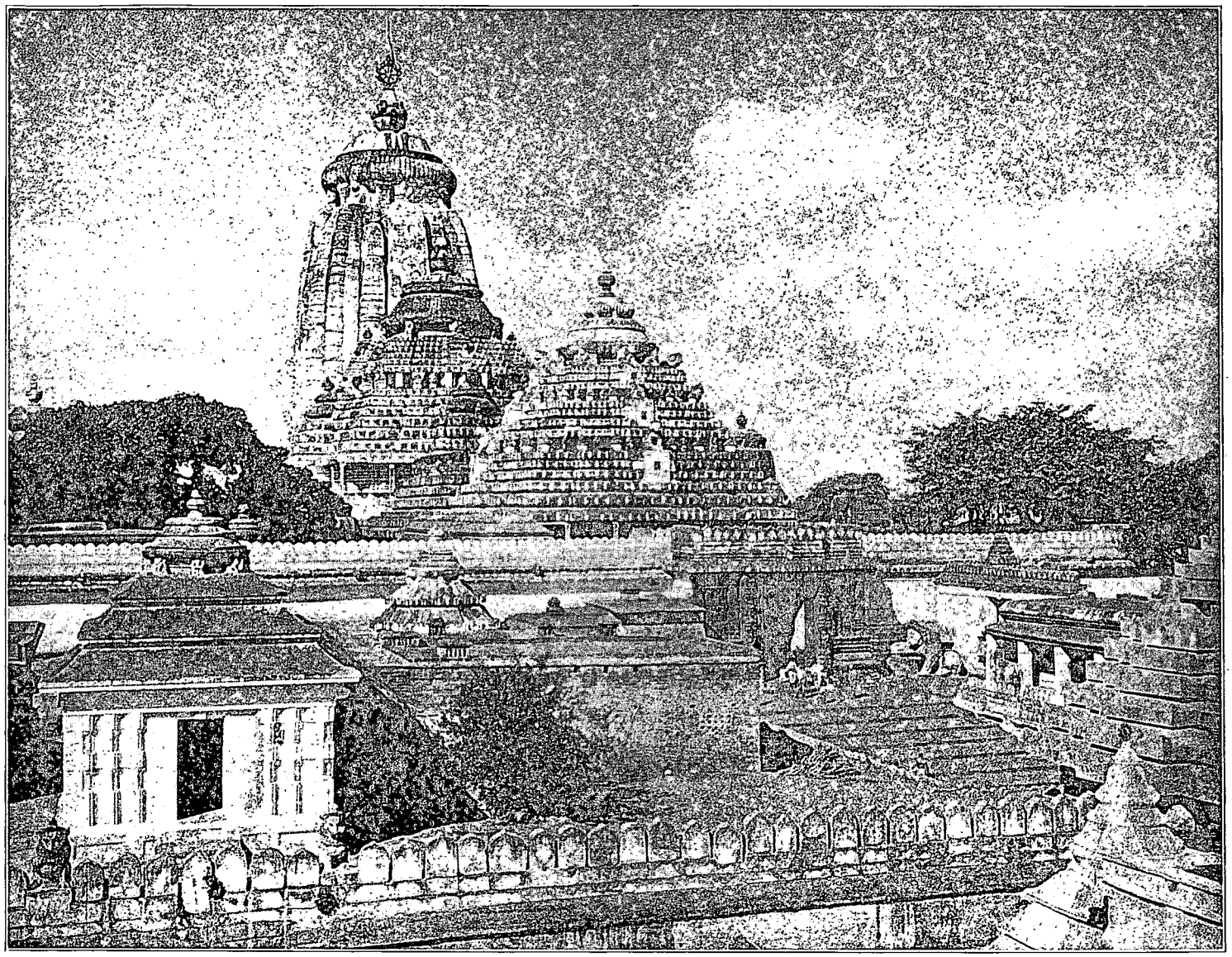
Although no one seems to know where he is, poems signed by Wu circulate in China from time to time and cause considerable comment because of their melancholy longing for the good old days when he was an almost-dictator, and their veiled intimations that some day he will return. A translation of one of his poems appeared recently in the London *Times*. It is obviously the work of one with the finest classical Chinese education, a swan song of the militaristic period of Chinese history: —

High are the hills of Shu [Szechwan], cloud-scraping!
Thus are the roads of Shu harder than going to Heaven.
The darkness falls, like benighted wayfarers we ask
Which way shall we take at the forks of the road?
Sadness and disappointment fill our heart.
Those who stop steal a rest (and we envy them).
But those who must needs go on, meet toil and trouble.
A few bodyguards accompany the General on a solitary horse in the pass, with a ragged banner.
The stones on the road are like iron. Outside the tent, blood-red and ominous is the sun!
There is no cart carrying our food and baggage!
The uniforms of the guards, once so fair, are now hanging in tatters!
Still, we shall never forget how to draw the sword in mortal combat.
We who have slept with our swords under our pillows, how shall we ever part?
Do you not recall the famous soldiers who once garrisoned Kwei Tze beyond the frontier?
Lonely, miserable, and hungry though they were,
Yet they gaily sang songs in exile beyond the passes!
The hills of Shu are far, far from the Isles of the Blessed.
The spring breezes fan not the branches of the trees therein.
The hungry eagle, when sated with food, soars away;
But he does not surpass in height of flight the vulture and the crane.
The warrior does not flee to avoid danger, which only gives him his chance to show his bravery.
He will yet slay the robbers like a devouring fire.
And water his horse once more in the waters of the Yangtze.
But now he returns — bathed in sweat as in a shower of rain
Without the rewards of valour on the field.
Alas, how heroic is the warrior!

A Missionary to Christendom

PARIS recently received a visit from a distinguished guest whose presence passed almost unnoticed. A few papers ran short notes about him and he gave one or two lectures to small audiences, but he had almost no attention from the general public. His Eminence T'ai-hsiu is Abbot of the monastery of Nan-Pou-to at Amoy in China, President of the Buddhist Association for Education, and is in Europe more or less in the character of a missionary. He wears the traditional yellow robe of the Buddhist monk, a hat very much like a cardinal's, except that it is black, and he has the wrinkled face and benign eyes of a Chinaman grown old in the study of ancient wisdom. His manner before his audience is at first strained and diffident, but he soon warms to his task of expounding the Buddha's doctrine of peace and renunciation of desire, and speaks with great animation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From 'India,' Courtesy B. Westermann & Company

JUGGERNAUT'S TEMPLE, PURI, INDIA

THE GREAT HINDOO SHRINE whither annually flock thousands of pilgrims to catch a glance of their god, Juggernaut, as he is drawn through the streets by a thousand sweating devotees.

The Car of Juggernaut

India's Great Religious Festival as Seen by a European

By F. Yeats-Brown

From the *Spectator*, London Liberal Weekly

JAGANATH is an earless, legless block of wood, about a yard high, smothered in tinsel and brocade, decked in immense pearls and rubies. Above the glitter, his painted mouth looks suitably cruel. People still sometimes throw themselves under his car when it is harnessed to three thousand pilgrims at his festival at Puri, but not often. When the police are not looking, and where the press of pilgrims is thick, some poor widow may go to her bliss under his sixteen wheels (her relations may even give her a little push toward heaven), but on the whole life is safer than it used to be and the police more efficient.

For uncounted centuries Jaganath has been the symbol of the oldest living faith and the adored of millions. A hundred *devadasis* dance in his honor. He has a score of elephants to attend him. The revenue of his temple is kingly, and he has two locked cellars which are knee-deep in jewels. No white man except Lord Curzon has ever seen them or penetrated to his inner shrine. When he rides in his car, on his day of days, escorted by his brother Balarama and sister Subhadra, surrounded by his priests and worshiped by his people, he goes on such a tide of human love and faith as we in the West may never see.

LOVE and faith are miracles whether they inform single minds or multitudes. But the thing which passes unseen at the altar or in some hand clasp becomes so visible and so vivid when it takes place at Puri simultaneously in the minds and hearts of two hundred thousand people, that it stuns the senses. One can only stammer about it. Some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day psychologists may be able to explain how the *pandars* (who have given a verb to our language) influence the crowd; how the priests, elephants, flowers, bugles, and heat combine into a single emotional complex. As for me, I shall only try to take a morning out of my life and put it into a page of print, without analysis.

We are at the Lion Gate, then, in the Temple Square of Puri, in a roped-off inclosure containing privileged spectators and the cars of Jaganath, Subhadra, Balarama. The cars are cottages on wheels, several stories high, beflagged and betinseled, with a central room for the god. On the front platform sit gilt idols of the drivers, with elbows and wrists in regular coaching style. Ropes thick as a man's wrist lie coiled below the cars, to each of which will be harnessed a thousand pilgrims. The car of Jaganath has three such traces, the others two. Outside our inclosure — where we stand with priests, pundits, retinues of rajahs, police officials, the Temple manager — squats the huge concourse of the people of Brahma. Only the pandars remain erect, fanning their flock with fly-whisks, sprinkling it with holy water, explaining to it the proceedings, for many of the pilgrims are strangers from far places, and ignorant.

WHEN the Lord Krishna was meditating with legs crossed in the lotus posture here at Puri, they tell their charges, a hunter mistook the upturned sole of his left foot for part of a deer, and shot him. Before dying, Krishna forgave the hunter; then he abandoned his mortal body and it became transformed into Jaganath, Lord of the World, symbol of the godhead. Soon he will emerge from the shrine where he has lived for ages, on his yearly pilgrimage to his consort, Lakshmi, at the Garden Temple four miles away.

Already there is a stir at the Lion Gate, for the sister of the Lord of the World is coming. The pandars tell the pilgrims, and the pilgrims lift up their voices. The pandars join hands in worship. The pilgrims join theirs. The pandars sprinkle and fan the squatting hosts and there is a seething and a crying. The voice of the crowd is like the purr of a tremendous tiger. The palanquin of Subhadra arrives on the shoulders of a hundred priests, preceded by another hundred walking backwards.

TWO hours pass, but Time is an illusion of Siva, destroyer of Forms. The square is packed to suffocation. The sun peeps in and out, raising the temperature to 100° F., and then blanketing us in clouds. Balarama has come, but still the Lord of the World delays.

Now at last the backward-moving priests appear for the third time, and with them come elephants like castles on a checkerboard of brown bodies and white clothes, and waving white *chowris*, and wild braceleted arms. Jaganath has a peacock fan bigger than the Pope's, and his conchs are stranger than the silver trumpets of Saint Peter's. A throng seems to be fighting round him. The sun blazes over pandemonium. The ropes are broken. Hot bodies surge by me and over me to the car of Jaganath. Priests and pandars try to beat them down with rolls of matting, but good-humoredly, for this always happens. The people will not be denied touch with the deity.

Through these ecstasies and agonies Jaganath is borne to his seat. With each step taken the peacock plumes come forward. Through the tumult one can hear a rhythm, as if the fan kept time to a chant. Jaganath is ready to go where Lakshmi waits.

NOW an odd thing happens, which I wish the Simon Commission could see. A British police officer, sweating and disheveled in his khaki, appears before the car. His duty is to see that the god reaches the garden of his desire. It is a ticklish business, for Jaganath is so holy that he cannot be moved backward, even an inch. Should his car take a slant across the square and butt against a house, the house must come down.

The Superintendent of Police directs the human horses with a whistle. A thousand men are clustered on each rope. When the Superintendent sounds a blast they take the strain, and the traces stretch and stretch, like pieces of elastic. Slowly, smoothly, the sixteen wheels revolve. Everywhere between them, above, below, on every side, men and women and children are clinging and crying and trampling and fainting. A glimpse of Jaganath is fertility to the barren, heart's-ease to the sad, sons and kine to the householder.

Nearby, a temple elephant, with forehead of gold and the red eye of Siva painted on it, stands very thoughtfully. He has seen this show a hundred times. Pilgrims salute him, touching his trappings of cloth of gold and then their foreheads. They give him money, putting annas and even rupees into his trunk, which he swings up lazily to a mahout almost as *blasé* as himself. Not quite, however, for the mahout has only seen the show fifty times.

The crowd is mad with delight. Showers of marigold, jasmine, and money fall on the car. The elephant sways on his soft feet and blinks, not cynically, but with a very wistful wonder. The life of India flows by him, turbid, frenzied, yet wrapped in its own inscrutable mysteries. Why does it grovel before Jaganath, when the *rishis* rejected idolatry several thousand years ago? The elephant seems to share my feelings. Neither he nor I know how it is that the blind have been made to see by Jaganath, and the dumb to speak.

DO YOU doubt it? If you have seen these people of Puri and caught a little of the spirit of that far-off shore, you will know that wonders still walk this earth. Everything is possible here, but comprehension is not easy for those whose nurture has been different, whose climate is kind, whose traditions are concerned with conquest of races or environment.

The Indian, like our early saints, is interested, not in machines, but in the souls of men. In his mind germinated *bhakti marga*, whose light rejoiced all Christendom when it passed through the crystal of Saint Francis. It was an Indian also (Sankara) whose principles of meditation must surely have inspired Loyola. To-day we are further from the ages of faith, but it would be the commonest of vulgar errors to believe that guns and engines have won us a moral as well as material superiority over 'simpler' minds. The two cultures have much to give each other, but to bridge the gap between them will require an imagination that can stretch like the ropes of Jaganath's car.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

American Statesmen in European Eyes

Recently Mussolini had occasion to write a letter to General Cavallero who was retiring from the Ministry of War to devote himself to the manufacture of armaments. Mussolini thanked him in advance for his expected services in the latter field where 'much remains to be done, in spite of a certain Mr. Kellogg.' The *Berliner Tageblatt* (Berlin independent daily), with gentle irony, adds its tacit comment by headlining the dictator's statement. From such rapier thrusts in our direction we turn uncomfortably to the friendly gesture of the London *Observer* (Conservative weekly) which has pleasant things to say about Ambassador Houghton: 'The American Ambassador holds what is now the most important diplomatic office of its kind in any capital. Whether for our own sakes or for his, we cannot pretend to be sorry that he missed election to the Senate in the recent campaign. At this juncture in the world's business Providence evidently had another opinion of where the biggest work was to do. Mr. Houghton does not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and it is possible that his reserve has sometimes been misunderstood. But it is simply true to say that in this country the longer we know him the better we like him; and we venture to think it not improbable that he feels the corresponding idea about us. Mr. Houghton's return to his embassy is one asset.'

Notenkraker, Amsterdam

I. H. S.

A Dutch jibe at American armaments, titled '*In hoc signo vinces*,' and reflecting Dutch opinion on the American cruiser bill.

What Is the American Spirit?

One would not suppose that Mexican and British opinions on the mentality of Americans would have much in common. Yet there is a curious resemblance between the following view of *El Universal* (Mexico City independent daily): 'The infantile optimism of the Yankee is fundamentally negative; he flees rather than pursues; his optimism is fed with sensations — films of adventure with a happy ending, boxing, tragedies given a hundred columns in the press on the one hand, and the jazz orchestra with its accompanying bacchic dance on the other,' and the reaction of St. John Ervine to his American experiences and personal contacts as dramatic critic for the New York *World*. Writing in the London *Observer*, Mr. Ervine says:

> On the one hand, there are the generosity and responsiveness to idealism of America, and the indubitably beautiful architecture. On the other hand, there is the mob-mood, the timid gregariousness, the fear of individuality and the terrible impatience with prolonged effort. The desire for culture is keen, but it does not cause many people to devote their lives to its pursuit. The American wants quick results. Quick, quick, quick. He does not write a letter when he can telephone — his telephone service is fine, his postal service is awful — and he is daft about telegrams. He is becoming hysterical about speed, and childlike about mechanical devices. He is the Great Peptoniser. Two or three years ago the secretary of a woman's club wrote to me in London. She said that the members wished to study drama during the coming winter, and would I be good enough to tell her the name of a good book on the subject? During the preceding winter they had studied music, and during the winter which preceded that one they had studied philosophy. I told her of the names of a number of books, and added that I was interested to observe that her society devoted three or four months to the study of music and philosophy. In our effete country, men devoted their lives to the study of one of these subjects! . . . Life is too easy for people here, and money, when it comes, comes too quickly and too bountifully. It may be that America is about to enter on a period of great flowering. On several occasions in *The Observer* I have stated that America seems to me to be in the same state of exuberance and fervor that England was in when Shakespeare was a boy. I have described Mr. Eugene O'Neill as the Marlowe of America, and on the whole I still believe that to be a true description, although I know of no man of genius who suffers from such grotesque lapses as Mr. O'Neill. Out of this ferment of vivid lives something superlatively great must presently emerge, and it may be that a boy is now playing in some village of America who is destined to be America's Shakespeare. The stuff is here waiting to be distilled into poetry. The young alchemist will find richness all round him.

The Absurdity of Anti-Evolution Laws

Europe in general and England in particular have been slow to recover from amazement and grief at the American attitude toward the realities of science. The *Manchester Guardian* (British liberal weekly) shakes an admonishing finger and talks of a '*reductio ad absurdum*' in American thought: —

> The law which was passed to preserve the school children of Arkansas from the contamination of Darwinian biology seems likely to save them the trouble of acquiring much other useful knowledge. It is illegal in Arkansas to let any child into the secret that he is either 'descended or ascended from a lower order of animals.' An inquiring

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scholar may well wonder how it could be possible for him to have descended from something lower than himself. The object of the law, however, is to prevent him from ever asking any such questions. And here is the difficulty. Knowledge, after all, is one, and it is hard to find a modern dictionary or encyclopædia which is innocent of all illegal references to evolution. The Encyclopædia Britannica, with its voluminous essays not only on biology itself but on Darwin and all the other arch-heretics who have followed him, is clearly beyond the pale of the law in Arkansas. So, too, is that standard work of reference, Webster's International Dictionary, which declares that the theory of evolution is 'based on facts abundantly disclosed by every branch of biological study.' Thus most of the reference books in schools and libraries in Arkansas must be toppled from their shelves, outlawed, banned, or possibly burnt. In the view of some of the chief opponents of the law that is the best thing to be done with them, for thus, in an extreme example, could its absurdity be best demonstrated.

The European as Tourist in America

BECAUSE of the formidable cost to foreigners of travel in the United States, it is rare to find travel articles devoted to American routes and facilities for sightseeing in the European press. The *Neue Züricher Zeitung* (Swiss democratic daily) recently published a brief article on the joys of touring on this side of the Atlantic: —

'In Europe, one sees strange lands, strange peoples. In America only different aspects of one land and of one people, certain variations from the general type. One can best come to know the main type by a prolonged stay in one place, preferably Chicago; travel shows one the deviations, the Chinese in San Francisco, the Mexicans in Los Angeles, the negroes in the South. Europe shows the visitor primarily a past; America has only the present to show. It makes a ludicrous effect when America talks of the past — some 200 years. It makes a painful effect when one is shown the tiny remnant of the Indians which has not been annihilated, and when an Indian lets himself be photographed for twenty-five cents.'

The writer marvels at the efficient standardization which characterizes tours in the United States, especially in the national parks. The trip proceeds as if by magic. Baggage seems to take care of itself automatically. 'The tourist, an atom in a large mass, has no cares; his only duty is to keep watch for the times of departure.' The European traveler does not find the railroads as comfortable as they might be for long journeys, and complains particularly of the sleeping cars and the observation platforms, which have room only for 6 or 8 people. But he finds compensation in that 'the greatest reward of such a journey is the impression gained of the tremendous unity and diversity of the country. Everywhere one meets the same race of men, the same customs, but also a variety bestowed by nature. One travels through the industrial sections of the East, the infinite corn and wheat fields, and the cotton belt; through the parts of Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico that remind one of Africa; one learns to know, in the course of trips by automobile, the sections of Colorado that are like Switzerland, and the beautiful cities of the West; one sees everything that one cares to see, and the richness and beauty of the land keep one in a state of wonderment. And during the whole journey there is no annoyance whatever from passport officials and customs inspections.'

POOR UNCLE SAM!
'AMERICA celebrates the Hoover victory.'

Anglo-American War?

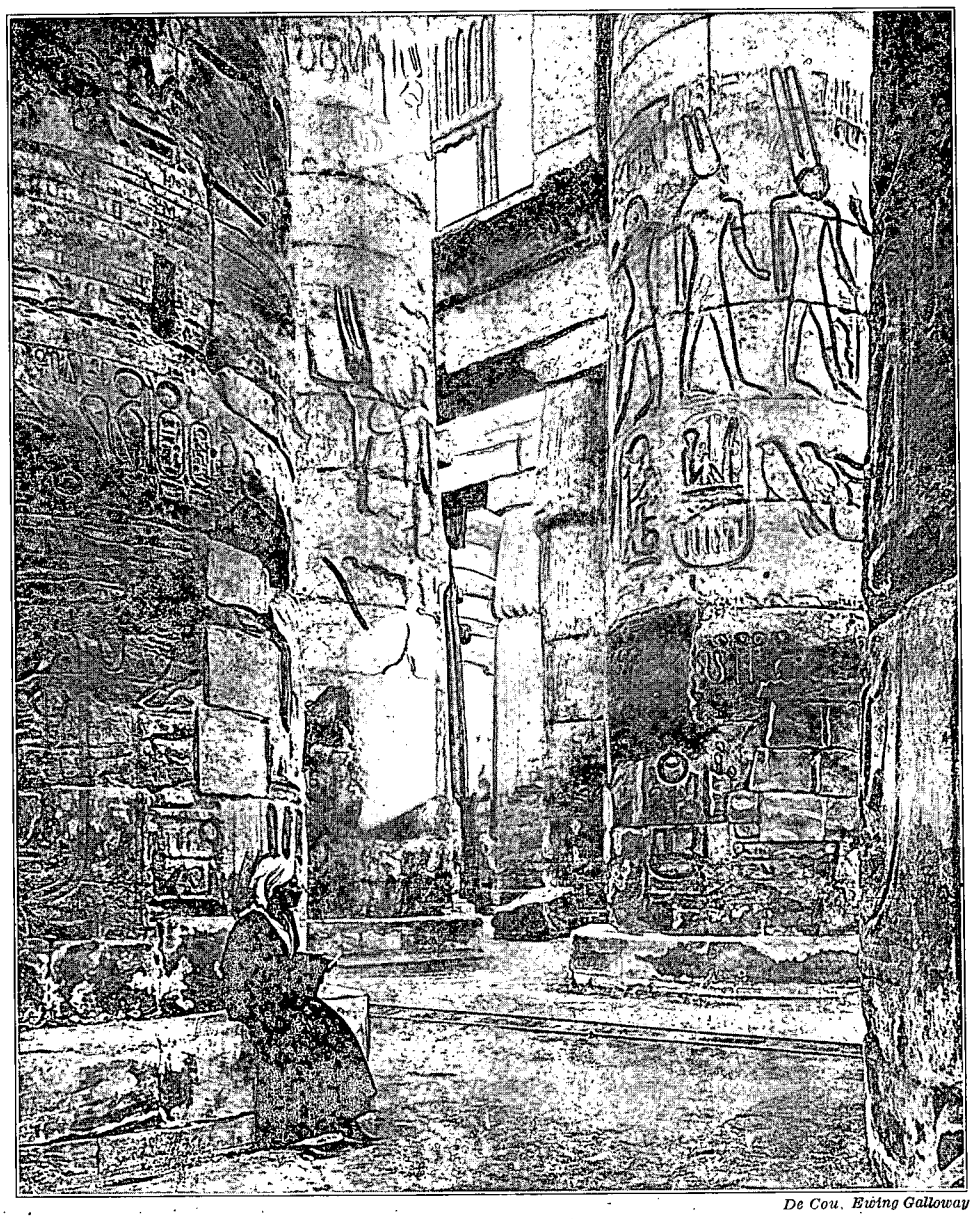
THE complacent attitude of many Americans and Englishmen toward the 'impossibility' of an Anglo-American war under any conceivable circumstances is bitingly attacked in the *National Review*, a London Tory monthly edited by J. L. Maxse.

'We should not care to go so far as to say that a great many Americans seriously contemplate war with Great Britain,' says the editorial, 'though there are far more Jingoes in the United States of America than the *Times*, for example, is aware of — they probably outnumber the Pacifists. They are a political power, and it is notorious that any politician on the make becomes extremely popular whenever he manifests against England. As we had a sufficient dose of war from 1914 to 1918 to last us for some considerable time, we obviously want, and need, Peace, which is incontestably the greatest British interest. We are more likely to get it if we recognize that not a few Americans are always spoiling for a row with us, and are never so happy as when they are fulminating against John Bull, after the manner of Big Bill Thompson of Chicago. They don't always mean all they say. It is a habit to blackguard the British, but a dangerous one, as one fine day, in their excitement, they may manœuvre a weak-kneed Washington Government into a position from which it would be difficult to withdraw without "trouble." We should envisage this eventuality, and do everything in reason to avoid it.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVELING INTO THE PAST

BETWEEN THE NILE and the Euphrates the world's oldest monuments await the modern traveler.



De Cou, Ewing Galloway

PILLARS OF ANTIQUITY

THE TREMENDOUS COLUMNS of the great hall of the temple at Karnak, up the Nile from Cairo.

World Travel Notes

From the Nile to the Euphrates

EGYPT'S flat Mediterranean coast prevents Alexandria from being seen until one's ship enters the great harbor. Then, in front and to the left, is the Mohammedan quarter. Shapeless, blank-walled houses whose windows give only on inner courts overhang the dirty and irregular ways. To the right of the steamer pier lies modern Alexandria, with trams, motors, traffic police. Could this have been, for a thousand years, the gorgeous capital of the Ptolemies? Did Cleopatra's needles — now of the Thames Embankment and New York's Central Park — once rise imperiously in the Place Mehemet Ali? The senior clerk in Claridge's Hotel, just up the avenue, says yes. He is as familiar with Egyptian history as with the tricks of sly porters and touts down at the steamer landing.

All day long, except for the quiet noon hours, one may rub shoulders with Arabs, Greeks, Sudanese, Syrians, Turks. Some are musicians, some sweetmeat vendors. White-turbaned clerics go cheek by jowl with brown-skinned water carriers, beggars, lazy bazaar tenders. Another side of Egypt is conjured up by mention of pyramids, heat, the strange odor of camels, the Valley of the Kings, the far distant desert, like a limitless sandy sea.

'We never made a better investment, from whatever point of view we may look at it.' Thus speaks an Englishman of the Suez Canal. Even so, it is not attractive to the tourist. Port Said, its Mediterranean entrance, is where one takes the train for 'the mother of the world,' Cairo.

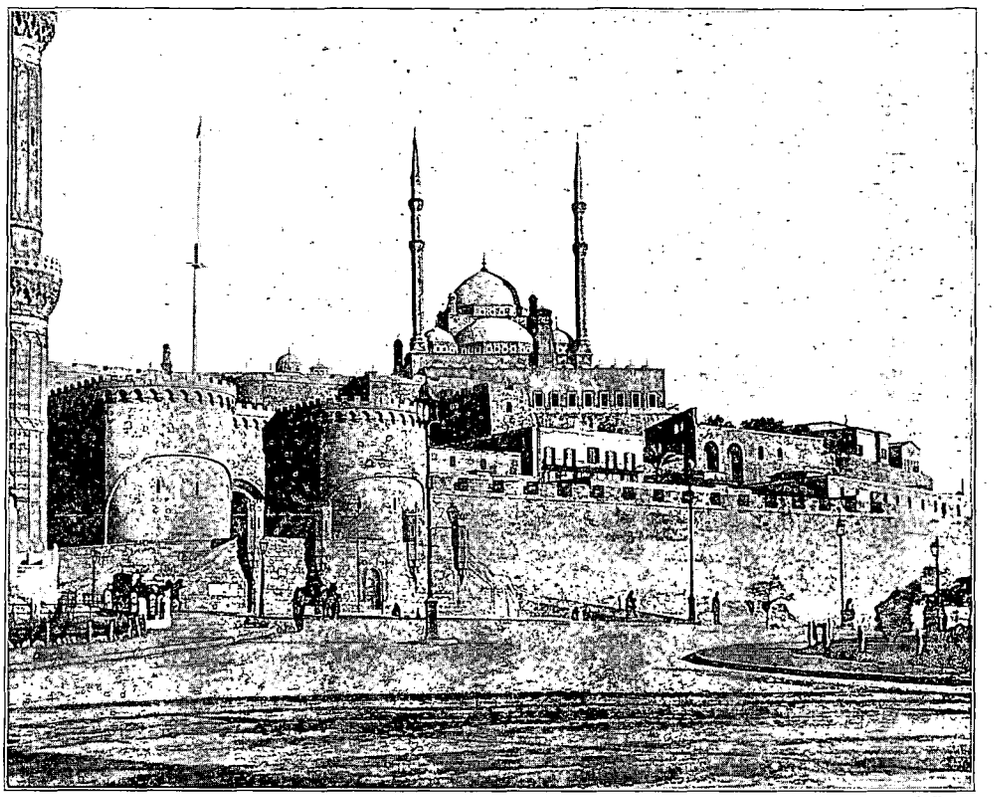
Cairo's modern half is built on Western lines, with fine hotels and broad, clean boulevards. No hostelries are superior to the Continental, Savoy, Shepheard's, the Semiramis. Cafés abound, many of them with gaming rooms. 'Scarcely any,' adds an English commentator, 'are suitable for ladies; especially does this remark apply to *Cafés Concerts*. Americans, however, will have their own ideas of what is what in Cairo!'

To-day, Cairo is the most renowned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city of all Africa. Its Azhar University has just rounded out a thousand years, somewhat to the astonishment of many an Oxford, Cambridge, and Harvard man. Graceful mosques, museums rich in relics of the Pharaohs and ancient Egyptian civilization, a library filled with Arabic manuscripts and Persian miniatures — these invite one irresistibly. The spell of Egypt is too strong to withstand altogether.

He who stops in Cairo without mounting the Citadel may count his visit as naught. Saladin, that insatiable conqueror, built up this great stronghold in the twelfth century, to hold Cairo against the attacking hordes. Though occupied now by the British military, the Citadel shows wonderfully interesting fortifications, and three mosques. Most notable of the mosques is that of Mehemet Ali, an alabaster pile standing high and white against Cairo's sky-line. Thirty miles of the Nile unfold from the Citadel's summit. Far off stand pyramids, sharp against the half-light of early morning or evening.



Cowling, Ewing Galloway

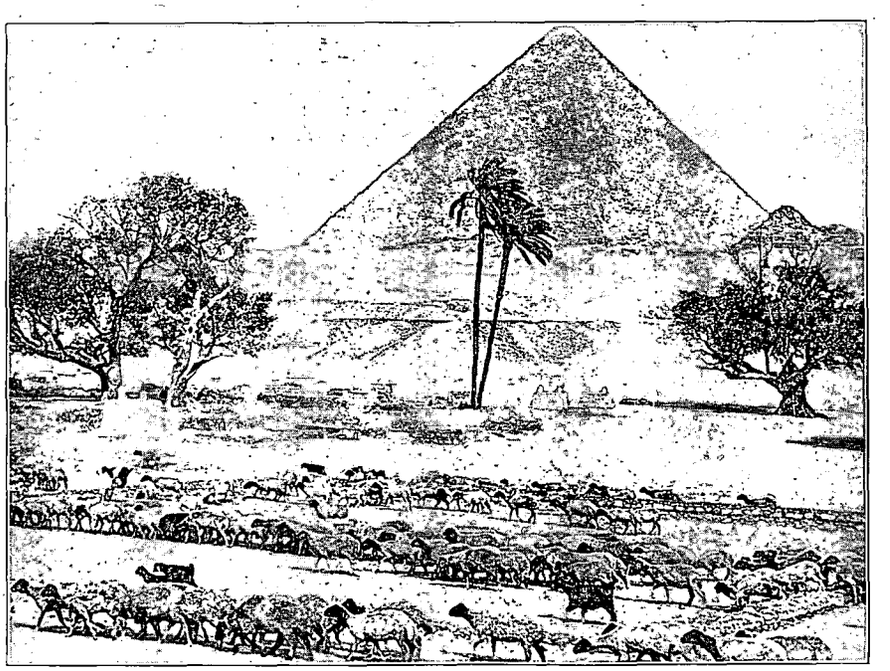
CAIRO

THE MOSQUE OF MEHEMET ALI, adjoining the fortifications of the Citadel.

Few Western pastimes are missing at Cairo. *Cafés Dansants* are the Egyptian equivalent for New York's night clubs. As in Paris, places of amusement run the whole gamut of social desirability. There are Luna Parks, polo grounds, and tennis courts. Dress dances occur nightly at the hotels, and the English theatre awaits drama-inclined visitors. Nearby Heliopolis, 'City of the Sun,' where Potiphar's wife lived and loved, has a golf course and first-class race track. In short, this old capital of the Caliphs is a winter resort esteemed fully as much by Americans as by the British.

Egypt's capital is not only the happy abode of vacationists. Many delightful excursions to historic spots start from Cairo. One goes to the American Express, or Thos. Cook & Son, or Cox & King and exchanges so many pounds Egyptian for an infinitude of pleasurable novelty — Memphis and the pyramids, the Sphinx, the Delta Barrage of the Nile; or, camping in the desert with a full pack-train, many carbined native guards and, possibly, a sheik or two. Parenthetically, one must remember that among Mohammedans, the sheik is a person of high order who preaches in the mosques; only among the Arabs, as a race, is he a tribal chief.

As one draws near the pyramids from Cairo they look very small. Once at the base, they strike one again with their gigantic size. It is said that the great pyramid of Cheops took twenty-four years and 100,000 men to erect. Formerly it was smooth surfaced, but the shiny outside blocks were long ago pulled off and taken to Cairo for building purposes. Active visitors can scale the Cheops pyramid in a short time. From the summit one sees the Nile, Cairo's minarets, the great plain where the French vanquished the Mamelukes, the site of Memphis, a multitude of tombs lying on all sides. Among the most prominent pyramids in view are those of Chephrenes and Mencheres. If one proffers a few piastres to an Arab, he will run up and down the Cheops or Chephrenes pyramid in nine minutes.



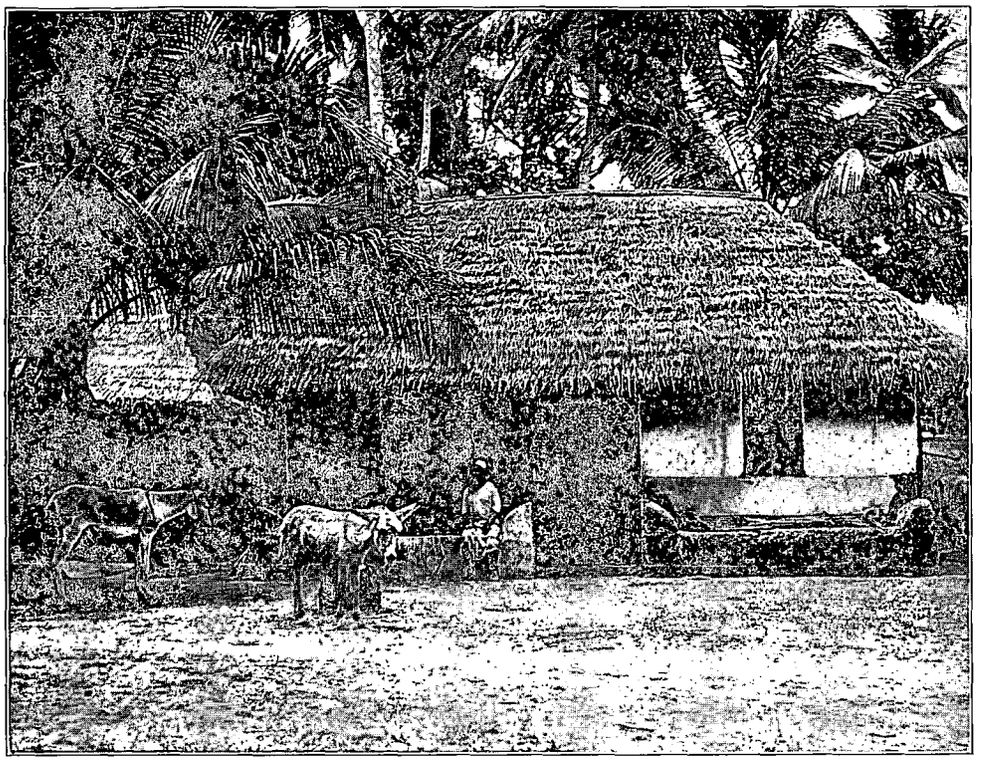
Ewing Galloway

THE GREAT PYRAMID

AT GIZEH, EGYPT, with a shepherd driving his flocks across the shifting sand.

Most famous of all Egyptian excursions is the Nile journey from Cairo to Luxor and Assuan. One's steamer has sitting rooms on the upper deck, whence one sees Egypt's matchless and cloudless sunset. 'At last comes the moon, the great moon of Northern Africa, bringing into view in soft clarity every outline of hill or bank, tree or building.'

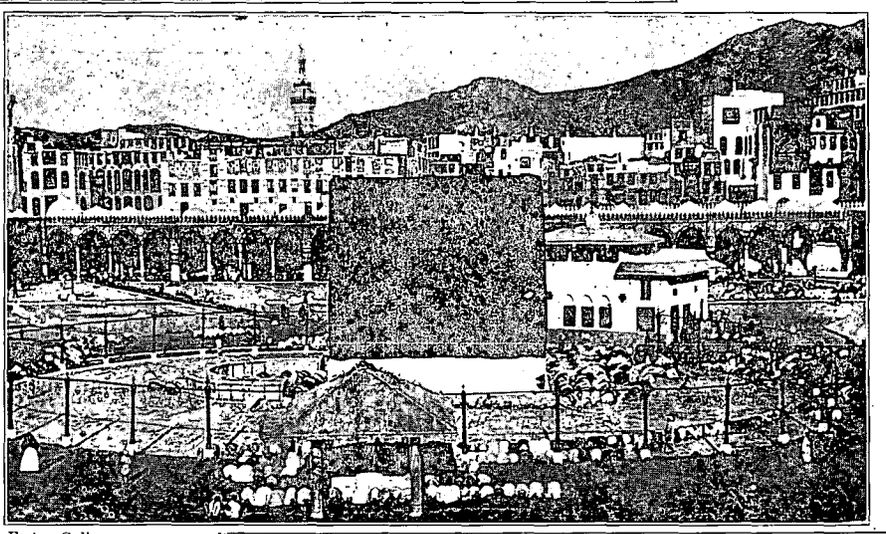
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



De Cou, Ewing Galloway

On the Island of Zanzibar

A native home on the big island that stands a few miles off the African coast near the rail terminus of Dâr-es-Salaam.



Ewing Galloway

The Black Stone of Mecca

Pious thousands still flock to the religious capital of Islam to bow down before this sacred monolith and to pray in the Great Mosque, seen in the background.

Those who take the Nile trip are earnestly recommended to René Francis's *Up the Nile*, a pamphlet published by *The Sphinx* of Cairo and obtainable there. Luxor, crowning glory of the Nile Valley, faces the broad stretch of river and plain reaching away to the stern and serrated Theban hills. A superbly open building is the many-pillared Luxor Temple. From it one may take that unforgettable ride across the desert to the Temple of Karnak, passing along the famous Avenue of Sphinxes.

Egypt leads naturally to Palestine. From Cairo to Jerusalem is but an overnight trip, in the best of sleeping cars. The Holy Land, as everyone knows, has an infinitude of attractions for the pilgrim and casual sight-seer. Motoring is the favorite means of transportation, since one may stop at will and make many side excursions otherwise impossible.

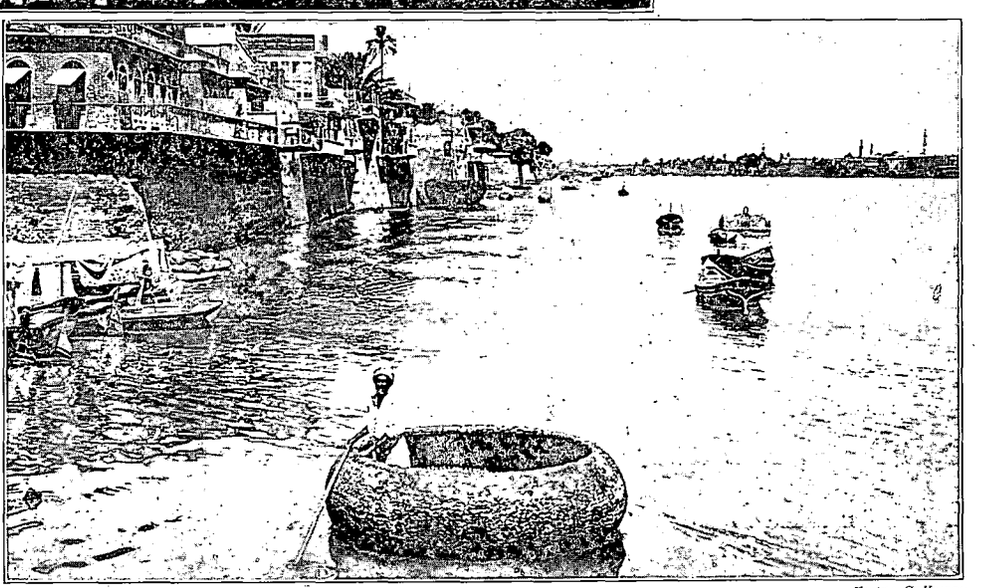
THOSE who venture into the Sudan will find its chief town, Khartoum, a modern and spacious community stretching for two miles along the Nile. Planned and built by British Royal Engineers, its streets cross at right angles and a broad, tree-lined promenade skirts the river. Oddly enough, in this spick-and-span town saddle donkeys prevail as the transportation system.

Khartoum is a splendid winter resort by virtue of its clear and bracing air (it has an altitude of 1200 feet), lavish sunshine, and perfect hygienic conditions. Two golf courses, polo grounds, and tennis courts appeal to those who like exercise.

Across the Nile lies the native village of Omdurman, a wonderful exhibition and museum of African life. Here abide great sheiks. Pilgrims to and from Mecca make this a stopping place. Native traders come with gum and ivory and hand-woven textiles. From Omdurman the armies of the Khalifa marched out to war and returned with spoils and captives.

Though the commonest route to the Cape is down Africa's West Coast, the East Coast run is growing in popularity because of the ease with which one may continue from Egypt.

Mombasa, Zanzibar and Dâr-es-Salaam are delightful stop-over points. Another point of call is the tip of Arabia—



Ewing Galloway

Bagdad on the Tigris

The old capital of Harun-al-Rashid lies to-day in the British mandated territory of Iraq. This photograph shows a 'koofa,' or boat made of skins, on the river.

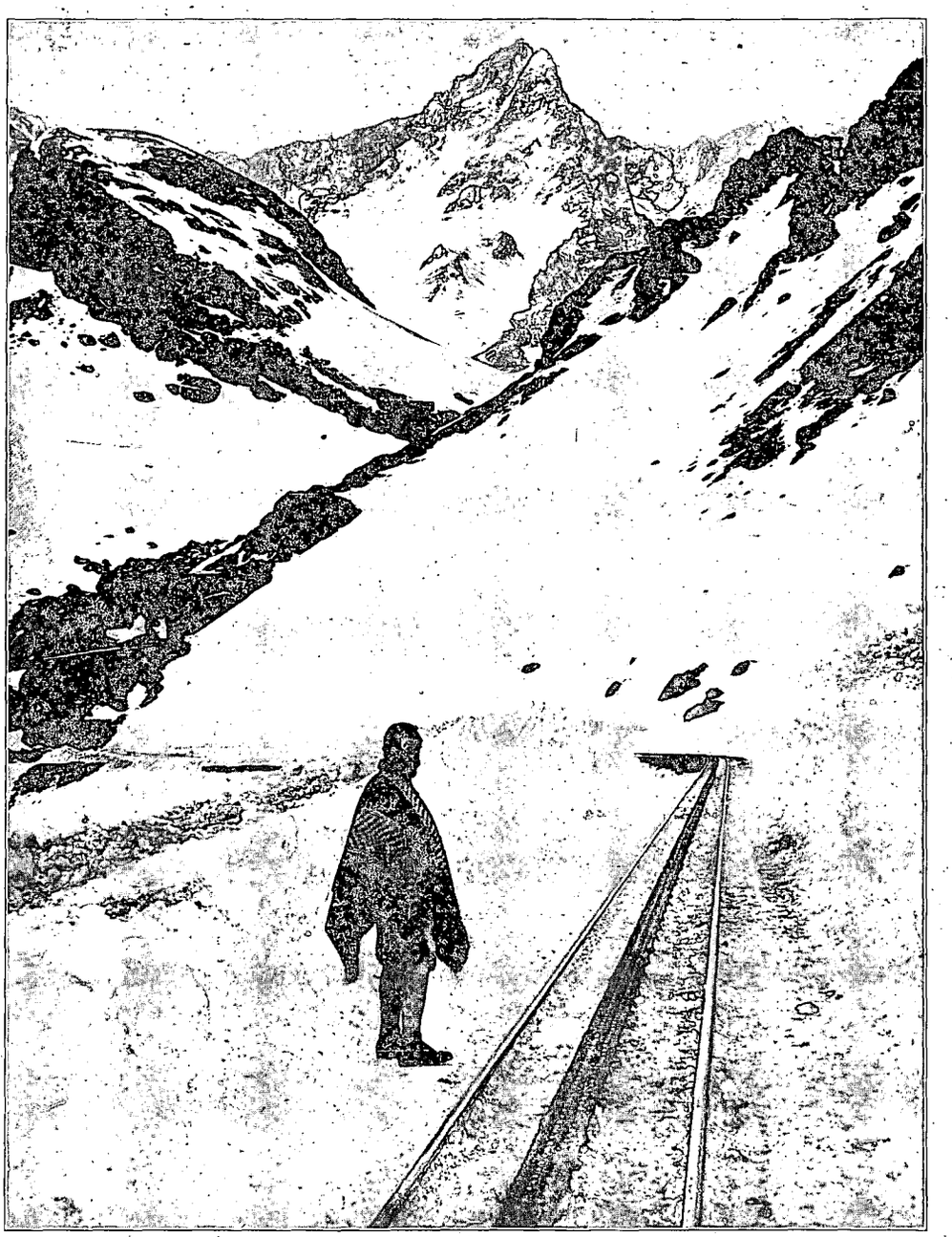
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sun-baked Aden, Britain's outpost for India. Here everyone is hot and abnormally thirsty. It is said that from the deck of one's ship off Aden, the most notable shore sight is a great mound of empty champagne bottles, a silent salute to the newcomer.

NOT all the parts of Araby made famous by T. E. Lawrence are attainable by the tourist. Many are, in addition, unsafe. But the kingdom of Hejaz, lying along the Red Sea from the Egyptian boundary to Asir, is at once visitable and worth it. Hejaz includes Medina and Mecca, the holy cities of Islam.

Medina is the terminus of the Hejaz railway from Damascus. Here rises the Mosque of the Prophet, containing the tomb of Mohammed, who died in Medina in 632 A.D. Mecca, his birthplace, is visited by as many as 200,000 of the Faithful in one year. A great mosque shelters the sacred shrine — the Kaaba — a black stone given to Abraham by the angel Gabriel. Mecca must be reached by caravan, either from Medina or from the Red Sea port of Jedda. The trek from Jedda is but fifty-five miles.

Bedouin women weaving linen and woolen fabrics sit under canvas sunshades along the route. Lesser sheiks ride by fine horses, from the high plateau of inner Arabia Camel trains laden with merchandise weave slowly across the sands. Those who have read about Lawrence know what they will find in the Kingdom of Hejaz.



SNOW ON THE TRANS-ANDEAN

ACROSS THE SOUTH AMERICANcontinent from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso, through the aloof snow peaks of the Andes, runs a railroad that offers the traveler scenery with all the majesty and grandeur of the Swiss Alps. Note the cog-railway tracks at this point on the line, and the poncho-like blanket over the shoulders of the track walker.

THE MAJESTY OF SOUTH AMERICA

EVERY CONCEIVABLE KIND of impressive scenery, from the towering peaks of the Andes to the flat grasslands of the Pampas, from the upper Amazonian jungle to the broad estuary of the La Plata, awaits the traveler wise enough to visit the great southern continent.

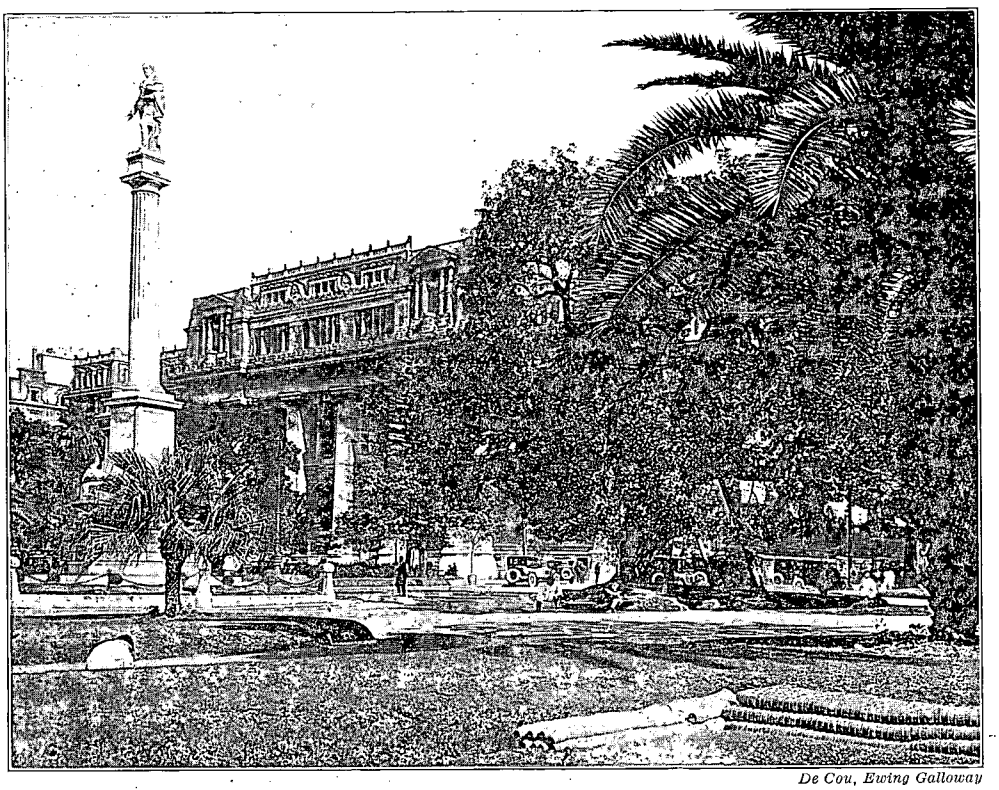
Bound for Rio and the Equator

TWENTY-FIVE years ago 'rolling down to Rio' was an adventure to be set to a Kipling song, and an adventure only. To-day it is a pleasure as well — a pleasure that is surrounded by all the conveniences of modern tropical steamship service and modern hotel facilities. For South America has become a place that forward-looking North Americans must know; and, just as travelers from New York have taken to going south of the Equator in late winter and early spring, so have the people of Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, and other South American cities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been quick to make things comfortable for their guests.

The trip begins with a glorious two weeks' sail from New York, along the line of a Great Circle of the earth, through the Caribbean, and on to seas that become steadily more tropic, where flying fishes skitter along the curiously phosphorescent surface, and the unfamiliar stars of the southern hemisphere shine brilliantly over head. One will arrive off Rio after dark has fallen, if one be fortunate, and will see only a vague dark blot, marked by the little light that winks on Raza Island. One goes to sleep with a vague notion of land to starboard, the same blue, low-lying mountains that Columbus saw; the ship slips silently into port; and when one awakes, one comes on deck to find oneself in a new land, a land of fantasy.



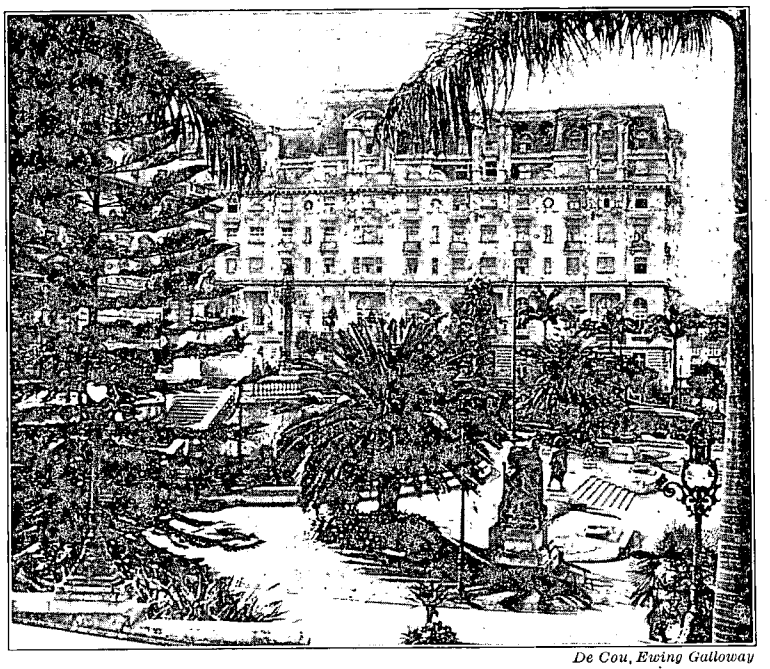
De Cou, Ewing Galloway

THE SOFT SUNSHINE OF THE ARGENTINE

BUENOS AIRES combines the vivaciousness that comes from bracing air with the soothing effect of semi-tropical vegetation and the leisureliness of southern sunshine. The splendid building in the background houses the National Law Courts.

The ship is anchored in the centre of an incredibly blue bay. All about, encircling the harbor so completely that no way of ingress or egress can be detected, stand jagged lava peaks like solemn sentinels. On one shore is the city proper, the pastel-colored walls of its buildings shining in the sun, yellow and pink and blue and white; crowded, stubby-nosed ferries scurry across the bay to busy suburbs on the other side. Soon the ship is surrounded by smaller vessels, ranging all the way from rowboats containing vendors selling monkeys and parakeets and small, sweet oranges, to neat steam launches carrying uniformed port officers and customs officials in black straw hats.

Inspection over, the ship moves slowly toward the quays. One takes one's eyes regretfully off the panorama of the harbor, and sets out to see the city itself. Choice may fall upon the shops of the Avenida Rio Branco, the pleasant Avenida Bar, the Botanical Gardens; a trip in the cable car up Sugarloaf Mountain; a drive in a trim taxi around the magnificent circle of Botofogo Bay in the twilight; a more extended trip, through jungle growing in mad luxuriance, around Tijuca Mountain and back under overhanging lava peaks along the sea; or a hundred other things. In any case, it is with regret and a feeling that a new world has been discovered, that one boards ship again to sail for Santos and Montevideo, usually the next two stops on an East Coast trip.



De Cou, Ewing Galloway

A CITY OF COFFEE KINGS

THE HOTEL ESPLANADE in the big city of São Paulo — miles back in the mountains from the port of Santos. São Paulo is the coffee capital of Brazil, and one of the richest, cleanest cities in the world.

AT SANTOS, the magic, overpowering majesty of Rio's mountains gives way to the impressive melancholy of the jungle. As one approaches the Brazilian coffee port, after sailing along a hazy coast where the steep sides of deep blue mountains fall sharply to the sea, the ship's nose is suddenly pointed directly inland. It seems for a moment as if her quartermaster were running her straight ashore; then, in the apparently unbroken coastal wall, a gap appears. One sees a slow, broad river twisting toward the interior; and, as the ship enters and moves up the stream, to left and right spread tangled flats of thick jungle growth, dotted here and there near the water's edge with tiny adobe chapels. A sudden bend, and Santos itself is in sight — a busy town that serves as shipping port for the coffee that comes down from the big city of São Paulo, back in the mountains. Here are pleasant streets, a monastery perched upon a towering crag; and, a few miles away in a suburb that houses a dozen attractive amusement places, a beach that stretches nearly four miles in a single sweep, upon whose hard-packed sand playful taxi drivers run their cars at a breakneck pace, their seaward wheels six inches in the ocean breakers.

One's entry into Monte-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wide World

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW OVER RIO

FROM THE TOP of Sugarloaf Mountain, reached by a cable car that sways up a wire stretched from peak to peak, one gets a breath-taking panorama of the harbor, the city, and, in the background, the strange, sharp outlines of the lava mountains of Brazil.

video harbor, if it take place in the late afternoon, will explain why the Uruguayans have chosen a bright sun on a field of blue bars as their national flag. The harbor, usually busy with coastal shipping, is surrounded by low-lying hills. To one side stand the buildings of the capital city; beyond them is a hill a little higher than the rest, a gentle sloping cone, the 'mount' that gives Montevideo its name; and over this, dipped half behind it, stands in an azure sky the blood-red setting sun.

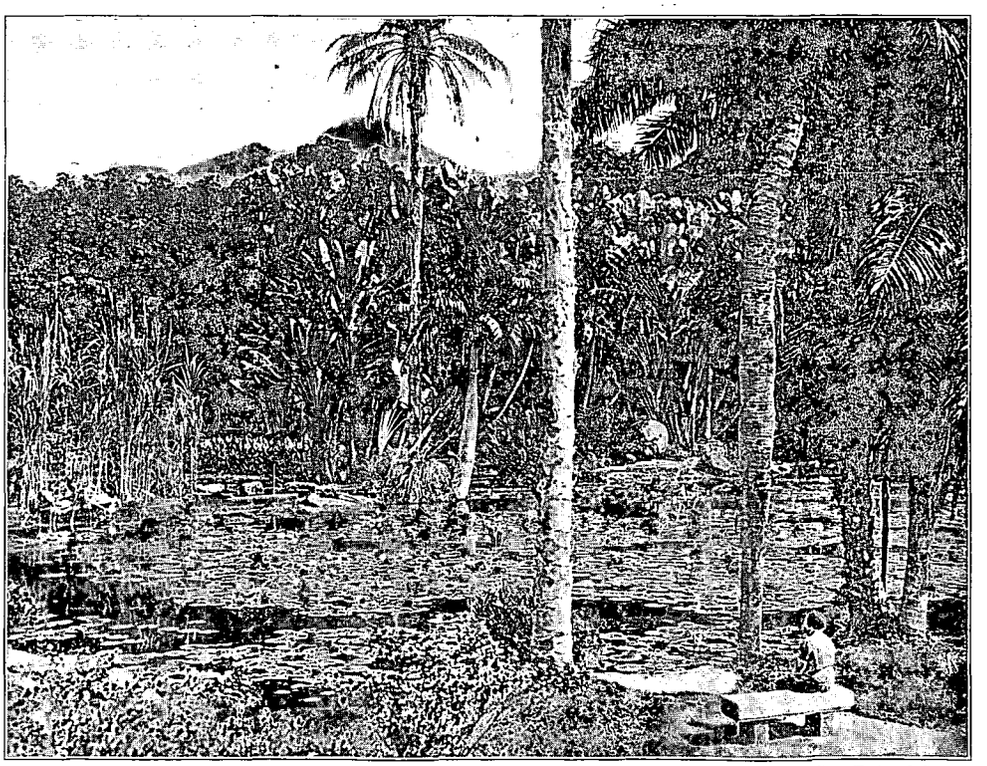
Up the broad La Plata from Montevideo to Buenos Aires, the 'B. A.' of all hardened travelers, is only a few hours' sail. The harbor of the Argentine capital does not pretend to compete with that of Rio; it is artificially made, a complicated concrete basin. But the city itself can rival even Paris in the favor of the traveler who seeks the kind of amusement that great cities alone can give. Night life may not interest everyone; but for those who seek it, Buenos Aires offers a lavish variety of cafés, night clubs, theatres, and amusement places. And it should not be forgotten that in the Argentine capital the cocktail, in its creamier manifestations, has approached a stage of refinement unequaled elsewhere on the globe. For the traveler with other tastes, there is an equal variety of attractions: a splendid yacht club, a big race track in the suburb of Palermo, polo fields, plenty of tennis, libraries, the opera, and a thousand convincing evidences that one is in the throbbing centre of a vast country whose economic resources are being developed at constantly accelerated speed.

Where to proceed from Buenos Aires? It depends upon the whim of the traveler. Westward, one follows back over the route that President-Elect Hoover lately traveled, through the snowy Andes to Chile and the Pacific. Eastward, one takes the route that a surprisingly large number of travelers are choosing this spring: across the broad South Atlantic to Cape Town and the African continent, whence one may test the Trans-African to Cairo, go on to the Mediterranean, and finally, through Europe, home.

INFORMATION FOR TRAVELERS

THE French Government has officially established at 4 East 52nd Street, New York City, an office which is designed to help prospective travelers with information. Its full official title is 'French Government Tourist Information Bureau, *Office Français du Tourisme*.' The Director is Mr. Clayland Tilden Morgan, and the telephone number, Regent 5293.

The Bureau will at all times be happy to give all the assistance in its power to anyone who communicates with it. It has available a great fund of information on France, information concerning hotels, railroads, aviation lines, etc. It is hoped that travelers will avail themselves of the services of the Bureau.

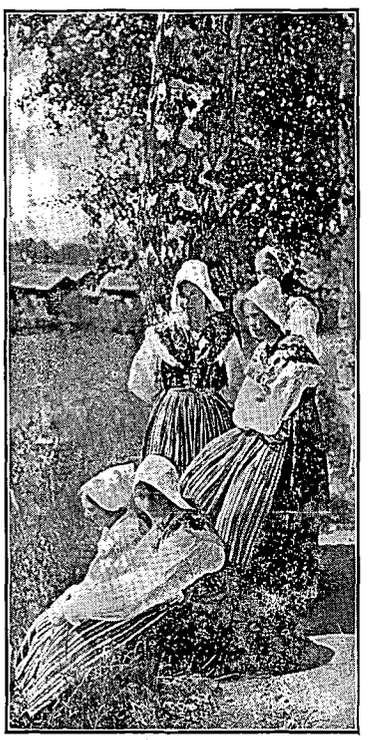


De Cou, Ewing Galloway

A FORETASTE OF THE JUNGLE

IN THE HEART of a modern city. The famous Botanical Gardens in Rio de Janeiro give the traveler a notion of the wild tropical growth to be found only a few miles beyond the confines of the Brazilian capital, if one take the splendid auto road to the mountain of Tijuca.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dalecarlia

FRIENDLY people in brilliant native costumes . . . rolling pastures — silver lakes and birch-clad hills . . . charming peasant houses . . . lovely gardens bright with flowers. That's Dalecarlia — Sweden's Arcady!

Enter Europe through Sweden's friendly door. See a country of inspiring ruins, impressive scenery and a brilliant historic background. Travel through the beautiful lake and chateau district . . . tarry a while at the fashionable seaside resorts . . . visit the walled city of Visby and lovely Stockholm — Venice of the North.

Eight days direct from New York by the Swedish-American Line, or via London or Paris by convenient boat or train service — ten hours by air. Through trains from Berlin and Hamburg. Booklet from any travel bureau or write

SWEDISH STATE RAILWAYS
Travel Information Bureau, Dept. G
551 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

SWEDEN

World Travel Calendar

(Continued from page 402)

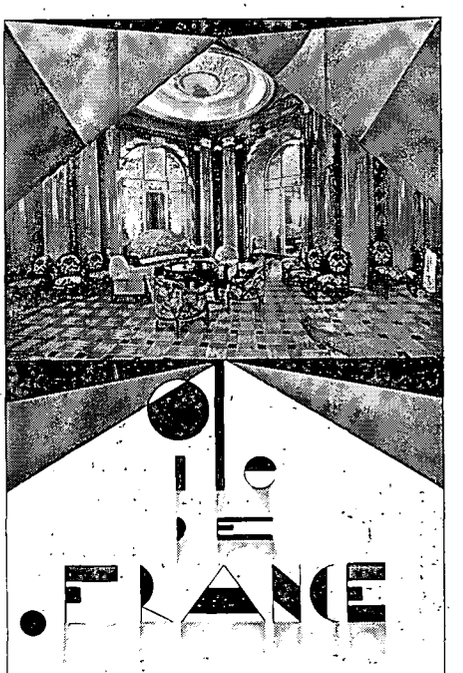
EPSOM. *April* 23rd, Grand Metropolitan Stakes races; 24th, City and Suburban Handicap races.
HULL. *April* 16th through 27th, Better Housing and Housekeeping Exhibition.
KESWICK AND LOWESTOFT. *April* 1st through 6th, Folk Dance Society's Easter vacation school.
LEICESTER. *March* 1st through 31st, 'All Electric' Exhibition.
LIVERPOOL. *March* 22nd, Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree.
LONDON. *February* 1st through 28th, Business Efficiency Exhibition; 1st through 28th, Furniture Trades Exhibition; 18th through *March* 1st, British Industries Fair; *March* 1st through 31st, Ideal Homes Exhibition; 16th through 23rd, International Oil, Chemical, and Color Trade Exhibition; 16th through 22nd, Health, Nursery, and Midwifery Exhibit; 22nd, National Advertising Benevolent Society Congress; *April* 1st through 30th, International Tobacco Exhibition; 8th through 19th, Drapery, Textile, and Women's Wear Exhibition; 11th through 26th, International Printing and Allied Trades Exhibition; 22nd through *June* 28th, opera season at Covent Garden, performances every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evening. Selection to be made from *Rosenkavalier, Die Meistersinger, Tristan und Isolde, Lohengrin, Don Giovanni, Tosca, Madam Butterfly, Otello, Boris Goudonov, Turandot, Fanciulla del West, Manon Lescaut, Norma*, and a new production as yet unannounced. Chaliapin will sing. Bruno Walter, Robert Hager, Vincenzo Bellezza will be the principal conductors; *April* 27th, Association Football Cup matches, Wembley.
MANCHESTER. *February* 1st through 28th, Business Efficiency Exhibition; 5th through 16th, Haircraft and Allied Trades Exhibition; 22nd through *March* 9th, Health and Hygiene Exhibition; *April* 8th through 18th, Building Trades Exhibition.
NORWICH. *March* 16th, Royal Norfolk Spring Horse Show.
NOTTINGHAM. *April* 10th, Centenary Celebration in honor of General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army.
PONTEFRACT. *April* 10th through 11th, horse races.
SCARBOROUGH. *April* 3rd, North-of-England dancing festival; 25th through 27th, Music Festival.
STRATFORD. *April* 15th through 18th, Shakespeare's Birthday Festival.
SYDENHAM. *February* 2nd, national cage-bird show.
THE THAMES. *March* 23rd, Oxford-Cambridge boat race.
TWICKENHAM. *February* 9th, Rugby Match, England versus Ireland.
WARRINGTON. *February* 1st through 28th, Ideal Homes and General Trades Exhibition.

FINLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 5th, Runeberg's Day festivals.
HELSINGFORS. *February* 1st through 28th, International Automobile Exhibition.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 12th, Shrove Tuesday.
NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 7th, Mid-Lent celebration (*Mi-Carême*).
ARCACHON. *March* 25th through *April* 1st, *Fête des Marins* (seamen's celebration) and fair.
AVIGNON. *April* 14th, St. Benezet's Day; 26th through *May* 6th, Agricultural Machinery Exhibition.
BREST. *March* 31st, Exhibition and Fair.
CANNES, *February* 4th through 10th, Tennis Tournament, Carlton Courts; *March* 18th through 24th, *Côte d'Azur* Tennis Championships; 25th, Tennis Championships.



Centering about Paris, taking in the five great rivers, the ancient district called Ile de France contained all that was loveliest, gayest, most scintillantly alive in Europe... kings, statesmen, poets, beautiful women whose names are spells. -:- Palaces, chateaux, gardens. -:- The wars of Clovis, the fêtes of Le Roi Soleil, the thrilling story of Jeanne d'Arc, the pitiful tragedy of Marie Antoinette. -:- What would be left of history if the old Ile de France had never been?... and carrying history to its completion today comes the new *"Ile de France"*, the most modern ship afloat . . . with the *"Paris"* and the *"France"*, the *"Ile de France"* provides a Weekly Express Service, the most enjoyable trans-Atlantic interlude, "the longest gangplank in the world" where France begins the minute you come aboard. -:- Fastest and most direct service to Plymouth . . . then Le Havre, a covered pier . . . three hours . . . *Paris itself!*

Mediterranean Cruises by the "France", Feb. 7th and March 14th

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHÂLON-SUR-SAÔNE. *February* 27th, Fair of Raw Hides and Leather.
CHARTRES. *February* 1st through 28th, Seed Fair.
DOURDAN. *February* 1st through 28th, Fair.
LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE. *February* 3rd, Ski and sleigh races.
HAZEBROUCK. *April* 15th, Livestock Competition.
LA ROCHE-SUR-FORON. *April* 1st through 30th, Agricultural, Commercial, and Industrial Fair.
LE HAVRE. *March* 30th, Exhibition and Fair.
LILLE. *April* 5th through 21st, International Commercial Fair.
LOURDES. *February* 11th, Day of Our Lady.
LYONS. *March* 4th through 17th, International Sample Fair.
MENTON. *March* 4th, Riviera Tennis championships.
MONTEREAU. *April* 18th through 19th, Fair.
NANTES. *April* 4th through 15th, Commercial Fair.
NICE. *February* 1st through *March* 31st, Exhibition and Fair; *February* 3rd, Torch Procession and Masquerade; 7th, Battle of Flowers; 8th through 12th, Mardi gras carnivals; 10th, confetti battle and carnival; 11th, Grand Ball, *Place Massena;* 11th through 17th, Tennis Tournaments, South of France championships; 12th, Grand Night Fête; 13th, Exhibition Fair; 15th, Second Battle of Flowers; *March* 1st through 31st, Automobile Show; 5th, Automobile Fair; 7th, Battle of Flowers; 11th, International Dog Show; *April* 1st, Children's Battle of Flowers; 2nd, Children's Fancy Dress Ball.
PARIS. *February* 1st, 3rd, 8th, 10th, 15th, 17th, 22nd, 24th, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra; 1st through 28th, Exhibition of Domestic Appliances; 15th through 20th, International Exhibition of Fishery and Agriculture; *March* 1st, 3rd, 8th, 10th, 15th, 17th, 22nd, 24th, 28th, 29th, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra; 26th through 28th, *Foire aux jambons* (Ham Fair); *April* 1st, England versus France wrestling matches; 5th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 19th, 23rd, 26th, 30th, concerts by Paris Symphony Orchestra.
PONT-ROMEU. *February* 13th, Ski championships.
RENNES. *April* 27th through *May* 5th, Exhibition and Fair.
ROUEN. *March* 16th through 20th, Agricultural Show.
SAINT-MALO. *February* 27th, Great 'pardon' of Newfoundland fishermen.
SAINT-PIERRE-DE-CHARTREUSE. *February* 7th, Bobsleigh races, *Course des As*, Perquilon.
SANCERRE. *April* 1st through 30th, Wine Exhibition and Fair.
SAUMUR. *February* 2nd through 3rd, Viticultural Fair.
SENS. *April* 30th through *May* 4th, Agricultural Machinery Exhibition.
SUPERBAGNÈRES. *February* 3rd, endurance ski championships; 10th, ski races for *Touring Club de France* cup.
VILLARD-DE-LANS. *February* 2nd, endurance ski races; 3rd, Dauphinois bobsleigh races; 17th, Cantonal Ski Contests; *March* 10th, Gymkhana.
VILLEFRANCHE. *February* 5th, Naval Battle of Flowers.
VIMOUTIERS. *March* 30th through *April* 3rd, Agricultural and Machinery Exhibit.

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 3rd, Bonfire celebration of Little Candlemas.
BADEN-BADEN. *April* 8th, First performance of Atterburg Symphony.
BERLIN. *April* 19th through *July* 27th, Gas and Water Exposition.
BRAUNSCHWEIG. *April* 8th, National Congress of Association of People's Stages.
CATHOLIC STATES. *March* 29th, Good Friday.
COLOGNE. *February* 10th through 12th, 'Rose Monday' procession and Mardi gras festival.
ESSEN. *February* 17th through *March* 20th, Exhibition of 'Technical Things in the Home.'
FRANKFURT. *April* 14th through 18th, Spring Fair.
HAMBURG. *February* 17th, Textile Sample Fair opens.
HANOVER. *April* 14th, 'Halexa' Textile Exhibition.
HEIDELBERG. *March* 10th, Summer Day folk parade; *April* 2nd, Rowing Regatta; 7th, Rugby Match, Germany versus Italy.
KÖNIGSBERG. *February* 1st through 28th, International Sample, Technical, and Building Trades Fair.
LEIPZIG. *March* 3rd through 6th, Shoe and Leather Fair; 3rd through 7th, Textile Sample Fair; 3rd through 13th, Technical and Building Trades Fair; 7th, Easter Fair, for Fur Goods and Leather opens; 7th through 27th, Easter Fair for Raw Hides, Furs, and Leather; 8th through 10th, Furs and Fashions Fair.
MANNHEIM. *February* 2nd, Masquerade Ball, Rose Gardens; 11th, Academy Concert of National Theatre Orchestra; 12th, Masquerade Ball, Rose Gardens; 12th, Academy Concert of National Theatre Orchestra.
MAINZ. *February* 10th, Mardi gras carnival.
MUNICH. *March* 29th, Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* sung at Jesuits' Church.
WIESBADEN. *February* 22nd, Kurhaus Concert: soloists, Rosette Anday, Rudolf Bergmann; 8th, Kurhaus Concert: soloist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch; 22nd, Kurhaus Concert: soloists, Gertrud Foerstel, Lilly Haas, Eywind Laholm, J. Transky, Karl Kothar, Wilhelm Klitsch; *April* 7th through 11th, Congress of German Society of Internal Medicine.

HOLLAND

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 29th, Good Friday.
AMSTERDAM. *March* 17th, Football match, Holland versus Switzerland; 24th, Hockey match, Holland versus Belgium.
THE HAGUE. *February* 3rd, Polish Exhibition; *March* 1st through 28th, art exhibition, works of Haverman and Katsjadoerian; *April* 5th through *May* 2nd, exhibition of paintings by members of Pulchri Studio; 20th, Gala Opera Night, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde.*
ROTTERDAM. *March* 19th, Livestock Show.
UTRECHT. *February* 19th through *March* 1st, Holland Industries Fair.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *March* 15th, Day of Hope.
BUDAPEST. *February* 2nd through 3rd, Ladies' and Paired Figure-Skating Championships; *March* 10th, football match, Hungary versus Italy; 13th, Pablo Casals Concert; 21st, National Agricultural Show; *April* 1st through *May* 31st, International Sample Fair; *April* 8th, Vienna Philharmonic Concert, conducted by Furtwaengler.

IRELAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *February* 1st, Saint Bridget's Day; *March* 17th, Saint Patrick's Day; *April* 29th, 'Feis Cevil' music festival.
BALDOYLE (COUNTY DUBLIN). *March* 16th, Metropolitan Races; *April* 27th, Metropolitan Races.
BELFAST. *March* 9th, Rugby Match, Ireland versus Wales; *April* 9th through 20th, Grocers and Allied Trades Exhibition.
CLONMEL (COUNTY TIPPERARY). *April* 4th, Powerstown Park Races.
COUNTY CORK. *April* 1st, Mallow Races.
COUNTY DUBLIN. *April* 19th, Leopardstown Races.
COUNTY KILDARE. *March* 2nd, Naas Races; 30th, Naas Races; *April* 23rd through 25th, Curragh Races.
COUNTY MEATH. *April* 9th, Meath Hunt.
COUNTY WATERFORD. *April* 1st, Waterford and Tramore Races.
DUBLIN. *February* 23rd, Rugby Match, Ireland versus Scotland; *April* 6th, Phoenix Park Races; 20th, Phoenix Park Races.
FAIRYHOUSE (COUNTY KILDARE). *April* 1st, Ward Union Hunt.
MAZE. *April* 12th, Down Royal Races.
NAVAN (COUNTY MEATH). *April* 11th, Proudstown Park Races.
PUNCHESTOWN. *April* 16th, Kildare and National Hunt.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *March* 23rd, Youth Day.
BRESCIA. *April* 13th through 14th, 1000-mile International Motor Car Race.
CATANIA (SICILY). *February* 3rd through 5th, Festival of St. Agatha.
CREMONA. *April* 21st, International Motor Car Races.
FLORENCE. *February* 9th through 12th, Mardi gras carnival; *March* 10th, 17th, 24th, 31st, Gallop Races; 25th, festival of the Annunciation at the Annunziata Church; 30th, Chariot Fireworks Festival; *April* 7th, Grand Gallop Race.
FOGGIA. *April* 1st through *May* 31st, Agricultural and Industrial Fair.
MANTUA. *April* 1st through 30th, Agricultural Show.
MILAN. *February* 9th through 17th, Mardi gras carnival, celebration of 'Ambrosian Rite'; *March* 23rd through *April* 20th, Historical Exposition of Fascism, *Castello Sforzesco; March* 27th, 31st, Gallop Races, *San Siro* Hippodrome; *April* 1st through 30th, Gallop Races, *San Siro* Hippodrome; 12th through 27th, International Sample Fair; 14th, Grand Victory Prize Gallop Race, *San Siro* Hippodrome; 21st, Oaks-of-Italy Gallop Race; 28th, Grand Steeplechase.
NAPLES. *February* 15th, Opera season opens with Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, San Carlo Theatre; March 31st, Pilgrimage to Antignano.
PALERMO (SICILY). *April* 7th, International Motorcycle Road Race for Florio Prize; 27th, International Motor Car Races.
ROME. *February* 1st, Festival of St. Ignatius, illumination of subterranean church of St. Clemente; 3rd, 5th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 19th, 26th, Trotting Races, Villa Glori Hippodrome; 4th, Cello Concert by Mazzacurati, *Reale Accademia Filarmonica Romana;* 9th through 12th, Mardi gras carnival: masquerades, horse-races, taper processions; 10th, 14th, 17th, 21st, 24th, 28th, Gallop Races, *Parioli Hippodrome;* 12th, commemoration of Pope's Coronation, Sistine Chapel; 13th, high mass in St. Peter's; ashes sprinkled on heads of Cardinals; 18th, piano concert by Borrowski, *Reale Accademia Filarmonica Romana;* 25th, cello concert by Bonucci, *Reale Accademia Filarmonica Romana; March* 1st through 31st, National Mutual Exhibition; 2nd, Trotting Races, *Villa Glori* Hippodrome; 3rd, exposition of Relics at church of San Lorenzo; 3rd through 31st, Gallop Races, *Parioli* Hippodrome; 12th, Festival of St. Gregory, church of St. Gregorio; 12th through 14th, amateur golf championship matches (all countries); 19th, Festival of St. Joseph, church of St. Giuseppe; 23rd through 25th, International Shooting Matches; 25th, concert under direction of Bustini, *Reale Accademia Filarmonica Romana;* 28th, opening ceremony of the *Via del Mare* from Rome to Ostia; *April* 1st through 30th, Gallop Races, *Capannelle* Hippodrome; 7th, Parioli Prize Horse Races; 8th, final concert at *Reale Accademia Filarmonica Romana;* 14th, Pope performs feet-washing ceremony; 21st, *Natali di Roma*, holiday; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, *Agusteo;* Birth-of-Rome Races; 23rd, St. George's Day, exposition of relics in church of San Giorgio in Velabro; 25th, St. Mark's Day, procession of clergy from church of San Marco to St. Peter's; 27th, pilgrimages to Genazzano in the Sabine Hills; 30th, Festival of St. Catherine at the Minerva.
SAN REMO. *March* 10th, Motor Car Rally.
SIENA. *April* 30th, Festival of St. Catherine.
SORRENTO AND SEA TOWNS. *February* 14th, Procession of St. Antonin (silver image of Saint carried by sailors).
TRIESTE. *March* 4th, Horsemanship Contest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VENICE. *April* 25th, Festival of St. Mark.

LITHUANIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *February* 16th, Independence Day; *March* 4th, St. Casimir's Day.

MALTA

VALLETTA. *February* 10th through 12th, Mardi gras carnival; 18th, processions commemorating shipwreck of St. Paul in 58 A. D.

MONACO

MONTE CARLO. *February* 25th through *March* 3rd, tennis championships; *April* 1st through 7th, Beausoleil Tennis Championships, Country Club.

MOROCCO

MARRAKESH. *April* 1st through 30th, Commercial Fair.

NORWAY

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. *March* 28th, Maundy Thursday; 29th, Good Friday.
BRYN. *March* 17th, twenty-mile ski race.
DRAMMEN. *February* 16th, International Skating Matches; 17th, thirty-mile ski competitions.
KONGSBERG. *March* 7th, National Ski Race and Jumping Competition.
OSLO. *February* 2nd, International Skating Matches; 9th through 11th, World Skating Championships; 17th, auto races on the ice, Lake Gjersjoen; 27th through *March* 3rd, International Ski Competitions, Holmenkol Hill.

POLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 11th, Kosciuszko Day.
LWÓW. *February* 16th, Ski races.
ZAKOPANE. *February* 2nd, Ski Races for Youths; 5th, International Ski Races; 23rd, Tatry Championship Ski Races.

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH. *February* 1st through 28th, Housing and Building Exhibition; *March* 9th, Order of the Eastern Star Guild Convention; 16th, Rugby Match, Scotland versus England; *April* 1st through 30th, Scottish Home Life Exhibition.

SOUTH AFRICA

BLOEMFONTEIN. *March* 1st through *April* 30th, Agricultural and Industrial Show.
CAPE TOWN. *February* 1st through *March* 31st, Agricultural and Industrial Show.
JOHANNESBURG. *March* 31st, Agricultural and Industrial Show opens.
PORT ELIZABETH. *March* 1st through 31st, Agricultural Show.
QUEENSTOWN. *March* 1st through 31st, Agricultural Show.
ROSEBANK. *February* 1st through *March* 31st, Agricultural and Industrial Show.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *February* 2nd, Purification Day; 10th through 12th, Mardi gras carnival; 13th, Ash Wednesday; 19th, Festival of St. Joseph.
BARCELONA. *February* 16th through 18th, Carnival; *March* 31st, Easter Carnival and night serenades; *April* 1st through June 30th, International Publicity Congress and Exhibition.
SEVILLE. *March* 15th through June 30th, the Ibero-American International Exposition of art, commerce, and industry; 19th through 23rd, International Congress of Cities; *April* 18th through 20th, exposition.

SWEDEN

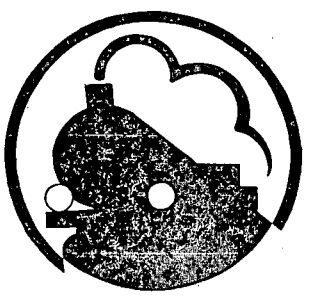
NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *March* 12th, St. Victoria's Day; *April* 30th, Valborg's Mess Eve, bonfires, main celebration at Stockholm.
NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *March* 29th, Good Friday.
GOTHENBURG. *February* 9th, International Automobile Races.
STOCKHOLM. *March* 29th through *April* 15th, Building Trades and Housing Exhibition.

SWITZERLAND

AROSA. *March* 1st, Twenty-third annual Swiss ski races.
BASEL. *February* 8th, Mardi gras carnival begins; 18th, carnival fête begins; *April* 13th through 22nd, Swiss Sample Fair.
DAVOS-PLATZ. *February* 7th, Two-seat bobsleigh championship races; *March* 1st, annual spring ski races open.
GENEVA. *March* 15th, International motor-car salon opens; 15th, International Exhibition of Aviation opens.
GSTAD. *February* 3rd, Horse races on the snow; 10th, hockey matches.
LOCARNO. *April* 10th through 20th, Grand Golf Competitions.
LUCERNE. *February* 7th, Fritsche pageant (procession of grotesques); *April* 7th, Folk-song Contest; 20th, fireworks and illuminations.
MONTREUX. *March* 29th, European Rink Hockey Championships; *April* 1st, National Exhibition of Agriculture; 29th through May 5th, International Golf Tournament; 15th through 28th, International Lawn Tennis Tournament.
NÄFELS. *April* 11th, Celebration of the Victory of Näfels.
ST. MORITZ. *February* 2nd, Annual Dutch Skating Festival; 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 10th, horse races on the snow; 4th professional skating exhibition; 16th, international tennis championship opens; 16th, ski races and hockey match; 19th, Bobsleigh Derby; 22nd, Grand National for Toboggans; *March* 2nd, Ice Gymkhana on Kurverein Rink; 5th, ski races at Corviglia Hut.
TRÜBSEE. *March* 31st, Easter ski races.
WENGEN (BERNESE OBERLAND). *February* 25th, Ski Week opens.

TO TRAVELERS!

THE LIVING AGE will be glad to answer any enquiries on any subject connected with travel:— — clothes, passports, steamship tickets, books, charabancs . . . . anything which may be causing anticipatory worry to prospective travelers. If you wish to go to Siberia, let us tell you how and when best to go . . . . to Siberia, or to Mexico City, or to Quebec, or to the Mazurian Lakes . . . . Your questions will be promptly answered by a staff experienced in the business of travel, maintained by THE LIVING AGE expressly in order that your wants may be satisfied. Simply write to



THE LIVING AGE
TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
280 Broadway, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Business

Feeling the Pulse of International Trade

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

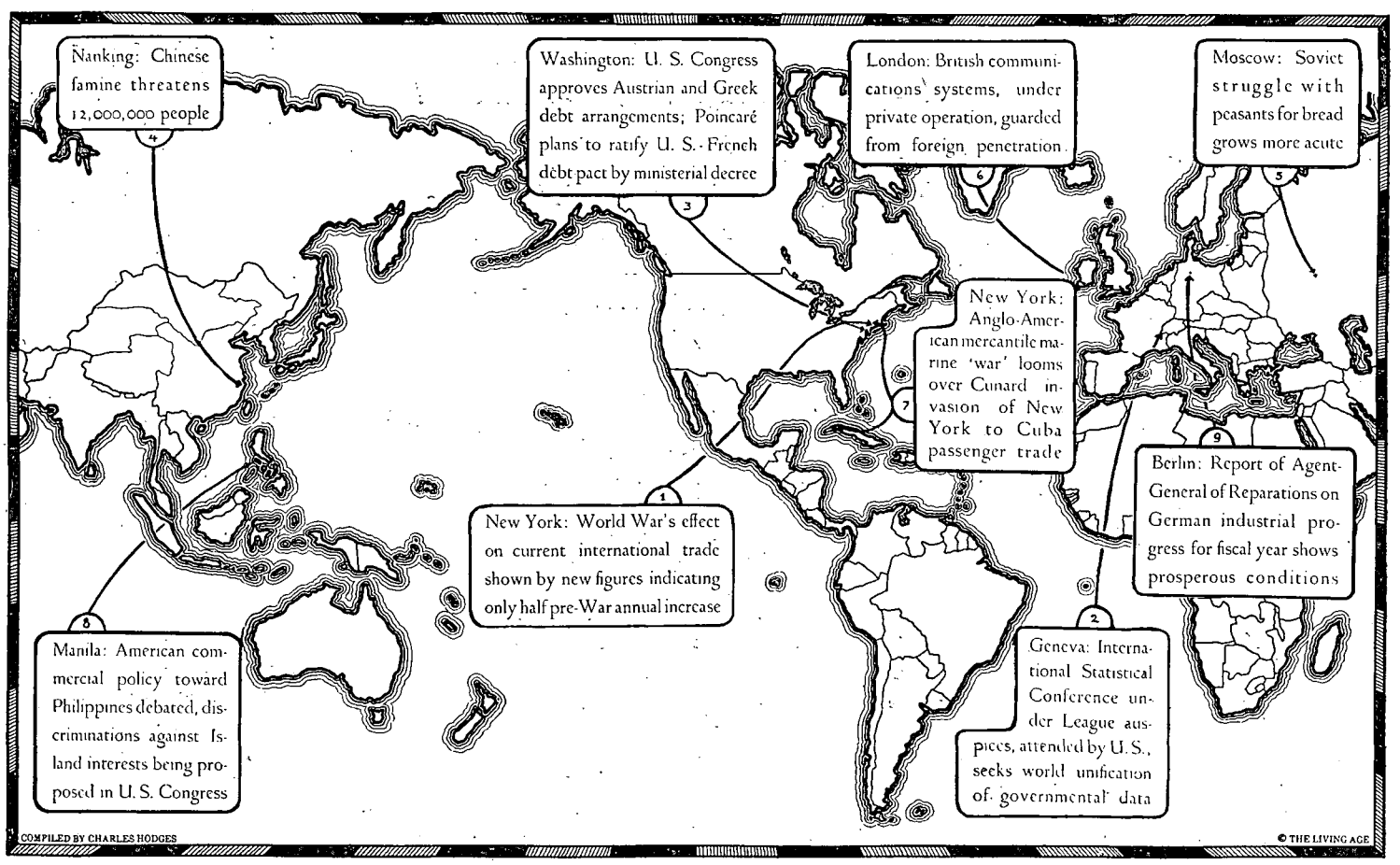
THERE once was a time when the business man, the industrialist, the financier, could carry on his affairs successfully without knowing a great deal about any save local trade conditions. During the War and immediate post-War periods, however, his activities, spreading out into foreign fields and affected by conditions on other continents, began to demand far wider knowledge and far greater statistical information concerning world business as a whole. To-day, he must not only follow the figures of international trade, but must know also the whole background of international affairs in this new world, where business has reached out its tentacles openly to influence even the course of diplomatic policy.

Captains of finance or industry, exporting dollars or goods, must be able to turn to a world economic chart upon which they may see at a glance the business situation in any particular country, as well as the basic tendencies of international trade. Statesmen in charge of the destiny of nations find that they cannot act wisely if they fail to watch the ebb and flow of the tides of trade upon a hundred shores. And the request on every hand is for knowledge, for facts, for figures. Where are we going? If we are making progress, how much, and how best can we measure it? What do headlines picked out of the morning's news mean to commerce and to the governments that stand watchfully behind the skirmish lines of trade?

1. The Pulse of World Business

War does strange things to economic life. Even in the case of the outbreak of a 'little disturbance' in South America, like the present trouble between Bolivia and Paraguay, the mere threat of hostilities has a way of registering upon the sensitive barometer of commerce. That clash in the Gran Chaco district, for instance, has already had its effect upon the business of the manufacturing state of Connecticut; Washington, so the Hartford office of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce states, has issued a warning to Connecticut concerning the credit of the Latin-American republics. When hostilities grow into a Great War, as they do once every century or so, the effect on business is so devastating that for some time it is difficult to know just where the world's commerce stands.

The other day in London, a woman who was celebrating her hundredth birthday stated that she did not even know that the World War had taken place. Yet a man from Mars who picked up any of the business statistics covering the decade from 1913 to 1923 could hardly fail to realize that some world cataclysm had occurred during what we know as the 'War years.' And he would find especial difficulty, if he had before him returns of the world's trade, in



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinguishing between real and apparent values. Now the National Foreign Trade Council, looking beyond the primarily American phase of international commerce, gives us an interesting Armistice Day accounting of the state of the trade of the whole world after a decade of peace. The latest figures, which include ninety-five per cent of the commerce of the nations, show that trade is now expanding at only a little more than half the pre-War rate of increase. The world's business to-day falls short of the amount it would have reached, had it increased peacefully at the old pre-War rate, by over two hundred billion dollars, in 1927 values. 'This staggering total, more than ten times the debt of the United States, and which is capable of having constructed more than five hundred Panama Canals,' we are reminded, 'is the cost to world trade of the economic dislocation that accompanied and followed the Great War.' But America would do well to keep before her also the fresh figures on international trade competition, which indicate that, though the United States between 1913 and 1917 increased her exports thirty-eight per cent, while the world's average increase was only eleven and one-half per cent, in the past two years the other nations have begun to expand their foreign trade faster than ours is now growing; and that Europe has virtually recovered her pre-War productivity.

2. Unifying World Statistics

Collecting such international statistics, however, is a business which presents serious difficulties. Not only does the statistician face the problem of inflated values, which he can overcome by mathematical devices such as reducing post-War to pre-War values, or creating 'index numbers'; he is confronted also with material differences among the various nations in both the scope and the method of compiling the figures upon which his comparisons rest.

The incompleteness of world statistical data is becoming serious. The returns from the leading nations leave big gaps where should be the figures for national wealth, income, expenditures, and note circulation, as well as for such significant indices of economic conditions as wholesale prices and the cost of living. Without knowledge, how can world affairs be competently and intelligently carried on — whether they involve problems of ordinary commercial intercourse, or of governmental limitation of armaments through restriction of expenditures?

The International Statistical Conference, held under the auspices of the League of Nations at Geneva and attended by a strong delegation from the United States, has attempted to bring nations into agreement on the essentials of this world problem. Experts have been laboring to provide a treaty which will lead to more trustworthy and more extensive data on international life by assuring 'a survey of productivity in the widest sense of that term.' Discussion has centred upon a sixteen-article convention, divided into three parts. The first sets forth the kinds of statistics to be compiled, ranging from industrial production, foreign trade, and shipping to index numbers; the second covers the all-important question of methods of compilation; the third provides for the exceptions that may have to be made by the nations which sign the agreement.

3. European Debts

Nowhere have figures aroused more controversy than in the case of reparations and inter-Allied debts. As the negotiations between Paris, London, and Berlin concerning the readjustment and possible 'commercialization' of the German reparations lead to a new committee of experts, the relations between the United States and her war debtors once more become the subject of practical politics. The United States, though careful to avoid official entanglement in the reparations question, has much at stake. The only outstanding major settlement worrying Washington, except that with Russia, has been the Mellon-Bérenger agreement with France. Though accepted by the United States, this agreement has never been ratified on the other side of the Atlantic; Poincaré, despairing of securing favorable parliamentary action upon a bill which is unpopular because by its terms the French must pay the United States even if Germany defaults on reparations, has been casting about for a way out. There is a possibility that the agreement will be ratified by France through recourse to a ministerial decree; for, if it remains unratified, the French face the necessity of meeting in full this spring the cost of the war materials purchased from the United States after the Armistice.

Two debt problems which involve smaller sums are likewise being cleared up. The Greek debt settlement with the United States, opposed in Congress because it involves the extension of a further loan to Athens in accordance with wartime promises, has at last been passed by the House of Representatives. The settlement with Austria has also been passed; and this paves the way for the new $100,000,000 reconstruction loan held up in 1928 by the refusal of Congress to subordinate American debt claims to the large-scale financing scheme which has grown out of the Central European republic's stabilization under League supervision.

4. China's Famine

Grim are the statistics that come from across the Pacific, where 12,000,000 Chinese are threatened with starvation. Famine has struck north of the Yangtze — both along the coast, where Shantung is afflicted, and westward into the interior as far as Kansu. China's swollen armies, and the bandit groups that are growing out of them with the cessation of civil strife, constitute minor plagues which are ravaging the most industrious people on the face of the earth. Yet in this nation of four hundred millions the equivalent of the price of two cigarettes a day will feed a famine sufferer, and the price of a bottle of champagne, four hundred and sixty!

The situation is a tragic commentary upon a people in transition. There is enough food in China; but national distribution is impossible because communications, never adequate, now have broken down completely. There is enough wealth in China; but the lean years of civil strife have dissipated governmental assets and destroyed commercial prosperity. Foreign assistance — whether it be motivated by humanitarian desires, good business sense, or sound diplomacy that fears lest hunger gnaw the foundations of the state — becomes vital to Chinese economic survival at the very moment of the triumph of the Nationalist Government with its slogan of 'China for the Chinese.'

5. Moscow and Bread

China's tragedy is a tragedy of harsh nature and human failings; Soviet Russia's troubles are born of doctrinaire economics. Which is the harder taskmaster remains to be seen.

Russia's battle for bread, however, is a political as well as an economic struggle. With enough food for the cities in hand, Moscow can apply pressure to 'communize' the heretofore recalcitrant peasant majority. The success of Bolshevism's challenge to Western capitalism, one may say, will rest rather upon grains of Russian wheat than upon dollar-catching concessions offered to the skeptical world of business. Grain collections, the barometer of the effectiveness of the agrarian policy of the Communist Party, have fallen off sufficiently to constitute a threat to proletarian theories that no longer can be ignored.

(*Continued on page 477*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Views & Reviews

THE PEACE PACT OF PARIS. *By David Hunter Miller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. $3.00.*

INFORMATION ON THE RENUNCIATION OF WAR. *By J. W. Wheeler-Bennett. London: Allen & Unwin. 1928.*

WHEN this review is published, the fate of the anti-war pact will probably be known. Simple and innocent in its terminology, this document has revealed, upon study, implications and meanings which have alarmed its opponents and brought satisfaction to its supporters. The anti-war pact has assumed importance because of its setting and its history. And it is this background which Mr. Miller, who was legal adviser to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace at Paris, sets out in his book to give. In sixteen chapters, he traces the course of the negotiations of the pact, and subjects each diplomatic note to an acute analysis. He then proceeds to a discussion of the general meaning of the treaty. He points out that the French formula of wars of aggression is similar to the American formula of war as an instrument of national policy. All war is either aggression or self-defense; and Mr. Kellogg's refusal to allow the use of the term, 'wars of aggression,' was of little importance. It may be undesirable and difficult to frame a complete and perfect 'juristic conception' of self-defense; but, as Mr. Miller says, it does not follow at all that mention of self-defense in the anti-war pact is undesirable. When Mr. Kellogg calls self-defense 'an inalienable attribute of sovereignty,' he puts forward a juristic conception of his own. Mr. Miller disagrees with Mr. Kellogg's statement that each state alone is competent to decide whether or not circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense . . . 'This conception' is sufficiently wide 'to well wrap up the Monroe Doctrine and at the same time to keep comfortably warm in the same bed the British Regional Doctrine.'

Mr. Miller also argues that the 'interpretations' of the treaty given in diplomatic correspondence are as much a part of the meaning of the agreement as is the text of the Treaty proper. 'Whether it be called explanation or interpretation or qualification or reservation, everything that the Parties themselves agree that the Treaty means, it does mean.' The silence of the United States is a tacit recognition of the British Monroe Doctrine. Every state is bound by these interpretative notes unless they take exception to them, as did Russia, Egypt, Turkey, and Persia, in becoming a party to the pact. While Mr. Kellogg was anxious to exclude interpretations from the body of the treaty, he satisfied his conscience by inserting some of them into its preamble. Such drafting, says Mr. Miller, could not be more 'inartistic.'

In its main results the anti-war treaty is nevertheless a 'very real and very great triumph for Mr. Kellogg.' While the initiative came from M. Briand, the United States was more free to press the negotiations than France, which was already committee to a peace structure in Europe.

Mr. Miller attaches great importance to the second article of the treaty, in which the parties promise not to seek the settlement of disputes except by pacific means. He argues that this is a positive covenant on behalf of pacific settlement. His argument, however, is not entirely convincing. The obligation of the anti-war pact simply binds the parties not to seek the settlement of disputes by force; it does not bind them positively to settle a controversy. They may simply do nothing about it.

Mr. Miller makes an important statement when he says that a breach of the anti-war pact will be more important than a breach of customary international law. For example, if a state should violate a universally accepted rule, such as that in regard to the seizure of a neutral ship, the United States could not complain unless the interest of an American were involved. But, if a state violates the anti-war pact, the United States has a ground of protest, even though she has not been attacked, because she is party to the treaty.

The anti-war pact, according to Mr. Miller, will lead to the disappearance of a diplomacy of threats, and it will add 'enormously to the prestige and solidity of the League of Nations.' In his opinion, one should not take too seriously official statements that the treaty does not tie up the United States to the League. When a contingency arises in which one state violates or threatens to violate the anti-war pact, the League will inevitably consult Washington, and no government here could be indifferent to the appeal. The Treaty links the United States to the League as a guardian of peace. Mr. Miller even says that the pact in fact is a treaty between the United States and the League. Moreover, this agreement brings to an end the old-time ideas of neutrality, and hence will solve the troublesome question of the freedom of the seas. The most striking feature of the treaty, he says, is that it is perpetual in duration. It is not possible to withdraw from this treaty, as it is possible to withdraw from the League Covenant; once ratified, we are bound forever. The author argues that the treaty amends the constitution of the United States. Hereafter it will be illegal for Congress to declare war an instrument of national policy.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, who is Honorary Information Secretary of the British Institute of International Affairs, also traces the history of the anti-war pact in his book entitled *Information on the Renunciation of War*. He not only summarizes the diplomatic correspondence, but also traces the political background of these negotiations. It is interesting to note from his account that the British Monroe Doctrine was subject to rather hostile criticism in the parliament of Canada and the Irish Free State. The author believes that the British reservation will be a principal stumbling block to American approval, and he is doubtful of the treatment which the United States Senate will accord to the engagement as a whole.

While there are many implications of this treaty which neither author attempts to explore, both of them have written admirable histories showing how the anti-war pact came into existence. Both books contain the diplomatic correspondence and important addresses preceding the signature of the treaty.

R. L. BUELL

THE SOUL OF CHINA. *By Richard Wilhelm. Text translated by John Holroyd Reece, poems by Arthur Waley. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $3.75.*

TO ATTEMPT to imprison the soul of a nation between the boards of a single volume is a Herculean task that few have ever dared attempt, yet Dr. Wilhelm in *The Soul of China* has depicted, albeit through rose-colored glasses, much of that glamorous life that goes to make up the warp and woof of the national existence of Cathay. Dr. Wilhelm has spent the last quarter-century of his life in China — has lived and traveled extensively there during one of the greatest periods of change and transition ever experienced by the Middle Kingdom during its four thousand years of recorded history. To quote from the preface: —

'I saw the old China which seemed destined to last for centuries and centuries. I witnessed the collapse and saw the old life budding from the ruins. In the old and in the new there was,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nevertheless, a common element: the soul of China in the course of evolution; that soul which had not lost its gentleness nor its calm, and will, I hope, never lose them.'

If this be the soul of China, then Dr. Wilhelm has achieved an outstanding success, because the leitmotiv of his distinctly erudite thesis is gentleness and calm. The author is both blind and deaf to suave cruelty and ear-splitting recriminations; he sees neither aching poverty, pitiful disease, nor unrestrained licentiousness; he hears and records only those rose-petaled compliments exchanged between the scholars of one nation and those of another. Undeniably, it is a moot point whether these unlovely patches should be included in a discussion of 'soul,' but, if 'soul be the reflection of life,'—and Dr. Wilhelm seems to agree that it is, since he enters upon detailed descriptions with true Teutonic zest and fervor,—then distinct omissions have been made.

The single chapter wherein he descends to almost grim actualities is entitled 'Missionaries in China,' and is a scholarly exposition of the work achieved by foreign missions in their desperate attempts to further the cause of Christianity. The author castigates roundly those alleged 'teachers' whose sermons only too often reflected the letter and not the spirit of Christianity — those selfish exponents of the 'do as I say, not as I do' school, whose ability to confuse civilization with religion seemed past belief. The author summarizes this attitude as follows: —

> Religion is primarily only concerned with the relation of the soul to God and secondarily with man's relation to his neighbor; but it has nothing whatever to do with power and wealth, possessions, machinery and inventions. When the purely religious revelations did not prove to be as effective as had been expected the mission did not evade taking 'the flesh into its own arms,' which means to say that it dragged all these things into its sphere of activity. As proof of the truth of Christianity, they proclaimed that the Christian states became more civilized, powerful, and rich as they became more Christian. They told of the excellence of the school system in Europe, of the splendid police, of the strength of armies and the fleets, of the electric light and machinery. . . . All this was before the War, which in glaring contrast to the former songs about culture presented rather an impediment to the missions.

The author declares, however, that of recent times the standards of the missionary personnel have been raised, that no longer does proselytizing play such an important part as it did between the various Protestant sects, and that the Christian Church in China is no longer a body alien and hostile to the majority of the Chinese people.

The chapter entitled 'The Web of Life' is undoubtedly the most colorful, since here the author has portrayed the festivals, feasts, and the ritual of enjoyment. It is a true insight into the lives of many millions of our fellow men whose 'hopes and fears of a thousand years' are extremely interesting from a personal as well as a psychological viewpoint.

To the student of things Oriental *The Soul of China* offers much exact information. The lay reader will find much of it dull and hard reading, particularly, I imagine, as the result of the translation, which is barely adequate — always excepting, of course, the translations of the fragments of poems, which Arthur Waley has done into English with his consummate skill and lyric artistry.

PHILIP KERBY

THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE. VOL. III: INTO THE WORLD WAR. VOL. IV: THE ENDING OF THE WAR. *Arranged as a Narrative by Charles Seymour. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $10.00.*

THERE are two ways of regarding Professor Seymour's two new volumes of selections from the personal papers of Colonel House. The abundance of their documentation makes them a source book to which all future historians of the War period will turn; and, like their predecessors, these volumes are therefore an important contribution to our knowledge of what went on behind the scenes in Washington, London, and Paris during and immediately before the War. They are a gold mine for the 'serious' student. But so far as the non-professional reader is concerned, they are best regarded as a gorgeous story-book — none the less fascinating because the stories happen to be true stories told by eyewitnesses who occupied peculiarly advantageous positions for knowing what really happened. For the House papers do not relate solely to the personal experiences of Colonel House. Almost all the great figures of the world crisis contribute. Here is M. Clemenceau's report to Colonel House of Marshal Foch's historic first interview with the German plenipotentiaries, come to sue for peace — a report which Marshal Foch himself now supplements by an interview which appears elsewhere in this issue of THE LIVING AGE. Here is the intimate, inside story of the drafting of the Fourteen Points and the various stages through which they went before President Wilson was finally satisfied. Here is the story of the Balfour war mission to the United States and much of the subsequent correspondence with Lord Balfour; the story of the Pope's Peace Proposal; and the story of the intricate and delicate negotiations which preceded the definite offers that ultimately led to peace. To read Professor Seymour's book is like being set free to rummage among the confidential files of the French, British, and American Governments. Of course, this impression is partly an illusion. One is not really seeing all the documents, nor even a selection from those which passed through the hands of Colonel House. Colonel House, however, was at this time on such confidential terms with President Wilson that he saw practically all that he wanted to see of the American documents; and, as his friendship with the President was well known to foreign statesmen, he received much confidential information from them as well. *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House* therefore make it possible to live over again with him those days when the fate of the world was being decided and to know, as few men then knew, what was really happening. It is emphatically Colonel House's book, telling his tale of events as he saw them. Not infrequently Professor Seymour goes out of his way to dispute the assertions of other authors — especially those of Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, whose statements, based on the Wilson papers, he repeatedly challenges.

The passage of deepest human interest in the book is that with which it closes — Colonel House's own story of the break between himself and Wilson: —

'And now you, who have had access to my most intimate papers, ask me to unlock the innermost door, a door to which I have no key. My separation from Woodrow Wilson was and is to me a tragic mystery, a mystery that now can never be dispelled, for its explanation lies buried with him. Theories I have, and theories they must remain. These you know.

'Never, during the years we worked together, was there an unkind or impatient word, written or spoken, and this, to me, is an abiding consolation.

'While our friendship was not of long duration it was as close as human friendships grow to be. To this his letters, and mine, bear silent testimony. Until a shadow fell between us I never had a more considerate friend, and my devotion to his memory remains and will remain unchanged.'

JOHN BAKELESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Abroad

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *By Albert J. Beveridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Company. 2 Vols. 1928. $12.50.*

(John Drinkwater in the *Manchester Guardian*)

SENATOR BEVERIDGE had already established a wide literary reputation in America by his *Life of John Marshall*, a comprehensive work in four volumes, when he undertook to follow up his study of American history with a life of Lincoln on the same generous scale. His sudden death left the work uncompleted, but in these two ample volumes, amounting to thirteen hundred pages, we have his investigations as far as he had taken them, which was to the period of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates in 1858.

We say investigations, because Senator Beveridge's book is based throughout on original and immensely painstaking research. It is a story that has been told often before, notably by Mr. Carl Sandburg two or three years ago, but it is here told again with a freshness that we should hardly have believed to be possible. At great length, though hardly ever tediously, Senator Beveridge takes us over the familiar ground of the Kentucky and Illinois pioneers, the Springfield law circuit, the political campaigns that shook the Middle West during the violent quarrels on slavery and State rights, and so intimately is he in touch with the detail of his narrative that we never complain that we have heard all this before. The truth is that Lincoln is so large a theme that scholarship and perception such as Senator Beveridge's could not fail to expound it with an individuality that makes us feel that, after all, we have not heard just this before.

To any reader, indeed, who has not himself examined the vast Lincoln literature listed in Senator Beveridge's bibliography a great deal in these volumes will have been hitherto unknown. This amounts to saying that everyone who has any interest in the subject will find here much to reward his labors. And very pleasant labors they will prove, for Senator Beveridge writes a distinguished if somewhat Quakerly style, he arranges his material with the clarity possible only to complete understanding, and he brings to his task a wide experience of his own in American public life. These volumes have the stamp of authority on every page.

It is, moreover, an authority that is never labored. A great charm of the book is that the facts of Lincoln's life are left to make their own impression, and that the narrator seldom allows himself to point a moral or adorn a tale. This is not the only way of writing biography; it may not even be the best way; but it is an extremely good way, and Senator Beveridge does it to perfection. He is particularly happy in his account of the time when, in the sometimes incredibly narrow conduct of State politics in Illinois, Lincoln, who was frequently no better than his rivals in that unimpressive school, was slowly maturing toward the heroic statesmanship of his great years. In this section of his book Senator Beveridge presents the growth of Lincoln's mind in what will be for most readers a new and somewhat unexpected light. But he does so with easy conviction; and, if possible, we like Lincoln the better for the ordeal that he survives. We see more clearly than ever before that not only was his victory difficult but that it was won only after many temptations and some lapses. Lincoln's moral decision was not a quality that he came by easily; he had to shape it slowly, and with frequent hesitation, from a web of dangerously seductive circumstance. He might, with small blame to himself, have become — or remained — no more than an astute politician with a natural gift for leadership. Instead, he became one of the two or three supreme examples of the prophet in action. There has perhaps never been a more notable triumph of character.

Travel Books

To anyone addressing himself to the Travel Editor, THE LIVING AGE, 280 Broadway, New York City, any desired information about travel books and travel bibliographies will be gladly given.

DENMARK. *By H. Clive Holland. 32 illustrations in color by A. Heaton Cooper. London: A. & C. Black, Ltd. 1928. 3/6.*

Most of the books hitherto written about Denmark, as the author points out in his preface, treat of her commercial interests and systems of agriculture and education. The present work is a thorough view of Denmark from the holiday-maker's standpoint. Though lacking the spectacular scenery of the Scandinavian peninsula, this country of islands and canals has many a forest, lake, and fishing village of authentic charm.

Jutland, the only 'mainland' of Denmark, is chiefly attractive for its deeply indented eastern seacoast. Picturesque and characteristic towns, notably Fredericia, Aarhus, and Jellinge, reveal castellated ruins and delightful half-timbered houses unexpectedly containing the full furniture and fittings of centuries bygone. Fünen and Zealand, the two largest 'island' provinces, are surprisingly fertile and beautiful. Castles and manor houses, many of them surviving from mediæval times, stand encircled by moats, parks, and well kept gardens. Kronberg or Elsinore Castle, at Helsingör on the northeastern tip of Zealand, is a famous place of pilgrimage. Tradition fixes this as the home of Hamlet. The Danes, says Mr. Holland, rather smile at Elsinore as a veritable literary shrine; but they have made of the castle Denmark's best museum of antiquities.

Copenhagen, whose charm and rich collections of art are all too little known, occupies a good half of Mr. Holland's book. Nothing fails of entertaining description, from the city's earliest origins as a herring fishery to the modern dinner party where ladies smoke a prodigious number of 'whiffs,' or short black cigars. The author appraises Danish painting, porcelains, novels, folk songs, for in Copenhagen one has opportunity to see Danish life truly represented, in all its varied aspects. Good theatres and orchestras are the rule, while half a dozen distinct art galleries represent every phase of Danish painting.

The concluding chapter, 'Life in Town and Country,' describes most of the Danish customs and superstitions still current. The Danes appear a most hospitable people, to strangers no less than to friends and relatives. Their family ties are strong. Children, upon finishing a meal, kiss their parents in turn and say, 'Thank you for the food.' Holidays and festivals are made much of, though with less abandon than in olden ceremony.

A. Heaton Cooper's illustrations, as in all *Black's Popular Colour Books*, are fully as alluring to the tourist as the text.

W. W. COMMONS

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS. *By Maurice Raynal. Translated by Ralph Roeder. New York: Brentano's. 1928. $7.50.*

Although one might quarrel with M. Raynal's omissions in this volume, one must grant that, exactly as it stands, it is exceedingly useful. It consists of short chapters on 'movements' since 1906; short biographical notices on nearly fifty outstanding painters, representing all schools; and reproductions of from one to three paintings from the work of each artist. The quality of printing, binding, and engraving is excellent.

To the tourist who wishes to be posted on modern painters as well as on the masters, nothing could be more serviceable than a series of such volumes. For the person desiring to keep himself informed on contemporary art and artists, such a series has long been lacking. One hopes that M. Raynal's volume will be so successful that it will induce the publishers to bring out other volumes dealing similarly with the art of other countries. One cannot but recommend *Modern French Painters* to any traveler who is interested in painting and who plans to visit France.

SPANISH SHORT STORIES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (THE WORLD'S CLASSICS, VOL. CCCXXVI.) *London: Oxford University Press. 1928. 80¢.*

Travelers to Spain will be interested in this edition of several of the best tales of the 'Golden Century.' Its early English translations have been well selected to give the flavor of a country whose spirit has changed little since its classic period, and the small size of the World's Classics series makes it an excellent volume to read on the way.

UNDERSTANDING SPAIN. *By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1928. $2.50.*

Mr. Cooper's fluent essays on Spanish culture and education are sketchy but generally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Second

ATLANTIC PRIZE NOVEL COMPETITION

$10,000

in addition to BOOK ROYALTIES

for the most interesting novel of any kind, sort or description, submitted before

January 15, 1930

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

The first Atlantic Prize Novel Competition, in 1927, was won by Miss Mazo de la Roche with her novel "Jalna" which was received with enthusiasm by critics and public, became the novel of the autumn, and enjoyed a sale exceeding 125,000 copies. "Jalna" is a novel of permanent value, and has been translated into several foreign languages.

To secure a novel that will attract attention, to secure the best, and to make of it not only the serial, but the story, of its year, the *Atlantic Prize; Ten Thousand Dollars*, is again offered for the most interesting novel of any sort, kind or description by a living author.

This sum will be paid to the winner for the right to serialize the story in the Atlantic, and to publish it in book form, and will be *in addition to* all royalties accruing from book publication. Cinema or dramatic rights remain with the author.

We desire that authors of all nationalities compete, stipulating only that, whatever the original version, the final manuscript must be submitted in English.

We do not care whether manuscripts have pseudonyms or not.

This is not a competition for this or that *kind* of story. The author is absolutely free to write the book he likes. Our sole criterion will be the interest of the novel.

We hope to print in book form several novels beside the winning serial, but we reserve the right to reject any or all the manuscripts submitted.

Every novel published as a result of this competition will be given wide and continued publicity. No effort will be spared to make each an outstanding individual success.

The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of the Atlantic Monthly and the Atlantic Monthly Press.

The winning novel will be issued in book form in the United States and Canada by LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY (publishers of the Atlantic Monthly Press books) and in Great Britain by GEORGE G. HARRAP & COMPANY.

There are no hampering rules in this competition — merely that all manuscripts must be unpublished work, typed and submitted before *January 15, 1930* to

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

readable. It has been his exacting object to reveal the principal features of the transition in Spanish life and civilization 'in terms of the people themselves rather than by means of the many monuments and works of art and architecture, all of which have been treated at length in many books.' Curiously enough, Mr. Havelock Ellis magnificently fulfilled this very object just twenty years ago in *The Soul of Spain*. With such a model, Mr. Cooper might well have succeeded in bringing his reader nearer to an even superficial understanding of Spain. Mr. Ellis's study remains more modern to-day than does Mr. Cooper's volume written a few months since.

CRISES IN VENETIAN HISTORY. *By Laura M. Ragg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1928. $5.00.*

In direct contradistinction to the aim of Mr. Cooper's essays on Spain is the aim of Mrs. Ragg in her history of Venice. It is her purpose to connect 'each outstanding and critical episode or group of events with some building, picture, or object which may be viewed easily by the tourist.' The result is a painstaking study which is admirable for accuracy and detail but would offer difficult reading, even for the scholar. The bibliography of authorities consulted appears to be a very complete one; of especial comfort to the prospective student of Venetian art is the section on 'Authorities for Special Periods and Chapters,' in itself a valuable little source book. The lengthy volume has but eighteen illustrations; the subject-matter calls for at least a hundred.

THE HAMMER AND THE SCYTHE. *By Anne O'Hare McCormick. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $3.50.*

This very readable volume by Mrs. McCormick does not pretend to be a study, economic, social, or political, of Russia or of Bolshevism. It constitutes the unbiased record of an American newspaperwoman, made during a summer's stay in the cities, towns, and hamlets under Soviet rule. The picture she presents is an absorbing one, wisely conditioned by the principle that to-day, ten years after the Revolution, 'nothing in Russia is fixed enough to hang a judgment on.'

WHEN IT'S COCKTAIL TIME IN CUBA. *By Basil Woon. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $2.50.*

Mr. Woon calls his book an 'impression'; he has set down in informal manner what the fashionable tourist to Cuba will see, do (and drink) in a land 'where personal liberty and climate are blended in just the right setting of beauty and romance.' The result is a sort of Cuban *Vanity Fair* or *American Sketch* between book covers. To the serious student of the island's affairs, he recommends on more than one occasion *Terry's Guide to Cuba;* but it is to be doubted if any traveler can fully appreciate Havana on his first visit without recourse to Mr. Woon's gay and timely volume.

LADIES THIRD. *By Mary Lena Wilson. New York: Duffield & Company. 1927. $2.50.*

If you are a young woman in good health who contemplates a short trip abroad at very small expense, this book will be the 'find' of the season for you. Miss Wilson describes her six weeks' trip through France, Switzerland, and Italy, comfortably made at a cost of less than six hundred dollars including steamer passage. She has planned a remarkable route for so short a period, and with it she interlards travel experiences and a detailed schedule of expenses. Even should you prove to be a gouty bachelor who seldom journeys farther than a few blocks from his club, her lively book is guaranteed not to bore you.

SAILS AND SWORDS. *By Arthur Strawn. New York: Brentano's. 1928. $3.50.*

Hitherto there have been but three full-length biographies of Balboa: that of Gaffarel published in Paris in 1882, and the two in Spanish by Altolaquirre (1914) and by Urretia (1916), which are better known to historians. Mr. Strawn's life of the discoverer of the Pacific claims consideration as the first to appear in English. For the present, English and American readers must content themselves with his semi-fictionized account of 'The Golden Adventures of Balboa and his intrepid company, freebooters all . . .' It is an agreeably written narrative, adequately documented with historical notes. The definitive biography of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa remains to be written in any language.

THE NEW WORLD. *By Isaiah Bowman. Fourth Edition. Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book Company. 1928. $4.80.*

Dr. Bowman's textbook on problems in political geography is now completely revised to conform with the events of the period since 1921. Its maps, of which there are more than 250, constitute a most convenient one-volume aid to the student of world politics. Its thirty-five chapters deal regionally with international policies; an essay on the rarely comprehended subjects of mandates and colonies, minorities, boundaries, and disarmament, precedes each chapter. *The New World* can be recommended to statesmen for its fine maps and to high school students for its clarifying text; on occasion, vice versa.

IN THE IMPERIAL SHADOW. *By Mirza Mahmoud Khan Saghaphi. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1928. $3.50.*

This colorful account, the early chapters in the autobiography of Prince Saghaphi, presents the story of a Persian babyhood and boyhood at the court of the mad Shah, where his father was royal physician. Delicately conceived and charmingly written, it ends with the assassination of the tyrant in 1896. Both as a personal memoir and as a contribution to the chronicle of a reign that was perhaps the maddest since the days of Cyrus the Great, Prince Saghaphi's book deserves the attention of students of the East.

CHINA'S MILLIONS. *By Anna Louise Strong. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928. $4.00.*

This lengthy account of a journey across the interior of China from Hunan to Mongolia during the fighting in the spring, summer, and early autumn of 1927 covers one of the most critical periods in the national history of China. It is especially valuable for its discussion of the birth of the Nationalist Party. Unfortunately Miss Strong does not endow her most important material with the advantages of a concise style.

THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. *By James Boswell, Esq. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1928. $3.00.*

This entertaining chronicle of the unwieldy and unwilling Dr. Johnson traveling about the bleak Hebrides with the indefatigable Boswell has lost none of its freshness with the passing years. The Boswellian 'nose for news' tracked down details of the countryside with amazing accuracy, and a visitor to Scotland to-day could make good use of the journal for a faithful guide book. Its only defect in this respect is that Boswell, convinced that 'every thing relative to so great a man is worth observing,' naturally ignores the countryside and the Scotch people if his idol happens to be conversing or feeling ill or grumpy.

Johnson was disconcerting as a companion in travel. Boswell records, for instance, how they passed through Glenshiel, 'with prodigious mountains on each side . . . Dr. Johnson owned he was now in a scene of as wild nature as he could see; but he corrected me sometimes in my inaccurate observations. "There," said I, "is a mountain like a cone." Johnson: "No, sir. It would be called so in a book; and when a man comes to look at it, he sees it is not so. It is indeed pointed at the top; but one side of it is larger than the other." — Another mountain I called immense. Johnson: "No; it is no more than a considerable protuberance."' We have our modern tourist counterparts of this debunker of nature.

Johnson, like so many of his spiritual descendants, went to Scotland with a preconceived and profound prejudice against the country and its people. He had not the vision of Boswell, who delighted in the land of his birth and who reflected that, during one dreary ride, 'we were sometimes relieved by a view of branches of the sea, that universal medium of connection amongst mankind.'

THE CARIBBEAN CRUISE: A HANDBOOK FOR THE TRAVELER. *By Harry L. Foster. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1928. $3.00.*

A GUIDE BOOK TO PORTO RICO. *By M. S. Wolf and I. A. de Mier. New York: Brentano's. 1928. $1.00.*

Mr. Foster's volume adequately covers Porto Rico and in addition the entire Caribbean area, including Trinidad, the Spanish Main, and Central America. Thoroughly readable, trustworthy, and full in historical essentials, *The Caribbean Cruise* should be in the possession of every Caribbean cruiser.

The Porto Rico guide is rather useless unless one has stock in a banana or sugar-cane plantation there. Outside of San Juan, there is little of tourist interest on the island.

SHRINES OF THE GREAT IN EUROPE. *By Edwin Robert Petre. New York: The Literary Digest (Funk & Wagnalls). 1928. $2.00.*

This *Unique Tourist Guide* is just that, although one may easily quarrel with Mr. Petre's idea of 'great' shrines — meaning places of birth, death, work, or allusion on the part of masters of literature, music, drama, science, and art. They are listed alphabetically by countries. Russia is included. Part II is an alphabetical identification of persons, with cross references to countries. Names range from Æschylus and Edward Bok to Freud and Xenophon. With Richard Halliburton and Marie Corelli in, one wonders at the omission of Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Cézanne, Paul Claudel, Eleanora Duse, and many another. An invaluable book for the traveler making a 'litera-tour' or getting next to the life and times of E. Phillips Oppenheim. One anticipates with pleasure an equally accurate and detailed work on America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Read about the Siberian Elm

The newly discovered wonder tree of rare beauty and rapid growth

THIS home shade-tree offers quick results. It develops the full shape of the Norway maple, with rich green, clean-cut foliage — at an astonishing rate of growth.

The Siberian Elm will thrive under conditions of soil and exposure that would prevent other shade trees from thriving. It will stand intense cold and heat. It will flourish in "poor soil."

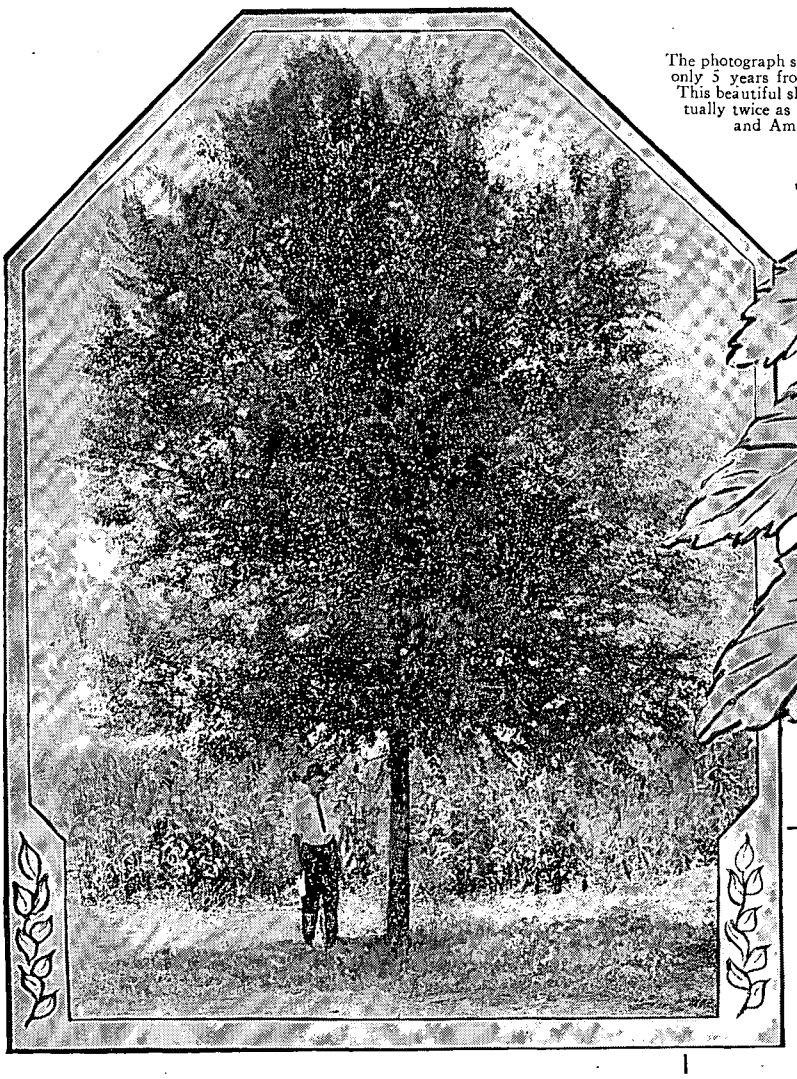
If you want to have lovely shade trees about your home — if you want to have a tree-lined street — if you want to increase the value of bare lots by surrounding them with fine shade trees — the Siberian Elm offers a new way. With this remarkable tree you will not have to wait years for results. You will experience the pleasure of seeing a whip turn into a tree the very first year.

This season we will have an unusually fine supply of Siberian Elms at lower prices. Wire or write your reservation for this spring now. Instructions for planting accompany each shipment.

PRICES

1 tree (*5 to 6 feet*)	$2.50
3 trees (*5 to 6 feet*)	$7.00
10 trees (*5 to 6 feet*)	$20.00

If you prefer a fully prepaid shipment add 10% for delivery charges — otherwise shipment will be made C. O. D.



The photograph shows a Siberian Elm only 5 years from planting a whip. This beautiful shade tree grows virtually twice as fast as the maples and American Elm.

Mail this coupon for a trial

THE LIVING TREE GUILD
Dept. 92
468 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You may send at the right time for planting in the spring ____ Siberian Elms. If my check is not enclosed you may deliver C. O. D. Kindly acknowledge this reservation.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

EVERY TREE GUARANTEED TO LIVE

Any Guild tree which may fail to flourish will be replaced without cost to the planter within six months.

THE LIVING TREE GUILD
National Headquarters for Guaranteed Living Trees
468 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE. *By Clara E. Laughlin. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.00.*

Subtitle: *In Italy and Switzerland* (apparently promising further appearances of Miss Laughlin under this new serial title). *The Experiences and Observations of Betty and Mary as Related by Their Aunt.* A travel book for children, in words of one syllable and the first person plural, it is the best of its kind yet published. It seems especially good in comparison with others of like scope and intent.

CHINESE ART. *By R. L. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $12.50.*

This is an ideal book. Study of it will reward any reader with real insight into China, and cannot fail to give joy in the process. It is a perfectly made book: one hundred plates, all in full colors, six pages of introduction, and a short bibliography. Here is Chinese art, not some author's opinions of it, but just the art, which all may look at and enjoy and understand. Here are pottery, porcelains, bronzes, paintings, lacquers, rugs, wood carvings. A study of the volume will show at least this much: that China is and has been a much diversified land; that Chinese taste was highly ornate only in its decadence; that the loveliest of Chinese works of art excel in their simplicity and are as fine as any creations of human genius and handicraft. To learn this much is to be on the road to understanding the Chinese people. Mr. Hobson, of the British Museum, has chosen the plates with great skill. He has condensed into a few paragraphs of introduction all that one must know of the history of Chinese art. Macmillan's has done itself proud in the illustrations, which are as good as 'four-color process' can be.

POETRY OF THE ORIENT. *Edited by Eunice Tietjens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $5.00.*

An anthology of the poetry of Arabia, Persia, Japan, China, and India, assembled chronologically and by countries, omitting the great body of Oriental religious poetry, the selections being entirely secular. Mrs. Tietjens states in the introduction that in choosing translations she has been 'governed in every case by one consideration, that the translation shall be poetry in its English dress.' In cases where no translation seemed to her 'poetry,' she 'omitted the original, preferring to let it wait for its presentation till some later time when it shall have been adequately rendered.' The reader will not be disappointed in the selections which are the result of this demanding standard. Among the distinguished translators included are John Paine, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Lafcadio Hearn, Edward FitzGerald, Arthur Waley, L. Cranner-Byng, Edward Powys Mathers, James Legge, Paul Elmer More, Ezra Pound, and the editor herself. Mrs. Tietjens has prefaced each section with a lucid consideration of the main characteristics of the poetry it contains. There is a very complete bibliography of volumes of English translations of Oriental poetry, the earliest of which was published in 1765, the latest in 1927.

THE TRAGEDY OF GREECE. *By S. P. P. Cometalos. New York: Brentano's. 1928. $4.50.*

M. Cometatos's strenuous indictment of Allied policy in Greece during the World War was published in France two years past under the title, *L'Entente de la Grèce Pendant la Grande Guerre*, and now appears in an intelligently condensed and slightly revised version translated by E. W. and A. Dickes. It is interesting to note that a considerable proportion of the most important material is derived from the original diplomatic documents preserved in the archives of the French and Greek Foreign Offices and that the author has made valuable use of the Russian White Book, published by the Bolsheviks in 1922, but hitherto untranslated. Since the British Foreign Office documents relating to the events in Greece dealt with in this work (*i.e.*, August, 1914, to June 26th, 1917) have not yet been published, documents of British origin occasionally appear in retranslation from official French translations. One is humorously tempted to wonder just how much of the formal official savor is lost (or possibly gained) by this process.

The attraction of *The Tragedy of Greece* for the lay reader is in the dramatic interest of the story itself and in the not too chauvinistic fashion in which the author offers his accusations against the propagandist methods employed by both the Germans and the French to break down the neutrality of Greece. It is only fair to say that the status of these apparently justifiable accusations, as serious contributions to the history of the War, still remains to be determined, together with the great controversial mass of problems of international policy.

GENTLEMEN UNAFRAID. *By Barrett Willoughby. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. $3.50.*

The subjects of the six sketches which make up Miss Willoughby's generously illustrated and enlivening volume are six pioneers of Alaska, whose achievements are for the first time presented in book form. The three, perhaps most fascinating, biographies of the collection tell of the discoveries of Dr. C. C. Georgeson, one of the world's great experts on cross-breeding, who has given most of his life to evolving plants and cattle suitable to conditions in Alaska; of the exploits of George Watkins Evans, consulting engineer of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, who 'has made the commercial history of nearly every virgin coal field in Alaska'; and of the adventures of the author's father, 'one of those Irishmen, debonair, fearless, and gay,' who early in life outfitted a small vessel 'for a trip to Alaska . . . then considered the jumping-off place of the world.' Not an important book, *Gentlemen Unafraid* will none the less delight readers who are seeking a realistic picture of life in Alaska — that national territory regrettably unknown to most citizens of the United States save through the vivid pages of 'gold-rush' ballads and the frigid films produced beneath a blazing California sun.

THE POLAR REGIONS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. *By A. W. Greely. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1928. $4.00.*

The publishers' claim that this history of discoveries in polar regions takes its place as 'the most comprehensive and up-to-date book on the subject' is not a false one. Since 1884, when Major General Greely returned from a three-year polar expedition, the names of Peary, Amundsen, Shackleton, and Byrd — citing only a few — have become prominent throughout the civilized world for their Arctic achievements; while such men as MacMillan, Mawson, and Davis have made important contributions to scientific knowledge through their field work in the northern territories. In addition to his historical summaries, the author provides a convenient record of the industrial evolution of the north, arising from the increased utilization of the immense material resources of the polar regions. In making his survey, he received the coöperation of the several Bureaus of the Canadian, Icelandic, Norwegian, Russian, and Swedish Governments as well as that of the National Geographic Society, which, incidentally, is responsible for the splendid folding map at the end of the volume. Twenty-three illustrations are helpful to the comprehension of the text. Though valuable as a compendium on Arctic discovery and industrial evolution, this book has forfeited a merited right to popular esteem through the uninspired method of its presentation.

TRAILS OF THE HUNTED. *By James L. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1928. $4.50.*

The handsome format and fine photographic reproductions immediately prejudice one in favor of this volume, nor is one disappointed in the contents. Mr. Clark, for long a member of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, writes with the authority of a trained and intelligent observer about his field experiences in North America, Africa, and Asia. Kermit Roosevelt has contributed an appreciative introduction.

SPEARS IN THE SUN. *By James E. Bam. Chicago: Reilly and Lee Company. 1928. $2.00.*

The author went to Abyssinia as member of a Field Museum expedition. Assuredly he would have acquitted himself better in a direct account of his journey than he does in this weak, tedious novel of three American men and a girl pursuing one another for idiotic reasons at the head waters of the Nile and through the hinterlands of Abyssinia.

THE NEARING NORTH. *By Lewis R. Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1928. $3.50.*

A personal record of a journey up and down the great Canadian rivers which flow toward the Arctic — the Peace, the Athabaska, the Slave, the Mackenzie — followed by a thousand-mile canoe trip down the Saskatchewan. Mr. Freeman's account does not serve precisely as either guide book or adventure story, but travelers already acquainted with the territory traversed may experience a reminiscent pleasure in checking up on his lengthy and courageous journey. Half a hundred photographic reproductions add interest to the volume.

THOSE ANCIENT LANDS. *By Louis Golding. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $4.50.*

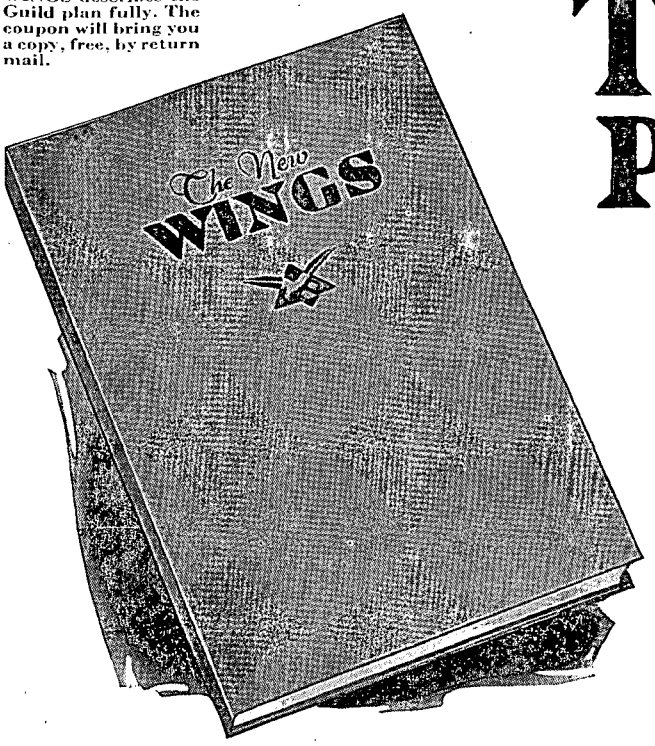
Modern pilgrims to Palestine will not care to overlook Mr. Golding's tranquil prose poem of 'those ancient lands whose citadel is Zion.' His literary vignettes of the life, manners, and customs of the pioneers in modern Zion form a sympathetic estimate of their ideal, and are recorded in prose that is an opulent contribution to contemporary belles-lettres.

FROM ROME TO FLORENCE. *By Hubbard Hutchinson. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. $2.75.*

Now and then a sentimentalist writes a really good travel book. Mr. Hutchinson, whose several novels and *Saturday Evening Post* stories have been successes, does it in this case. Whether one covers the historically rich strip of country from Rome to Florence by train or motor, one will find the present volume invaluable. Viterbo, Orvieto, Spoleto, Assisi, Perugia, Siena, and twice as many smaller towns are described with sympathy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new booklet WINGS describes the Guild plan fully. The coupon will bring you a copy, free, by return mail.



The NEW GUILD Plan Offers You

1. Free Membership!

2. Twelve Best Books of the Year at a Tremendous Cash Saving.

and NOW— A GUARANTEE of COMPLETE SATISFACTION

THE Literary Guild is the only organization of its kind in America. It offers you *free membership* in an association engaged in sponsoring the best books published. You pay only a small annual subscription for twelve outstanding books a year — one each month — much less than the same books would cost you if bought in any other way. *And* NOW in addition to all of the features that have brought the Guild its 70,000 members — *NOW your complete satisfaction is guaranteed.*

Heretofore *The Literary Guild* has offered cultured Americans a rare opportunity to economize on a selected list of twelve of the best books published each year. The advantages of the offer, the quality of the books chosen, the merit of the entire plan have been so remarkable, so *unique*, that more than 70,000 men and women have subscribed. Now to this all but perfect plan has been added a new feature which makes it impossible for you to lose. To the biggest book bargain ever offered has been added *the privilege of exchanging a selection which does not meet with your approval.*

EDITORIAL BOARD

CARL VAN DOREN

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

BURTON RASCOE

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The NEW *Guild Plan*

The Literary Guild is in constant, intimate contact with the book supply of America. Months before publication the Guild knows what major manuscripts leading publishers plan to issue. Authors and literary agents also submit their books. From the best of all this available material one book is chosen each month. It is printed expressly for the Guild, bound in a distinctive Guild binding of the very best cloth and delivered to members by mail *postpaid*, on the day of publication. When the booksellers are receiving their regular trade edition, you are receiving the exclusive Guild edition. The retail prices of these books vary through the year, but no matter how much the separate titles cost elsewhere the subscription price to you remains the same for the entire twelve books.

Among the past Guild selections have been such popular and expensive books as TRADER HORN, BLACK MAJESTY, AN INDIAN JOURNEY, FRANCOIS VILLON, HAPPY MOUNTAIN and MEET GENERAL GRANT.

The phenomenal growth of the Guild to its present size has been responsible for this added feature which makes its plan the most satisfactory and economical method of book buying ever devised. While the membership was limited to a few thousand members the Editorial Board had little difficulty selecting books which would please every member. Now, with the membership rapidly approaching 100,000 there are almost certain to be some members who will prefer another book to the Guild selection — some time during the year. For that reason it has been made possible for members to exchange a Guild book for any book now in print in America.

Mail the coupon at once for the NEW WINGS which fully describes the Guild plan, or, if you prefer, your bookseller will give you complete details.

The Literary Guild, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 67-L.A.
New York City

THE LITERARY GUILD, INC.,
55 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 67-L.A.
New York City.

Please send me a copy of your new booklet, WINGS, which fully describes the Guild plan. No obligation to me, of course.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a surprising wealth of detail. Brief biographical sketches of St. Francis and many other saints whose churches mark the route are interspersed with fascinating notes on architecture, art, and the kindly people in these hill-cresting towns. One reads *From Rome to Florence* with pleasure even though one has never been to Italy and has no intention of going there — which is more than can be said for the majority of travel books now published.

SICILY PRESENT AND PAST. *By Ashley Brown. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1928. $2.00.*

One-half the book is descriptive of existing Sicily; the other half is historical. First of all, the traveler is reassured about brigandage and the Mefia (Sicilian 'black hand' society). Fascism and outlawry, it seems, do not flourish side by side. Long-cloaked *carabinieri* pop up in the most out of the way places, and invariably when they are needed most — which is not often. Sicily is safer for the tourist than Chicago.

Nowhere else in the world, probably, is so much beauty and romance found within an equal area. Syracuse has its Fountain of Arethusa, temples of Athena and Apollo and Olympian Zeus, Roman amphitheatre, catacombs of St. Giovanni. Taormina is Sicily's most beautiful spot. Nothing here becomes insipid, neither the bays and sands and blue Ionian Sea nor the site of Naxos, the first Greek settlement. Taormina and Palermo divide honors as tourist headquarters. At the latter, city bathing, shopping, and visits to her incomparable antiquities may well hold one for a month or longer. Incidentally, Mr. Ashley Brown's delightful matter-of-factness puts Sax Rohmer to shame at times. Here is a description of the Convento dei Cappuccini at Palermo: 'The [mummified] bodies of the Cappuccini resemble nothing with which we have any fellowship . . . Each corpse was clothed in garments peculiar to its status in life — priests in their cowls, virgins in bridal garb, crown upon the head, soldiers in uniform, old women in black, babies . . . In the course of time the gloomy subterranean corridors filled up and recourse was had to the walls . . . Time rotted the cords, laid his hand upon the silk dress of the virgin and the cowl of the monk and spread over the galleries a cloak of horror and decay . . . Behind glass, cracked or broken, many of the dead still lie in moldering finery . . . But from the walls others, through the failure of the cords that held them, lean forward in every attitude of ghastly invocation, their features distorted into a semblance of malignity almost human.'

Artists, architects, and archæologists must ever be grateful for the fullness of Mr. Brown's historical notes and his detailed examination of visible remains. Here is an exhaustive work that reads like a novel, written straightforwardly and without rhetorical or poetic tricks.

LET'S DO THE MEDITERRANEAN. *By Carveth Wells. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.*

This is a light book dashed off on the way home, and of very little consequence. Now and again Mr. Wells forgets his companions — Mrs. Grabbit, the doctor, the professor and the Vassar girl — to interpolate some bald facts lifted from the encyclopædia or the ancient histories. All in all, probably a fair account of the average Mediterranean cruise — one day in Rome, two-mile excursion into the desert by camel for a handsome supplementary payment, tittering at the mild drunkenness of Mr. 'Texas' Jones, interminable lectures on the ancient religious rites of the Carthaginians, etc. etc.

THE FJORDS AND FOLK OF NORWAY. *By Samuel J. Beckett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $3.00.*

NORWAY. *By S. A. Hammer, M.A. 32 illustrations in color by A. Heaton Cooper. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $2.50.*

Mr. Beckett's volume is a fairly thick handbook and reference work. The Macmillan publication, one of *Black's Popular Series of Colour Books*, has 190 pages of large type and is written for the 'tourist' in the proper sense of the term. Yet those who have already visited Norway or who plan to go there should read the first book. The second is better adapted to the stay-at-homes who like pictures and an easy-running text. One suspects that Messrs. Black first found the artist, who is very good, and then chose the London *Times* correspondent in Oslo, Mr. Hammer, to write the text.

The Fjords and Folk of Norway cannot be too highly praised, especially in view of the antiquity and sketchiness of the previously existing works on the subject. Mr. Beckett loves Norway and its people, yet his chapter on 'The People' lacks that sentimentality that mars many another volume. He is at his best here, with a clear, dispassionate, orderly survey. The many complex elements in Norwegian civilization are threaded together in scholarly but thoroughly understandable fashion. Norse mythology, too lightly treated in most other works on the country, is here given the space it deserves. In the 'Norwegian Index' are listed all important towns, with descriptive notes. In this section Baedeker, Bradshaw, and the *Satchel Guide* are all eclipsed.

One is delighted by a complete index at the end of the book — but preceding it are invaluable appendixes. The best stanzas of the Havamal — the moral code of the Vikings — are translated. Of especial point is this: —

Thou must never
Mock or laugh at
A guest or a wayfarer.

The ancient Slav churches, built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries in a strangely Eastern, Chinese-pagoda style, are the subject of Appendix II. Only twenty-four of these churches have survived. Finally (Appendix III), there is a detailed examination of the Lapps, called Finns in Norway, whose domain stretches across Sweden, Finland itself, and into part of Russia.

The Black volume is really an attempt to make Norway and the Norwegians 'known among the educated classes in England.' Mr. Hammer devotes his first chapter to showing that the credit for 'discovering' Norway as a tourist country belongs to England — and is no small credit to the Homeland. He treats Norway as a journalist would, in broad divisions of the country and striking generalities applied to each. No fault can be found with his facts, except that there are not enough of them. He does, however, ascribe the origins of Norwegian art and literature to purely Teutonic influences. Mr. Beckett, on the other hand, successfully demonstrates the Teutonic influence as secondary, tracing the early Norwegian artistic impulses back to Roman and Byzantine origins.

The Guide Post

(*Continued from page 402*)

is the distinguished authority on international affairs, Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, who writes that he had at first feared the new LIVING AGE would be less attractive or less useful than the old. 'But I made a mistake,' he says frankly. 'I have examined two issues of the new magazine and I find it just as helpful and carefully edited as the old, which is saying a great deal — and much more attractive in form and scope.'

The magazine has in the last six months, however, done much more than hold most of its old friends. It has made itself many new ones. 'The magazine is splendid,' writes Miss Florence Reed, now starring in *Macbeth*. 'I am sorry to display my ignorance,' writes a new friend who had by accident seen a copy of the December number, 'by saying it is the first copy I have ever seen. At the same time I cannot refrain from telling you that as an interesting magazine it has no equal.'

The chorus of praise is, to be sure, not unanimous. There are still old friends of the magazine who find it difficult to reconcile themselves to any change — as, for example, the Cambridge subscriber who a week or two ago wrote: 'I consider the new form a tragic outrage.' But many of those who originally held unfavorable opinions are being transformed into enthusiastic supporters.

That THE LIVING AGE's new course has the approval of its contemporaries is best proved by the fact that a few months after this magazine announced its new format, four other leading American magazines made similar changes.

The fidelity with which the editors of THE LIVING AGE are adhering to the magazine's original purpose of bringing the world to America is illustrated this month by such an article as M. Stéphane Lauzanne's interview with Marshal Foch.

Although the great leader of the Allies has frequently told his story to personal friends, this is the first time that he has ever allowed it to be told in print. Its authenticity is vouched for by the high reputation of the interviewer. M. Lauzanne is editor of *Le Matin* in Paris and one of the two or three French journalists best known beyond the frontiers of their own country. If further evidence of the authenticity of the interview were required, it would be provided by the confirmation contained in M. Clemenceau's official report of the Armistice meeting which Colonel House has just made public in the third and fourth volumes of his *Intimate Papers*, reviewed on page 467 of this month's LIVING AGE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speak French Like a Native!

Pay Only a Few Cents a Day While You Are Learning!

"SCHOOL" French and the French you would learn if you moved to Paris do not sound very much alike in actual use. Yet school French is difficult to learn and monotonous to study, while the language you would hear in the best French homes and salons is very easy!

We can not all go to Europe to learn our French — so Hugo has *brought France to us!*

Every day that you live, a working knowledge of French becomes more and more necessary. You have realized for a long time that you would like to be able to speak French if you could do so without so much long, tiresome study, without paying the high price of a private French tutor and still have some assurance *that French people would understand you when you were through!*

NOW all that is possible! NOW you can learn the French of Paris with the perfect, usable accent that will allow you to be understood wherever French is spoken.

FREE!

To everyone who enrolls for *Hugo's* FRENCH AT SIGHT we will send with the course this famous Cestre-Guibillon *Français-Anglais* and *Anglais-Français* Dictionary. Bound in rich, dark green seal grain, finely printed on tough, thin paper; containing 24,000 words, title in gold on cover and back. Fits vest pocket or goes in a lady's purse.

Ten Minutes a Day In Your Own Home

The famous Hugo Institute brings the very flavor of Paris to you in your own home. Ten minutes of pleasant reading each day in your spare time at home will give you a working knowledge of French just as you would absorb it if you were living with a cultured French family.

No rules. No "construction." No terrifying lists of irregular verbs. You begin speaking the language with the first lesson.

When you tour France you will not need an interpreter. You will not make ridiculous, costly and embarrassing mistakes such as you are likely to make if your French is not readily understood.

When you learn to speak French by the Hugo "French at Sight" Method you have the satisfaction of knowing that you not only use the correct words but that you have spoken them properly.

Complete Course Sent on Approval

NOW ONLY $9.85

You will never realize how simple and easy it is to learn to speak French correctly until you have seen and examined Hugo's "French at Sight."

No matter how hard you think French will be for you; regardless of what success or failure you or your friends may have had with other courses, we want you to examine Hugo's "French at Sight" at our expense and at our risk.

Simply on request — *without one penny of money from you* — we will send you the complete course of 24 fascinating lessons and include the imported Cestre-Guibillon *Français-Anglais* Dictionary of 623 pages *free!*

Examine them at your leisure. At the end of 5 days, if you are completely satisfied, send us $1.85 first payment, or if you are not, return the lessons and dictionary and you owe us nothing.

But do not put this off. Act now while the coupon is waiting for your pencil. SEND NO MONEY. Just fill in the coupon, and mail it. The new low price of only $9.85 is made for a limited time only, to introduce the HUGO method to as many Americans as possible.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc.

American Representative:

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE

Dept. F-802 Garden City, N. Y.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc.
Dept. F-802, Garden City, N. Y.

You may send me the 24 lessons of Hugo's "French at Sight" and the imported French-English Dictionary for 5 days' examination. At the end of that time I will either mail you $1.85 and $2 each month for 4 successive months, or return the lessons and the dictionary to you.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because Listing

IN

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL REGISTER

NOW in process of compilation, will facilitate agreeable personal contacts in travel, the cumulative effect of which is promotive of international understanding and good will, it is a sort of patriotic duty upon all those eligible that they shall be listed in the *Register*.

AS has already been announced, *International Travel Register* will contain the names, addresses, and brief biographical data of travelers who are representative citizens of the United States and of other nations.

LISTING forms will be sent upon application, which involves no obligation whatever.

OF course listing in the *Register* cannot be paid for, nor need one subscribe to the *Register* because listed in it.

THE editors will be grateful to those returning listing forms if they will make their answers as complete as practicable.

✧ ✧ ✧

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL REGISTER, *Inc.*

280 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Cable Address: "BONVOYAGE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

(*Continued from page 423*)

dice made possible his next great humane work, as High Commissioner of the League for Relief in Russia, where nineteen millions were threatened with starvation. It seemed to him no inconsiderable reward that the Russians named a brand of cigarettes for him.

FROM Russia he was summoned to the Near East, again as the League's High Commissioner, to care for half a million Christian refugees from Asia Minor. He made a place for them to settle. Because of Nansen and those who took up the work he began, the fields yield and the looms now are busy in Macedonia.

An even more hopeless task was assigned to Nansen when the League insisted upon his taking up the cause of the Armenian refugees. In the short space of three years the Armenian nation, which has been persecuted since the time of the Medes and the Persians, had lost by massacre and famine a million of its people. Nansen has found the Powers generally indifferent both to their own promises and to the needs of Armenia, but he has not yet given up hope that loans to make Armenia self-supporting may be won.

After these many years devoted to humanitarian labors, Nansen is now returning to his own scientific work and to the North. At the Arctic Conference held in Leningrad last summer he accepted the leadership of the Aëro-Arctic expedition announced for next year. One suspects that it is with some relief than he thinks of going back to the long moonlit Arctic night. He will be again in the service of science, provided with such equipment as he did not dream of in 1896, crossing the polar area this time by dirigible in what is surely the greatest expedition yet conceived. But, as in all his humanitarian labors, Nansen is searching for new security for mankind. His purposes are to determine the depths and the currents of the Arctic Ocean, to trace the threatening ice-floes, to follow those uncontaminated streams of Arctic waters which at a point in their southward flow suddenly teem with life and give food to fish which in turn shall feed his people through generations to come.

World Business

(*Continued from page 465*)

6. The Nerves of Empire

The British Parliament's approval of the Imperial cable-radio deal, by which the consolidated communications systems of the British Empire are to be privately operated under governmental supervision, has world-wide significance. The 'nerves of empire' thus pass under the control of a carefully guarded group which takes over the state-owned cable and beam wireless rights and combines with them the historic private concerns that pioneered the 'all-red' communications system. This move is directed in part against growing American competition offered by the International Telephone and Telegraph, the Radio Corporation of America, and other New World enterprises. The Marconi International Marine Communication Company, indeed, has been so alarmed at the threat of American competition that its articles of incorporation have been changed to prevent 'foreign penetration.'

7. Caribbean Shipping 'War'

With the prize ostensibly the cream of the New York to Havana tourist trade, British and American shipping services have begun a struggle which may presage a more general battle extending beyond the Caribbean area.

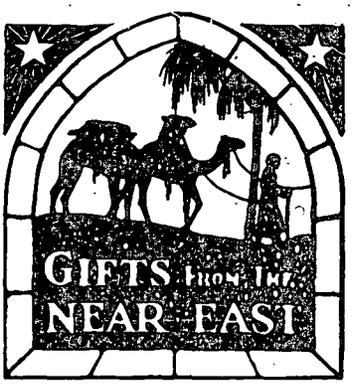
8. Amateur Imperialists?

However successful what our European critics call our methods of 'peaceful penetration' may be, nothing more clearly reveals the amateurish nature of United States 'imperialism' than the politics being played with our Philippine possession. This Far Eastern 'trusteeship,' as Americans prefer to call it, now finds itself in a most embarrassing situation. Filipino leaders are alarmed at the strenuous efforts being made in Congress by two American economic interests to restrict the commercial relations of the islands with the American mainland. One is represented by the Timberlake Resolution, which would restrict the amount of Filipino sugar entering the United States duty-free. The other is the trade-union-inspired plan to extend Asiatic exclusion to Filipino labor, which is moving across the Pacific into Hawaii and the West Coast of America in man's everlasting search for higher and higher standards of living.

9. Germany — Economically Better or Worse?

More than usual interest attaches to the annual report of the Agent General of Reparations on the pulse of German economic life. With the Reich now supporting the full burden of the Dawes Plan, and confronted by efforts to reach an enduring settlement of reparations, this review of the fourth year of German stabilization becomes a document of crucial importance in the duel now going on between Paris and Berlin.

The Reparations Commission's representative, naturally enough, emphasizes the favorable aspects of Germany's economic position. Those in charge of the execution of the Dawes Plan report that industry, trade, and transportation appear to be in excellent condition, and that the healthy state of public finance clearly reflects the reorganization and rationalization which has been so notable a feature of German industrial development since the crisis of 1924. To counteract the effect of these expert appraisals, which represent an embarrassingly authoritative statement of the situation, German business has hastened to point out wherein they appear to exaggerate the prosperity of the Reich.



Embroideries in unusual colors and designs
Hand-woven linens and **raw silk runners**
Persian prints and **rare hangings**
Jerusalem pottery in soft hues
Brilliant scarfs of Syrian silk
Oriental rugs of selected old designs
Handbags with designs from Aegean Islands

Opportunity to purchase at reasonable prices

NEAR EAST INDUSTRIES
46 East 46th St. NEW YORK CITY
(HOTEL ROOSEVELT)

Sponsored and Supervised by
THE NEAR EAST RELIEF

Other Shops

Atlantic City, N. J. ..... 1621 Pacific Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa. ..... 235 W. Rittenhouse Street
Washington, D. C. ..... 1334 Connecticut Avenue
Richmond, Va. ..... 107 East Grace Street
Chicago, Ill. ..... Stevens Building
Los Angeles, Cal. ..... 405 South Hill Street
Boston, Mass. ..... Ritz Carlton Hotel

Catalog "L" (for mail orders) sent on request, — 151 Fifth Ave., New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hotel Alexandria

103rd Street *adjacent to B'way*

Between Broadway and West End Ave.—Subway at Door

10 minutes to Times Square

AWAY from the noise and traffic. A Hotel Comfortable. Atmosphere of home-like surroundings.

✧

Room and Bath

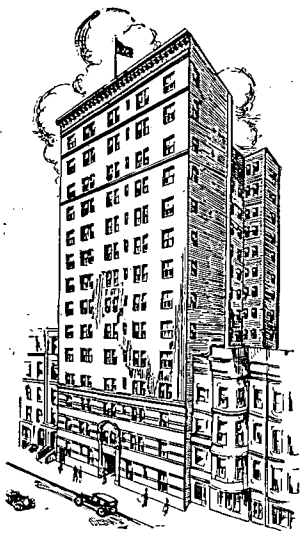
$3.00

per day up

Suites of two rooms or more

special monthly rates

Ownership Management



Restaurant direction
Pierre Couset

In the Grand Central Section

HOTEL
MONTCLAIR

Room & Bath
Tub and Shower
$3 to $5
per day
For 2 Persons
$4 to $6
per day

Lexington Ave.
49th to 50th St.

New York's newest and finest Hotel

800 Rooms 800 Baths

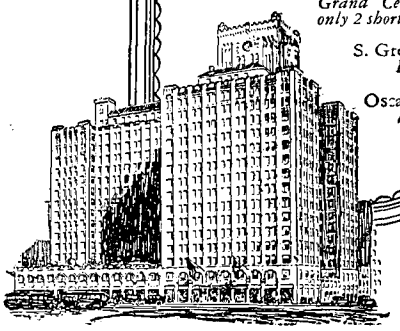
Radio in Every Room

3 minutes' walk from Grand Central, Times Square, Fifth Avenue Shops and most important commercial centres, leading shops and theatres. 10 minutes to Penn. Station.

Grand Central Palace only 2 short blocks away

S. Gregory Taylor, *President*

Oscar W. Richards *Manager*



The Amazing City

(*Continued from page 418*)

back from the man who purchased it. As far as the other monopolies are concerned, we admit there has been some corruption, but most of these monopolies we feel have been justified by our need of money. For we do not give them away, we sell them!' He dismissed the subject with a gesture. 'It is a passing phase.'

'Let me paint you two pictures,' said Falih Rifki Bey, member of the Council of Administration and Director of the *Hakimiet-Millie*. 'Two years ago I saw a deputy walking up the street here in Angora with his veiled wife following him, and being hooted by a crowd —'

'Hooted — why?'

'Because it was thought undignified to be seen in public with your wife. Last night, I saw that same deputy at a public ball dancing with his unveiled wife and occasioning no comment whatever? The whole progress of the new Turkey is epitomized right there.'

'Who brought it about?'

'Our President, of course!' Falih Rifki said promptly. 'And only he could have done it. If anyone else had proposed such a thing as equality of women, and the abolition of the fez, he would have been denounced as a Christian. But Kemal Pasha had *beaten* the Christians in battle, so the people had to respect his ideas.'

I strolled down the street and into the visitors' gallery of the Chamber. It was a very serious assembly. Every member was at his desk. Every desk was piled high with books and papers, and here and there a member was busy with these, but for the most part the men at the desks gave their undivided attention to the debate — a sharp contrast to the American legislatures I have visited. It was a very serious debate. I thought that perhaps it might have to do with that vexed question of monopolies or with the foreign policy of Turkey. Afterward, however, I learned that it had to do with the naming of streets in the towns of Asia Minor. Should the municipality be allowed to name them or should that be a function of the central authority? . . .

Dusk draws down.

A STORK flaps slowly over the roof of the Parliament Building and settles upon her nest sprawled on top of the tall Byzantine column in the public square. A sad-faced, black-garbed woman fills a Shell gasoline tin with water at an ancient fountain carved with a winged lion, balances the tin upon her head and dodges dangerously in front of the headlights of a taxi in which I catch the flash of an evening gown and the gleam of a white shirt front. A newsboy gallops madly down the street screaming: 'Aksham! Aksham!' A crowd of workmen with dinner pails climb into a big white motorbus, which honks away over the precipitous cobbles, scattering a donkey train to left and right. Government officials and diplomats from Chili and Persia and Peru stream, chattering, into the brightly lit dining room at the Tasch Han. A muezzin appears on the gallery of a minaret, sharp cut against the gray-green sky, and flings a quavering call over the city. But the knot of shepherds in the street below do not heed. Entranced, they listen to a gramophone in the window of a toy shop squealing 'My Baby.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question that Vexes All the World

¶ War is the negation of democracy, of justice of truth, mercy, and love. Any investment which carried such utter condemnation would unhesitatingly be turned down by me as a financial counsel. I am compelled to give war the lowest investment rating of 'wholly worthless.' — *Roger W. Babson, financial expert.*

¶ If you turn to the beginning of the Constitution you will find that the United States of America was established for the purpose of protecting lives and property among its people. Does that mean that we shall stand idly by and disarm and offer all kinds of conciliation to our enemy? As a Christian minister, and as an interpreter of God's word and the spirit of Christianity, I do not believe in war. I hate war. And so do we all. But I do believe in being so thoroughly prepared nationally that if any emergency arises we shall be able to defend ourselves. — *Rev. Charles Daniel Trexler, in a sermon to the 101st United States Cavalry.*

¶ Any policy that we may pursue will have its risks. Even if we seek only to protect our present well-being and power we must take the risk of falling as all the great nations of history which have sought to protect their well-being and power have fallen. How much finer, how much greater it would be if we would take our risks in seeking to promote the brotherhood that the world must achieve if it is to escape destruction. Modern developments, machines, and means of communication have made the different parts of the world so interdependent that unless we achieve the brotherhood that man has always held as his ideal, destruction may be much nearer than many of us suspect. — *Norman Thomas, former Socialist candidate for President of the United States.*

¶ The lead soldier in all his glory does not tell the child all the truth: it tells nothing of the horrors of war. — *W. O. Pierce, British writer.*

¶ Peace is being talked about over the whole earth. Mankind is weary of war. . . . There are to-day no hermetically sealed up states. States cannot live for themselves alone, but must endeavor to live amicably together. All the nations of the earth are interdependent. Out of the experiences of the World War and the crises of the post-War period every statesman, every politician, every citizen must draw one conclusion, one teaching: we must work for peace. . . . We possess a number of treaties that ensure peace. We possess the articles of the Covenant of the League of Nations. We have the Kellogg Pact. We hold in our hands the instruments of peace. It lies entirely with us to what ends we shall direct them. — *August Zaleski, Foreign Minister of Poland.*

¶ I am not one of those who believe in Utopias. . . . Work is being done in the interests of peace and of war at one and the same time. This last year has seen a most fabulous increase in land, sea, and air armaments. Year after year, war machines of greater destructiveness are being produced. On the one hand, the peace movement takes forward steps, and on the other hand there is another movement having the aim of making the most deadly war-machines possible and the most lethal poisons. — *Mussolini.*

¶ A hundred Locarnos would not be accepted by the British people as a set-off against the fatal folly of allowing a feeling of mistrust to spring up between this country and the United States. — *Editorial from the 'Sunday Dispatch,' London, discussing the present public attitude toward the Conservative Party.*

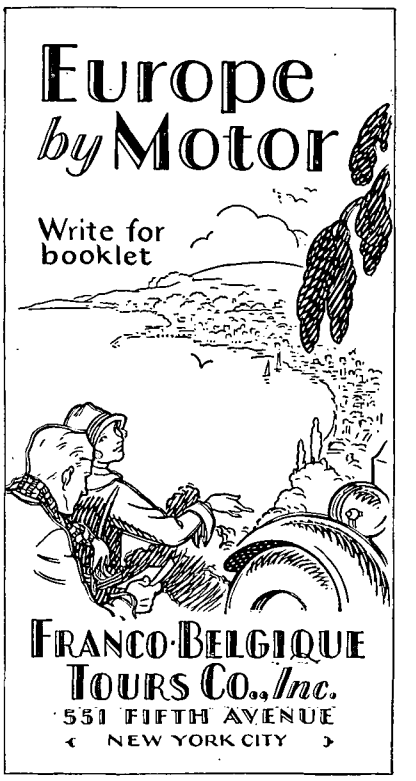
¶ The [proposed] law [for preventing wars] states that when a people becomes involved in a war, whether it be an offensive war, a war of defense, a war of conquest, or a war of vengeance, the following measures shall be put into effect within ten hours after the beginning of hostilities. Firstly, the head of the nation, president or sovereign as the case may be, all his male relatives over sixteen years old, all government officials, all army officers, naval officers, and officers of the air forces, all leading members of the cabinet and all members of the legislature who voted for war are to be conscripted at once. They are to be assigned either to troops of assault in the infantry or to submarines in the naval service, and are to be dispatched immediately to the firing line. The same measures are to be applied to bishops, prelates, and clergy who have failed to oppose the war. At the same time, as a secondary measure, the wives and daughters of the enlisted men shall all be mobilized for hospital duty or other service and shall be assigned to hospitals at the front and as near the firing line as possible. Both classes of men and women shall lose in time of war their right to promotion, distinction, or compensation even for important service.

As soon as a government finds itself involved in a war, provision shall be made for the creation of an armed force consisting of 5000 male citizens who are to see to the carrying out of these measures, with use of force if necessary. — *General Fritz Holm of the Danish Army, in a plan submitted to the League of Nations.*

¶ War is the child of darkness. — *General Sir Ian Hamilton, D.S.O.*

¶ War, what other thing else is it than a common manslaughter of many men together, and a robbery, the which, the farther it sprawleth abroad the more mischievous it is? . . . As for those things that are done in Christian men's wars, they are more filthy and cruel than is convenient here to rehearse. Moreover, look what was worst in the heathen people's wars, in that we follow them, yea, we surpass them. — *Erasmus, 1509, in 'Dulce Bellum Inexpertis.'*

¶ Everybody to-day wants peace. We know what war is. We know its ghastly tragedy. It used to be called a school of virtue. We know that is a lie. . . . I'm sorry the governments of the world don't see that. The people are better than their governments. Governments are still in the grip of the old war traditions. He would be a brave man who would say war is impossible. The Kellogg Treaty means that war is an outlaw and ought to be renounced. It ought to be banished forever from the family of nations. The word ought to be deleted from the vocabulary of international law. — *Rev. Dr. Malcolm James MacLeod, pastor of the Collegiate Reformed Church of St. Nicholas, New York City.*



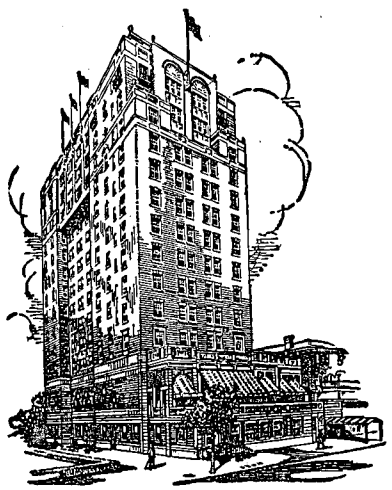
HEATED ENCLOSED
FORD PLANES

30-Mile Air Tour over Greater New York. Giant Ford Tri-motor "Flying Pullmans." Personally conducted. Free connecting busses, via Holland Tunnel, leave ticket office, 1465 Broadway (42nd St.), at 2:30 P.M. 3 hours round trip. $10 for one; $15 for two. Bring your camera. Special day and night tours. Send for circular or phone Mr. Planer, Penn. 8568.

NEW YORK SKYLINES
55 W. 42nd St., New York City

Europe all EXPENSES $300 UP
The LEADING STUDENT TOURS
Cunard supremacy! 7000 satisfied guests! They are our pledge for the happiest summer of your life. Booklet 10
STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
551-FIFTH AVE-N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This Beautiful Hotel Invites You!

Colton Manor

Atlantic City's Newest Hotel Achievement

The atmosphere is charming . . . furnished in the early American period, quaint to the last detail . . . and then there is the ship's deck overlooking the sea, where the guest may recline in a steamer chair and enjoy the salt air and sunshine.

From $7.00 a day or $4.00 a day

American Plan **European Plan**

Charles D. Boughton
Managing Director

World Records

(Continued from page 402)

¶ AVIATION. The first Soviet airman to make the Moscow to Peking flight has just saved more men at the same time than any Soviet airman ever saved before. Poliakov, by name, he accomplished the rescue of twenty-six men, the passengers and crew of the steamer *Communa*, wrecked on an island in the Sea of Aral. The vessel was on the point of foundering when located by Poliakov, buffeted by storms in the sky above, and a sea-going tug was able to reach the vicinity barely in time.

¶ BILLIARDS. The greatest feat ever accomplished in all-round or 'straight' billiards was performed by Willie Smith at Manchester, England, recently, in his match with Tom Newman. Willie completed a break of 2,743, thus beating by 1,256 the previous world's record, set up by himself only three days before. By specializing in certain strokes, such as the 'anchor' stroke, or the 'pendulum cannon,' bigger breaks have been made. But Willie did not specialize.

¶ POLICEWOMEN. German policewomen, whose force was founded only two years ago on the English model, are believed to have achieved the longest single-word titles in any language. They are divided into as many grades as their male colleagues, the two highest ranks being:

'Polizeigefaengnishauptwachtmeisterin' (Policeprisonheadfemalepolicesergeant)

and

'Polizeigefaengnisoberwachtmeisterin' (Policeprisonfemalepolicesergeantmajor).

¶ SNAKES. We are advised by a valued correspondent that the turacou, world's champion bird in the aviary of the London Zoo, mentioned in the January number of THE LIVING AGE as having become a complete slave to the London tea-drinking habit, now has a rival for fame in the reptile house of that same institution in a tame royal python which, when hungry, begs for food. The temper and table manners of this particular reptile are said to be beyond reproach. If offered a dead rat, the python rises politely and then moves forward to take it gently from the keeper's hand; even if he has no intention of swallowing the morsel, it is accepted by the python with a gesture of courteous and sincere appreciation.

¶ PROHIBITION. A correspondent claims for the city of Detroit, Michigan, the remarkable record of having two thousand 'leading citizens' who, for as many as four violations of the State Prohibition Law, face life terms of imprisonment. This, because under the Habitual Criminal Act, passed by the Michigan Legislature at its last session, all persons convicted four times of felonies must be sentenced to life imprisonment, and violation of the State Prohibition Act is a felony under that law. This claim will not be allowed as a world's record, pending confirmation of the assertion that such citizens are 'leading' citizens. Correspondence is invited.

The ROBT. E. LEE HOTELS

ST. LOUIS
18th And PINE · OPENED MARCH 1928 · 250 ROOMS

KANSAS CITY
13th And WYANDOTTE In The Heart of America · 200 ROOMS

SAN ANTONIO
A CITY of CHARM on the OLD SPANISH TRAIL

LAREDO
ON the RIO GRANDE · TEXAS on the MEXICAN BORDER

EVERY ROOM with PRIVATE BATH AND CEILING FAN
GARAGE SERVICE

A MATTER of ECONOMY

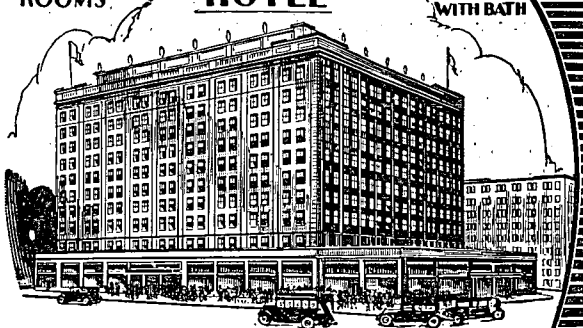
$2.50 $2.00

WE QUOTE OUR TOP PRICE

PERCY TYRRELL Pres

SAVOY HOTEL

750 ROOMS · EVERY ROOM WITH BATH



IN THE HEART OF **DETROIT**

WOODWARD at ADELAIDE

An Atmosphere of Charm and Refinement

SAVOY GRILL · SELECTED FOODS · OF KNOWN QUALITY · COFFEE SHOP

SINGLE $2.50 PER DAY to $4.00 · DOUBLE $4.00 PER DAY to $5.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED